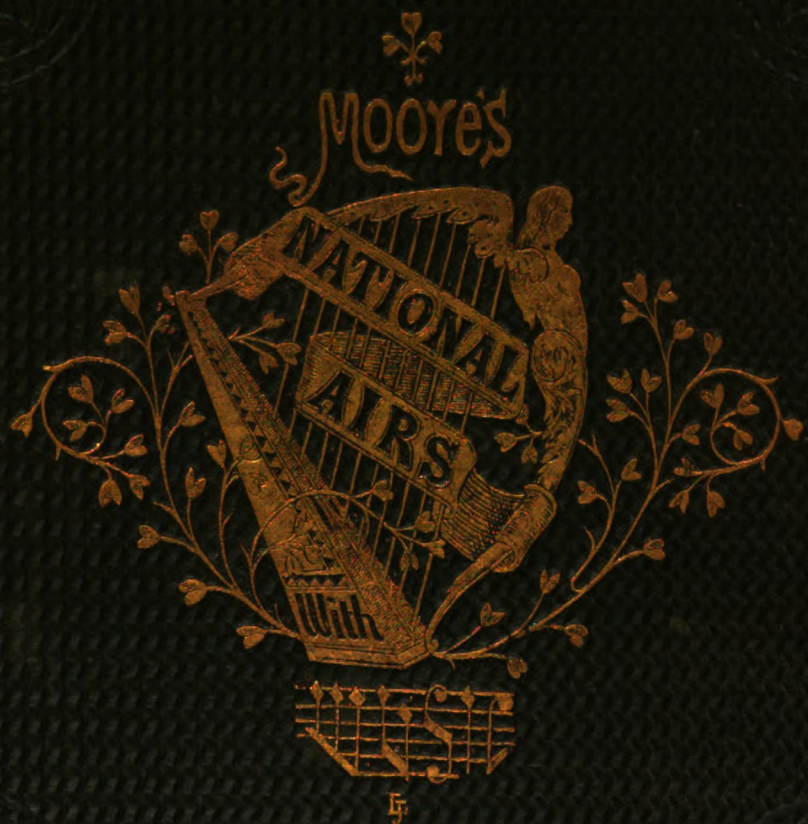
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NATIONAL AIRS,

WITH WORDS

BY

THOMAS MOORE,

EDITED BY

CHARLES W. GLOVER.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, & ROBERTS; AND ADDISON & CO.
MANCHESTER: HIME & ADDISON.
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PREFACE.

THE "National Airs," to which Moore gave universal popularity by linking them with his graceful and appropriate words, are as warmly admired as the celebrated "Irish Melodies," and with equal reason. In the entire range of Modern Song there is nothing more exquisite than these charming lyrics, which were produced by the Poet, and harmonized under his supervision, when his taste had been matured, and his experience had been formed in the preparation of the Irish Melodies. "Oft in the stilly night," "Flow on, thou shining river," "Oh come to me when daylight sets," "Hark, the Vesper Hymn is stealing," are amongst the songs which every one knows and admires; and there are but few of the whole collection which, for beauty and expressive melody, are considered inferior to those more universally known.

In this, "The People's Edition of Moore's National Airs," it has been my study to arrange the symphonies and accompaniments in the simplest appropriate form, so as to render the whole easy of execution, and thus extend the circulation of the work to all admirers of vocal melody.

CHAS. W. GLOVER.

February, 1860.

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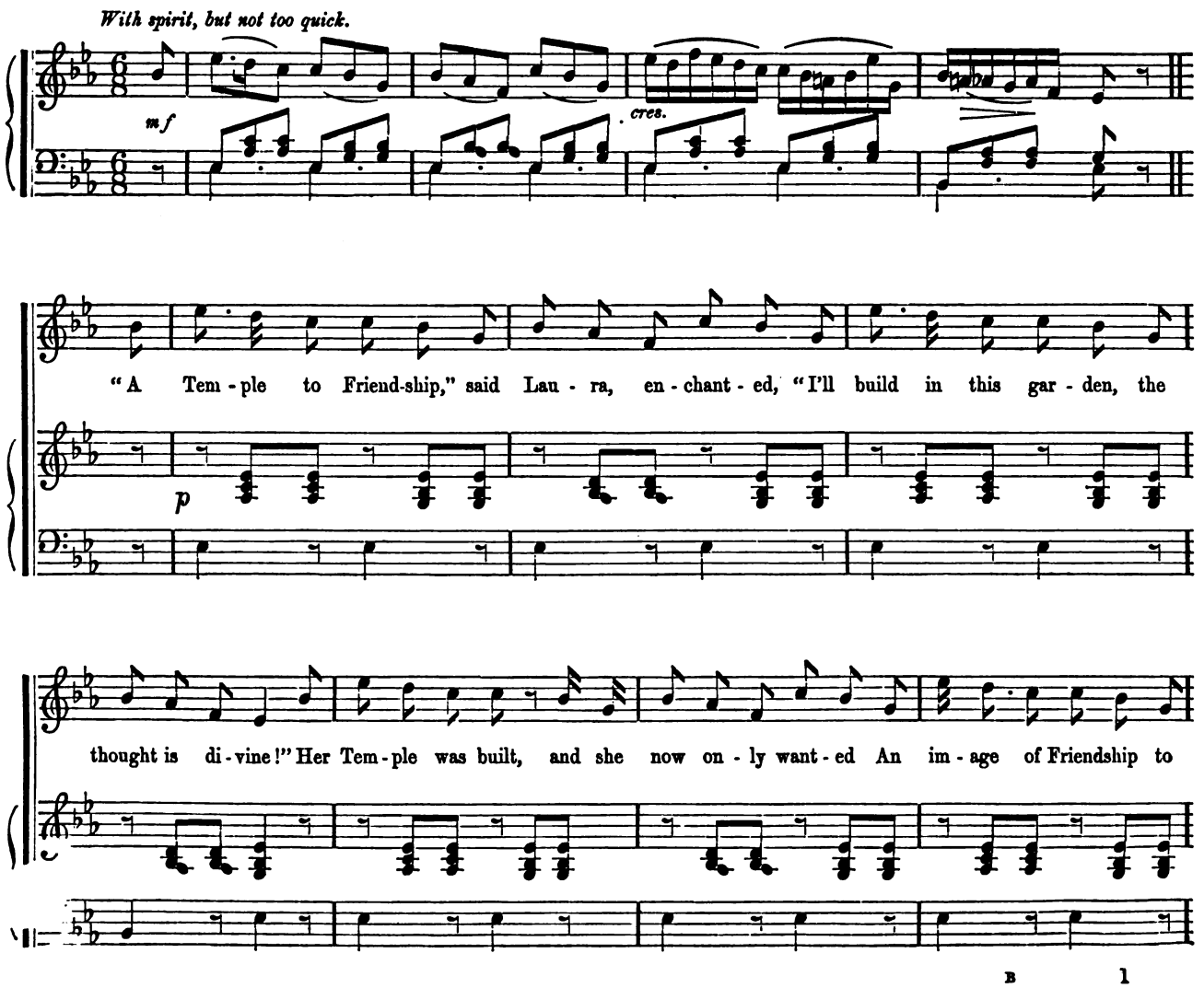
MOORE'S NATIONAL AIRS.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.



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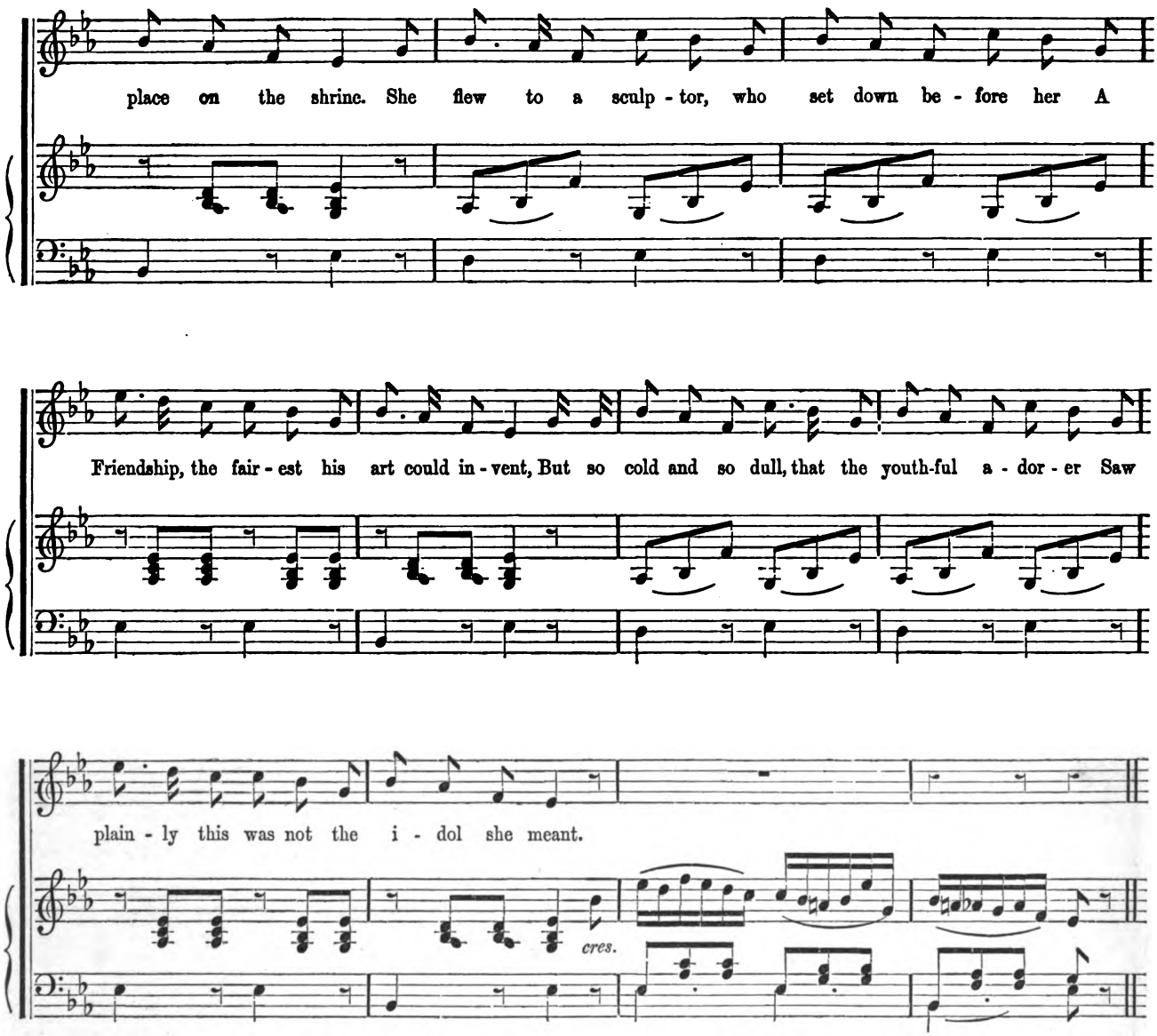

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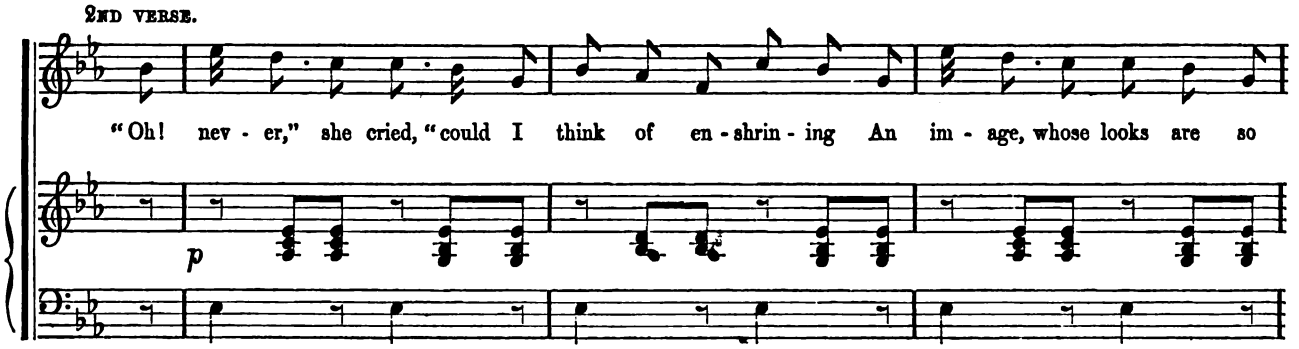

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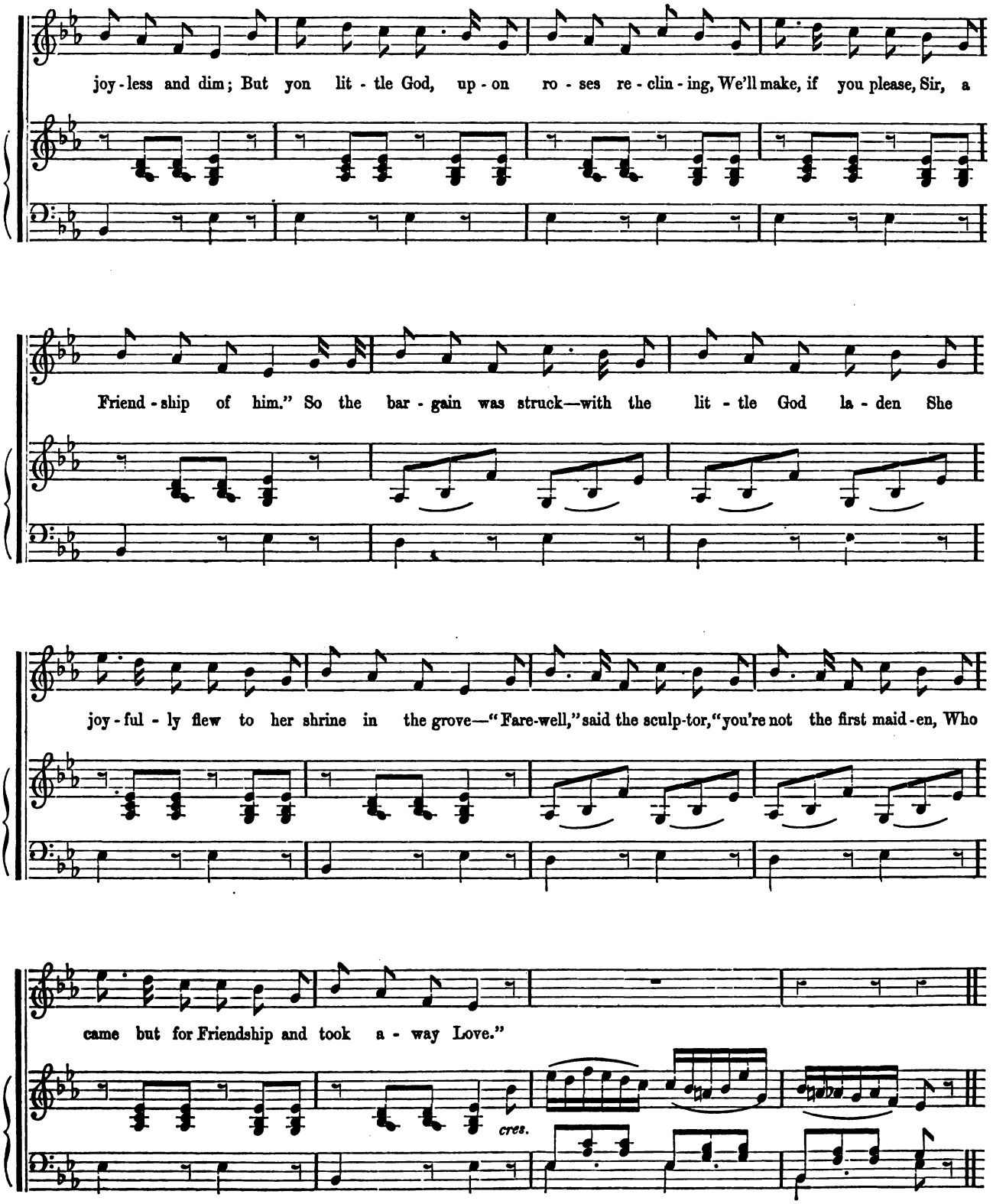

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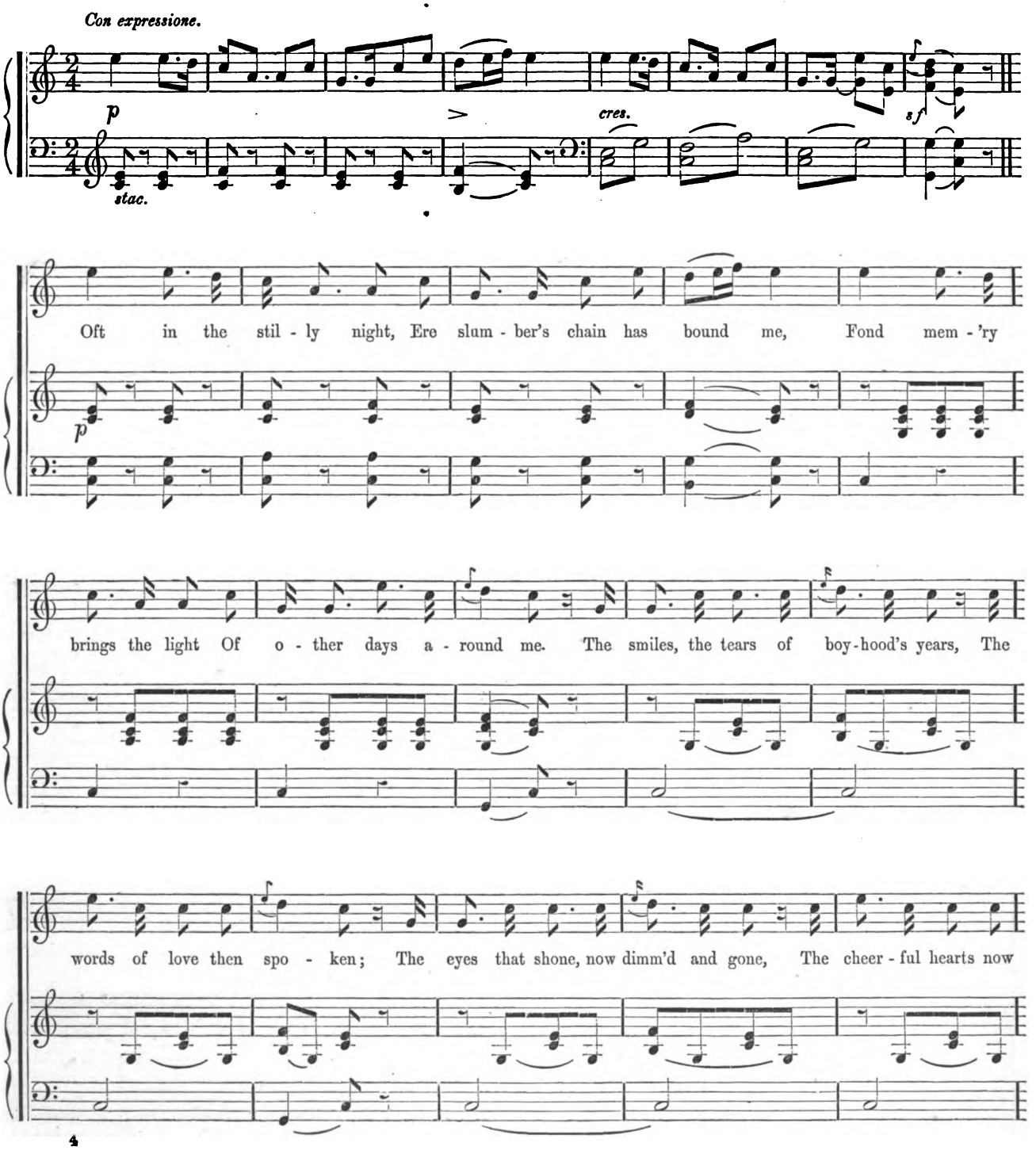
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.



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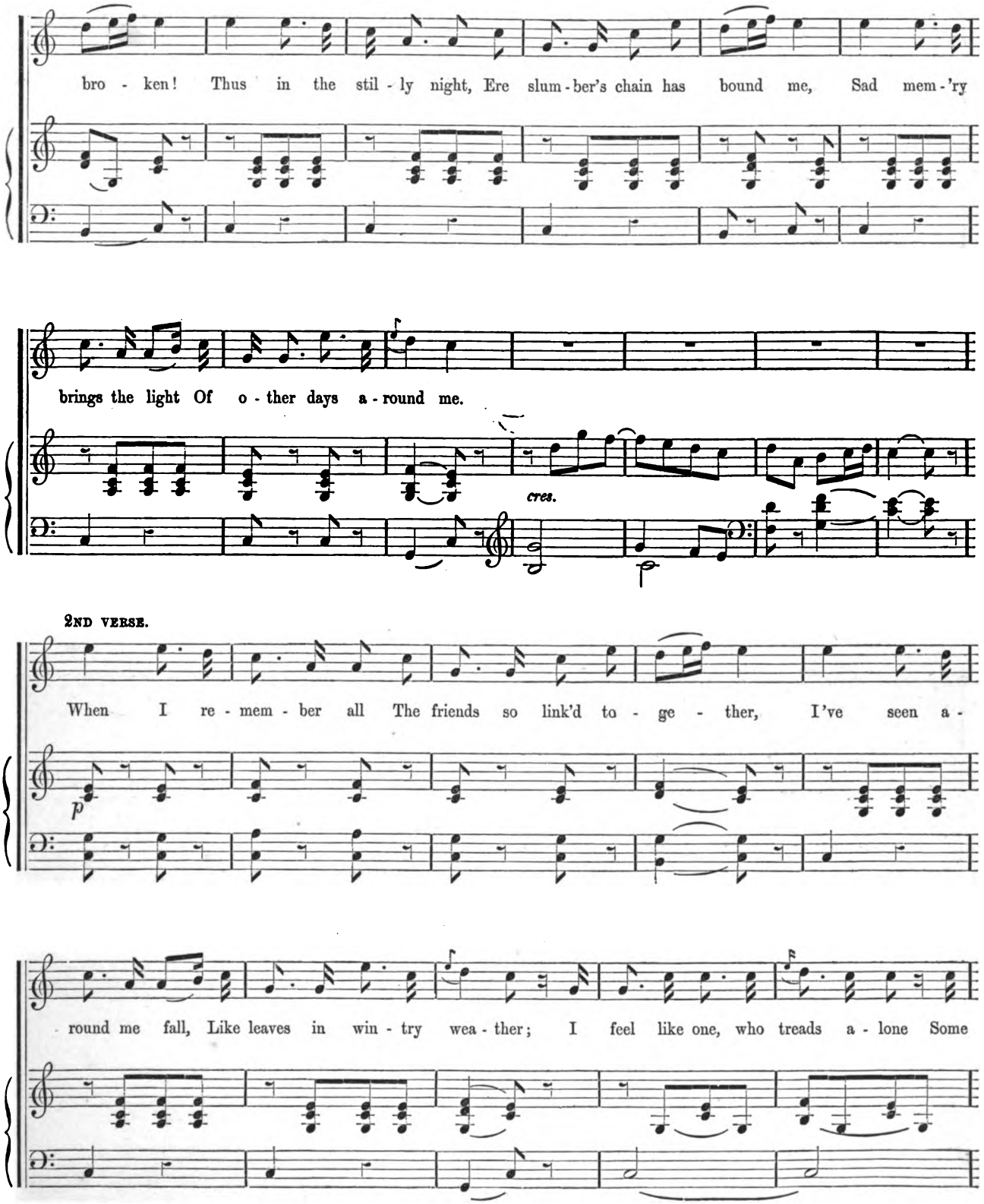

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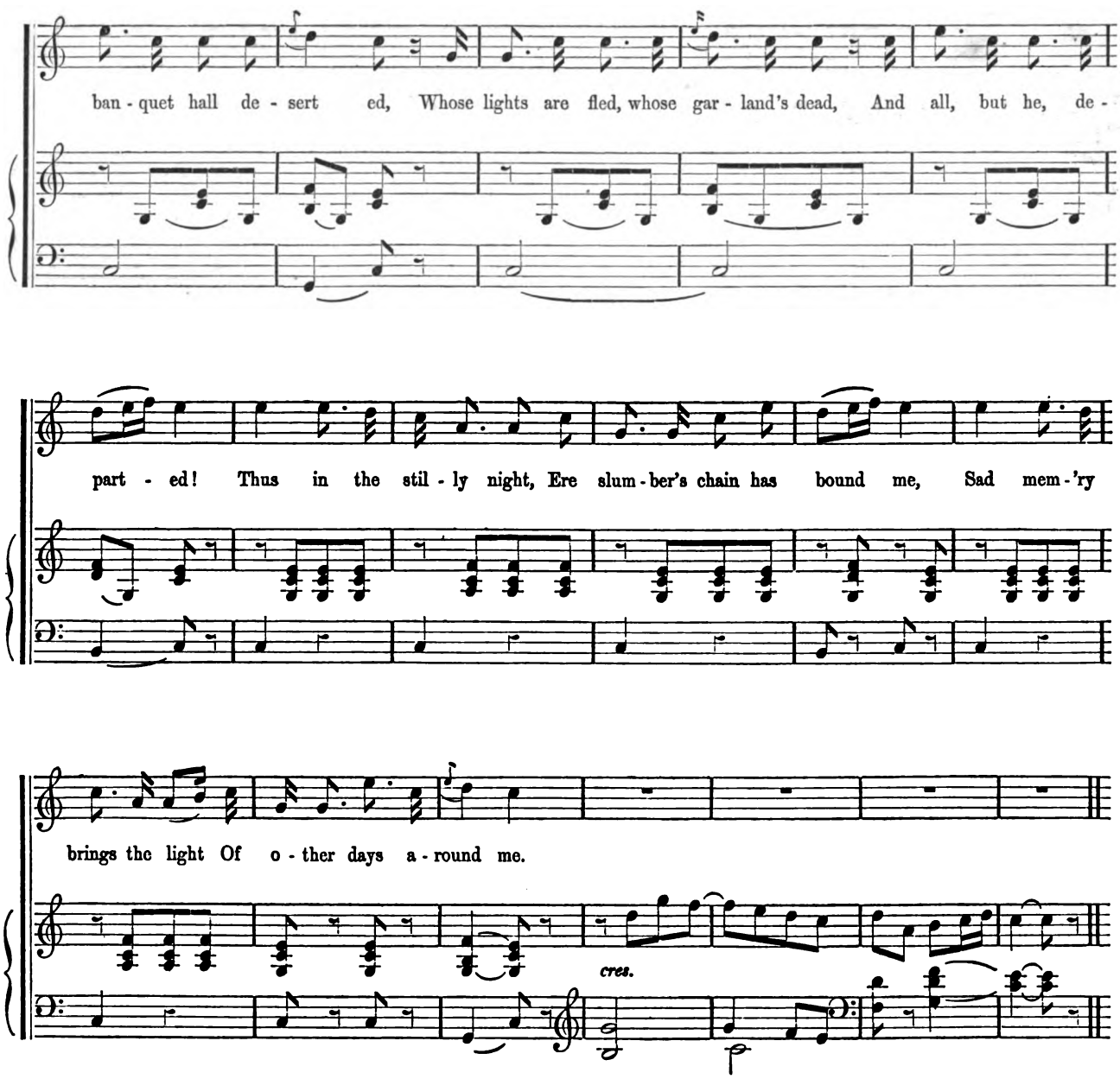

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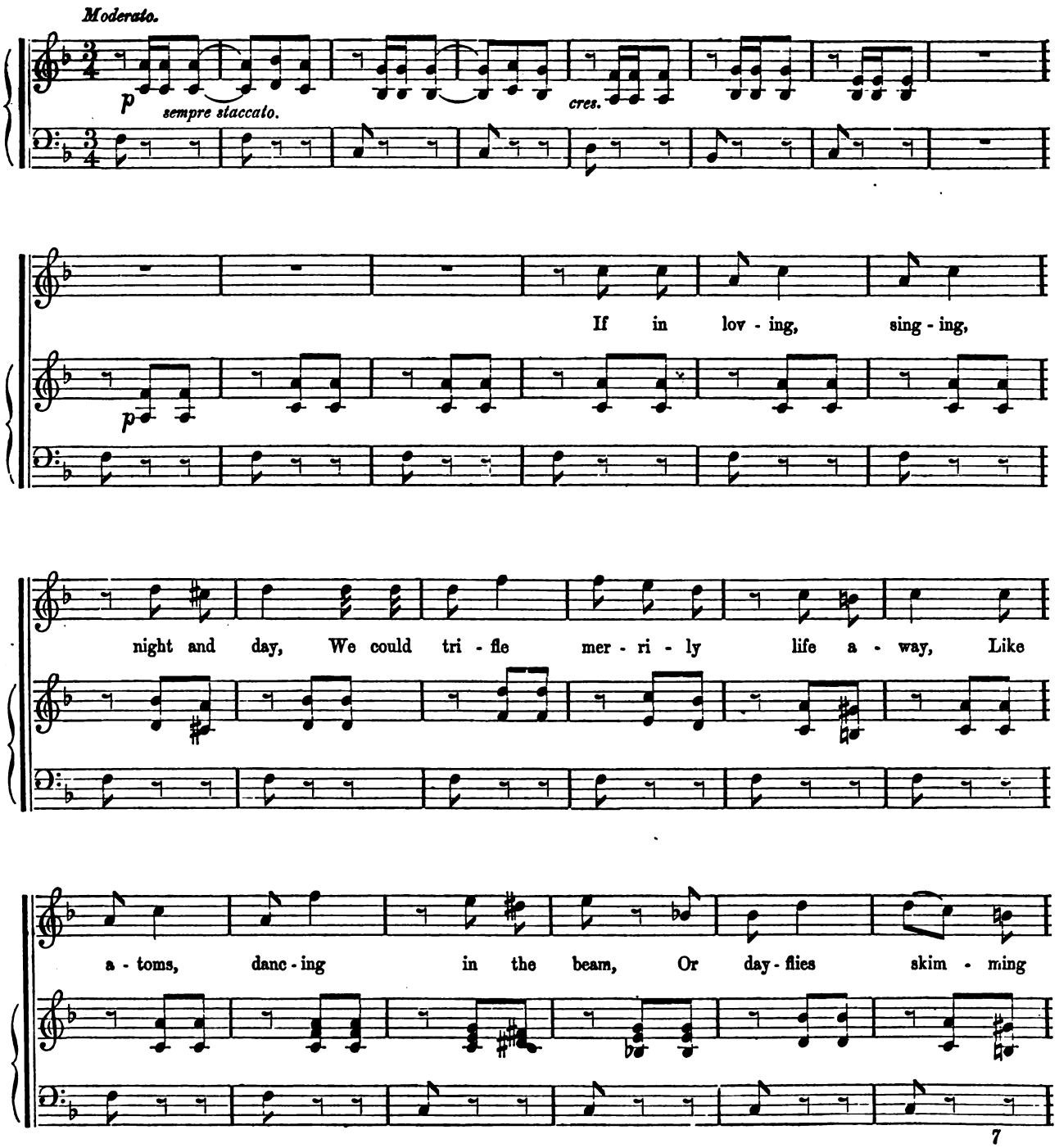
IF IN LOVING, SINGING.



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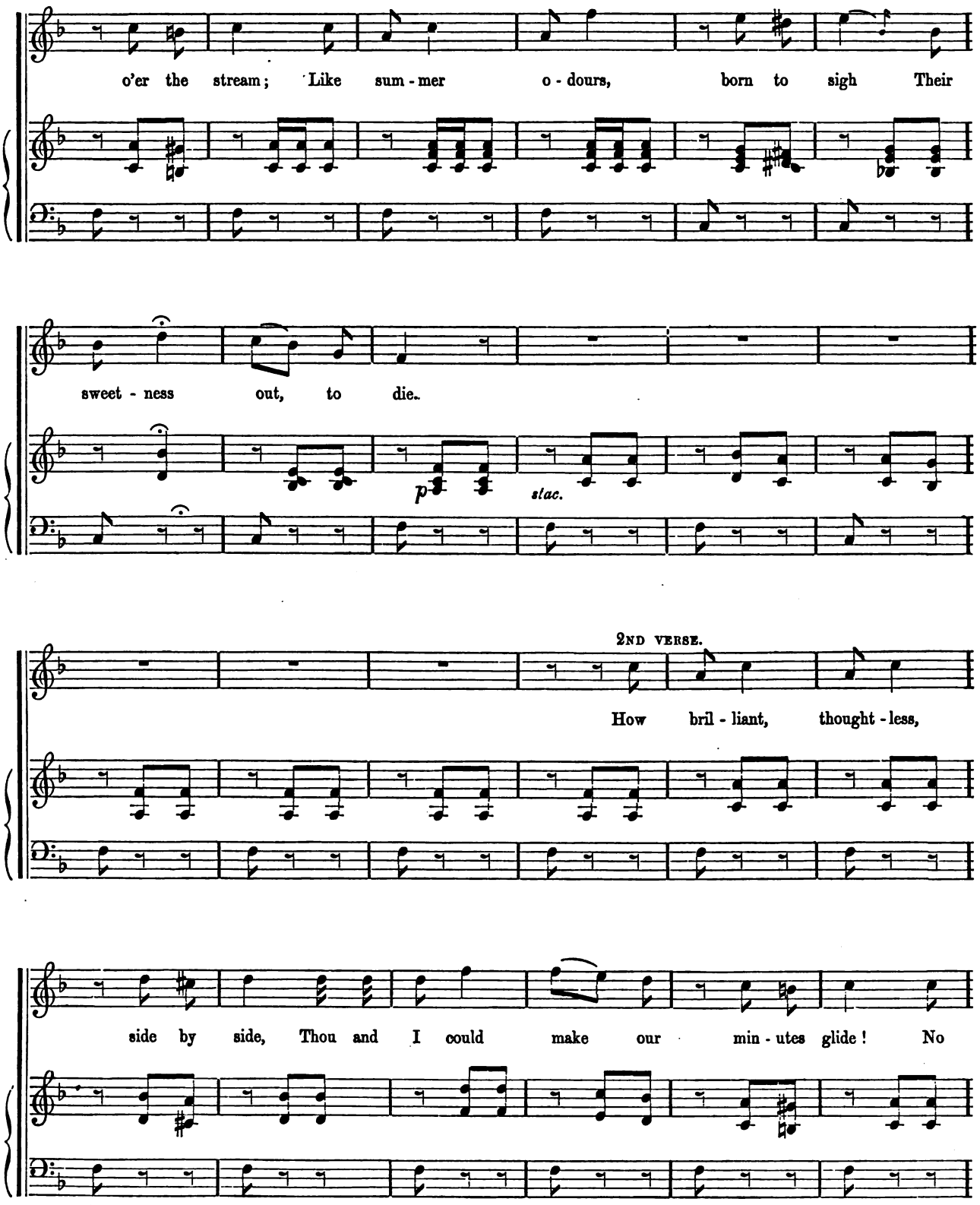

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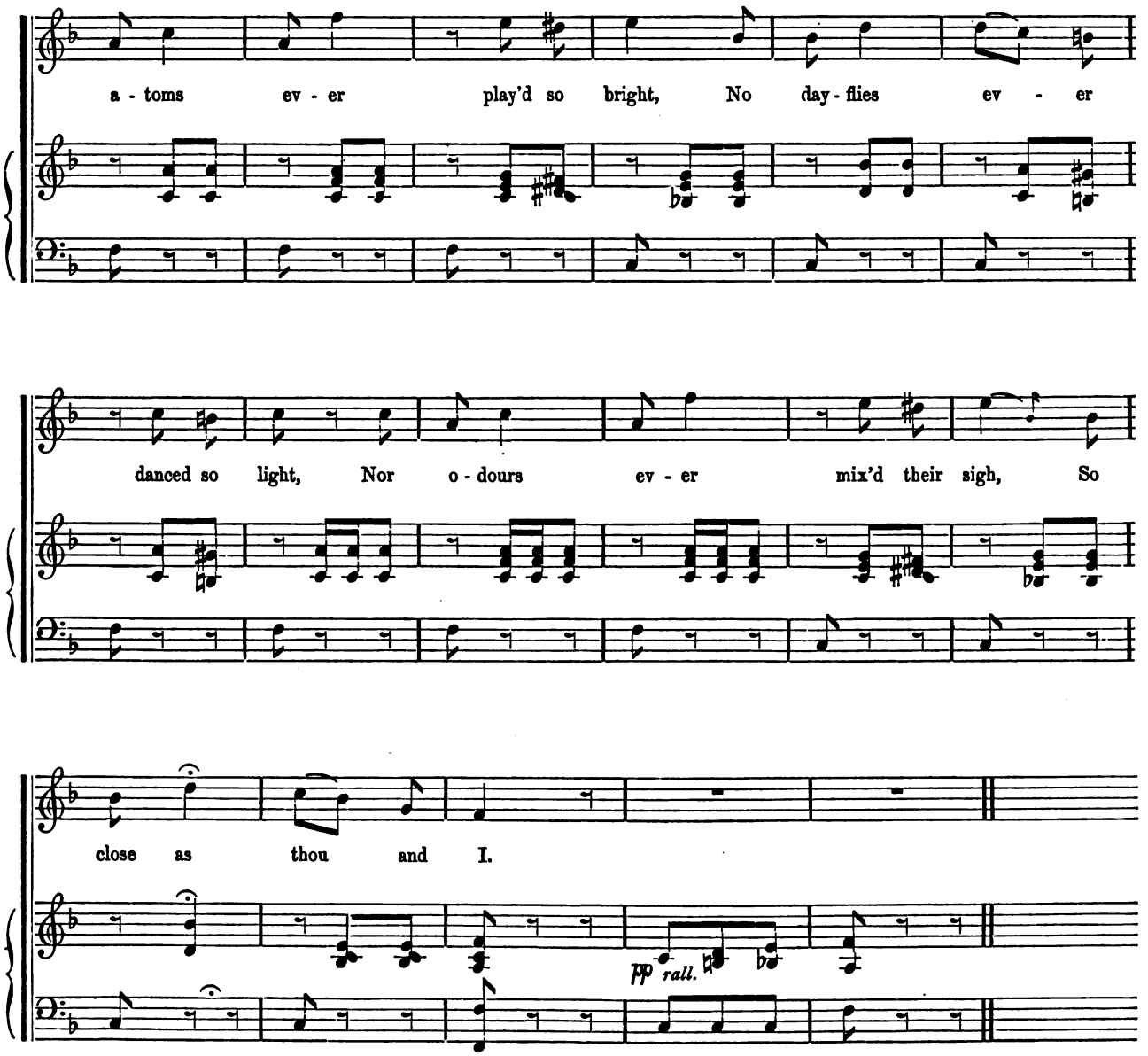

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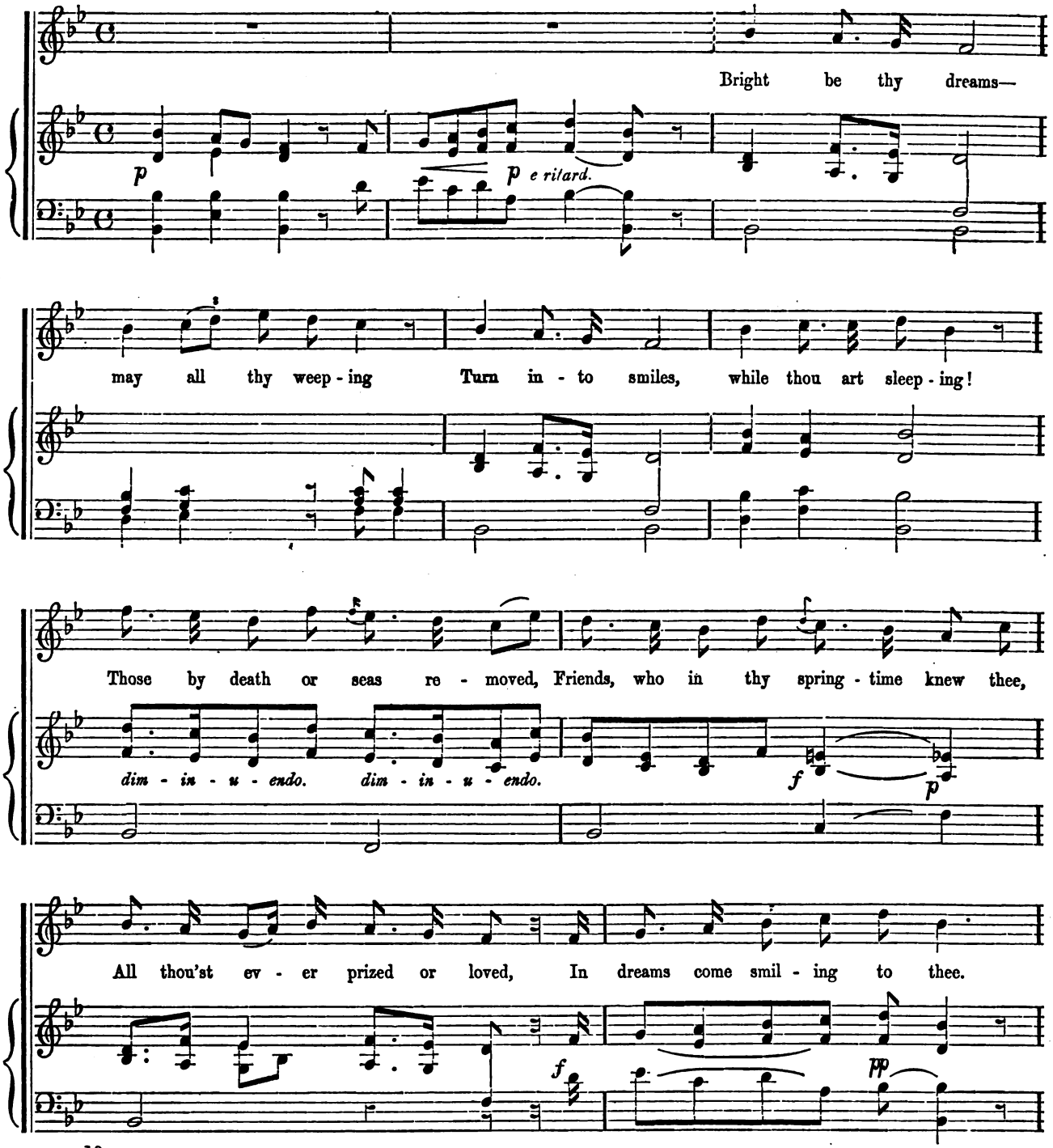
BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

In moderate time.



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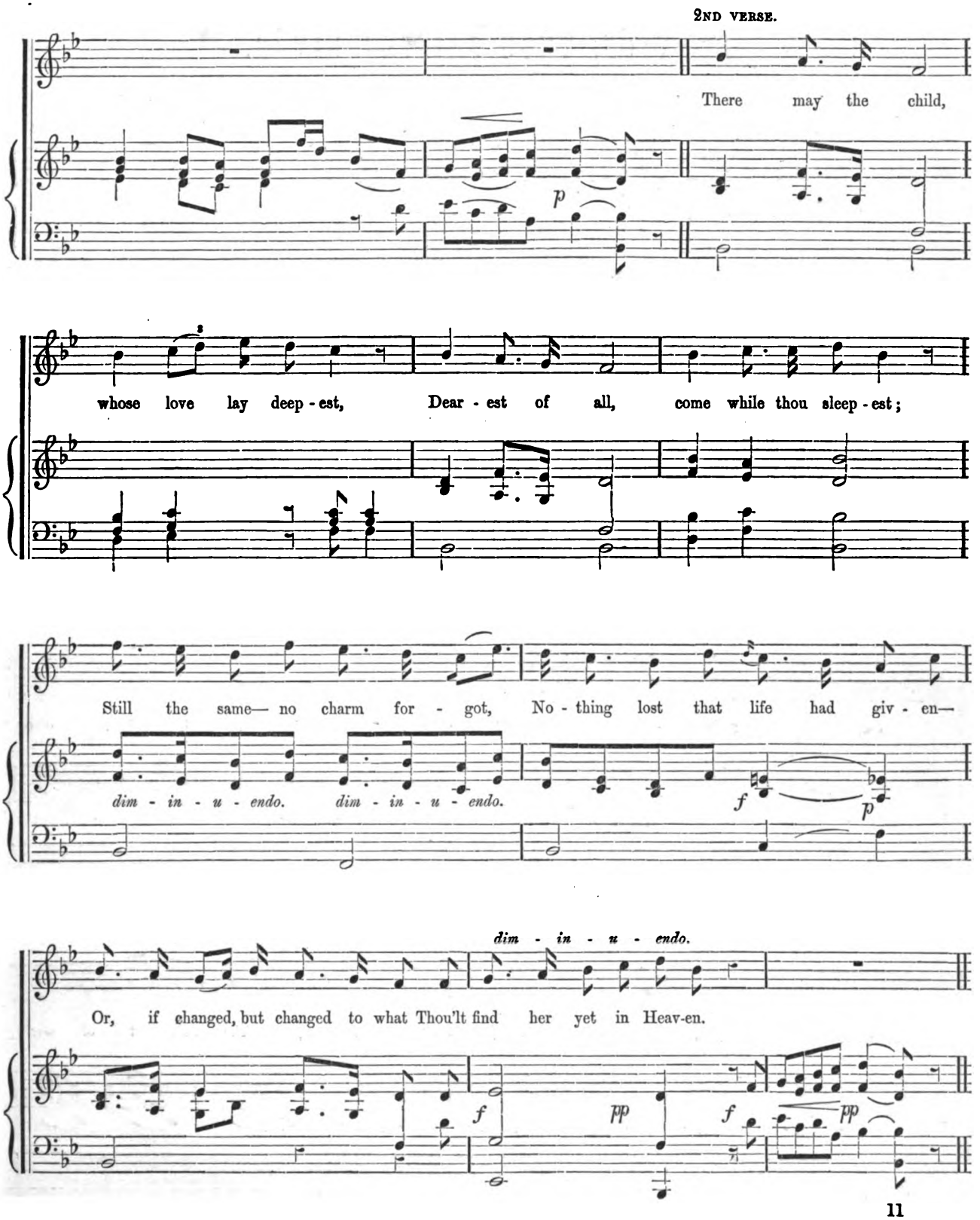

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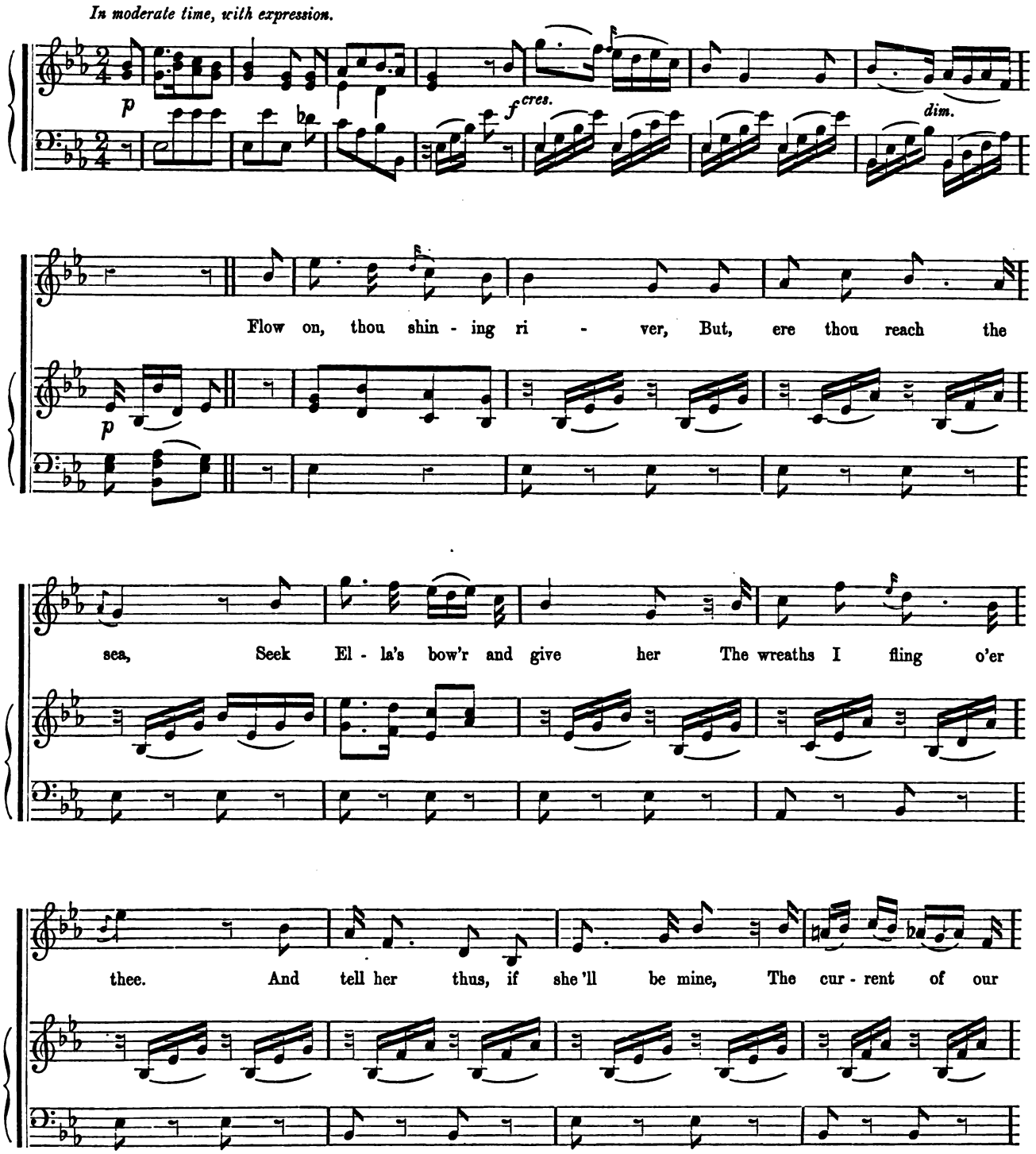
FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

In moderate time, with expression.



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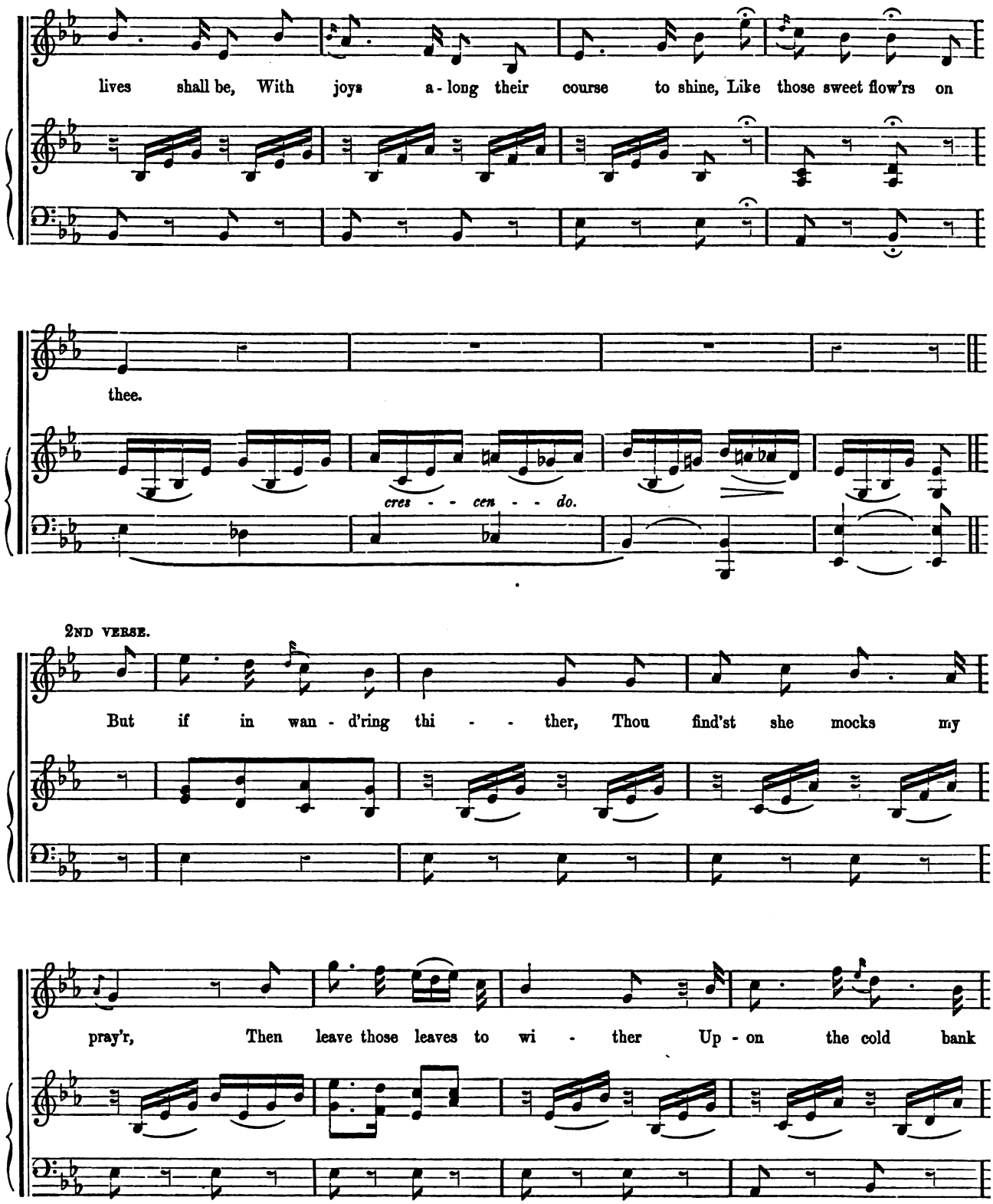

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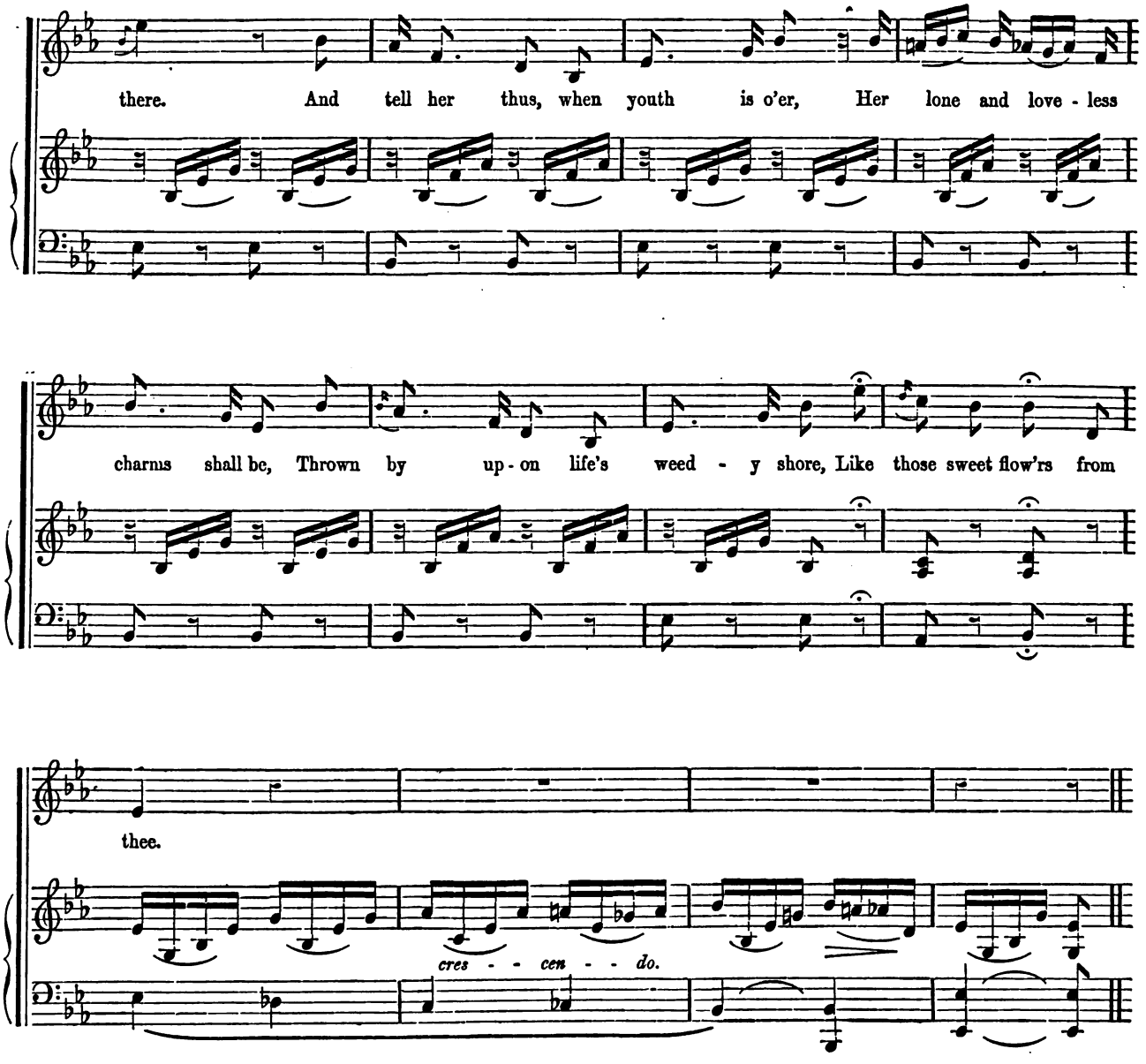

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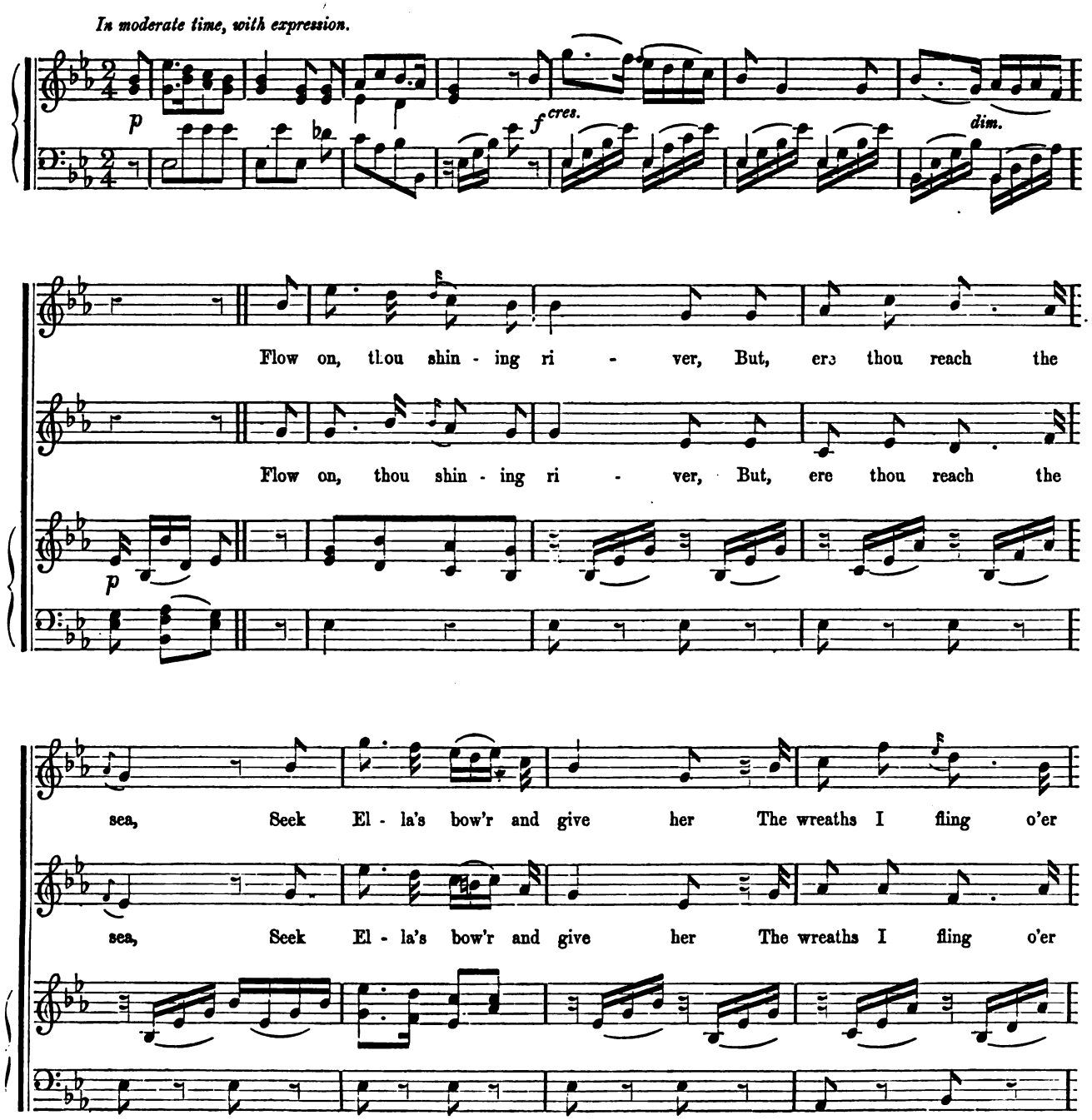
FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(FOR TWO VOICES.)

In moderate time, with expression.



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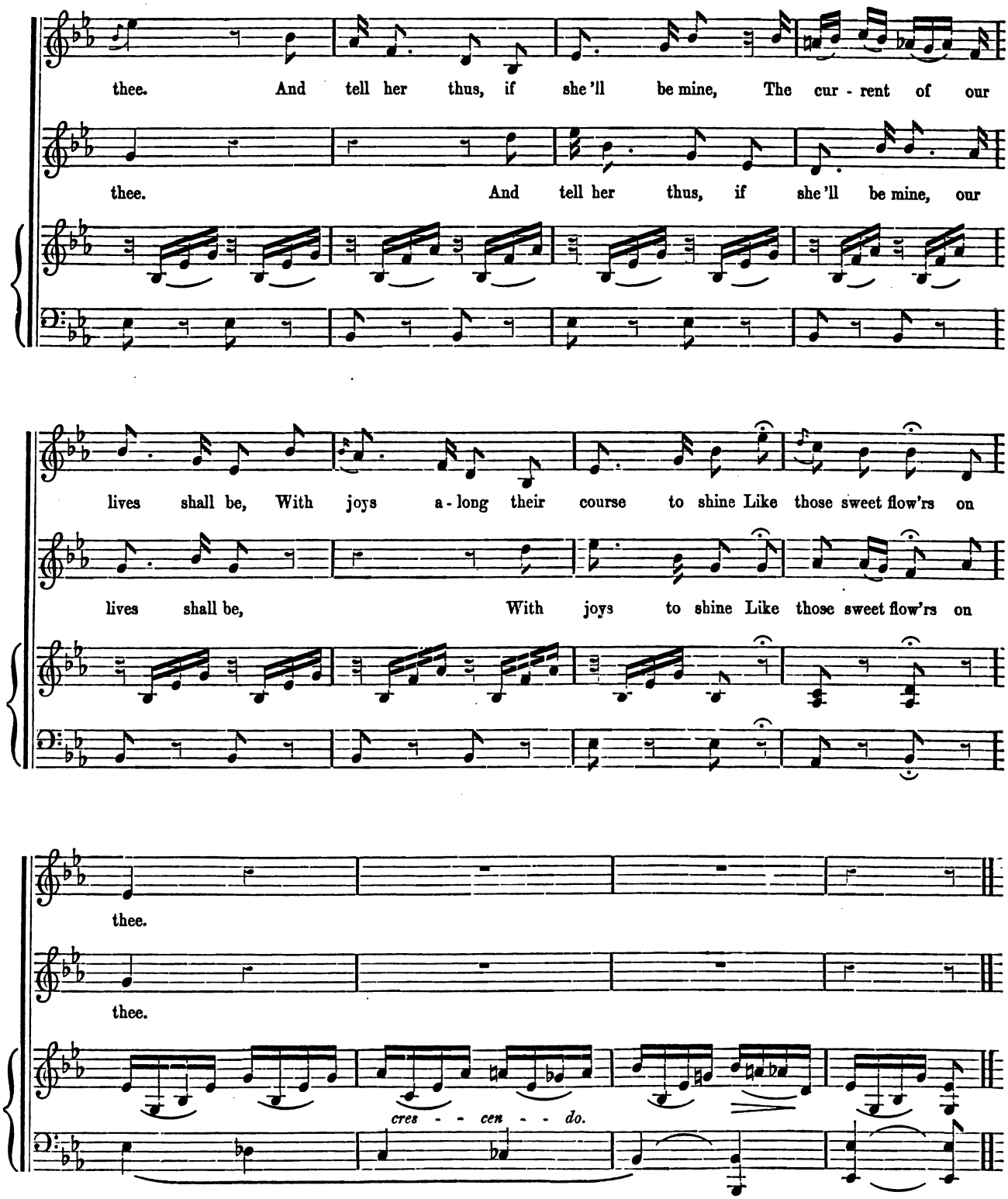

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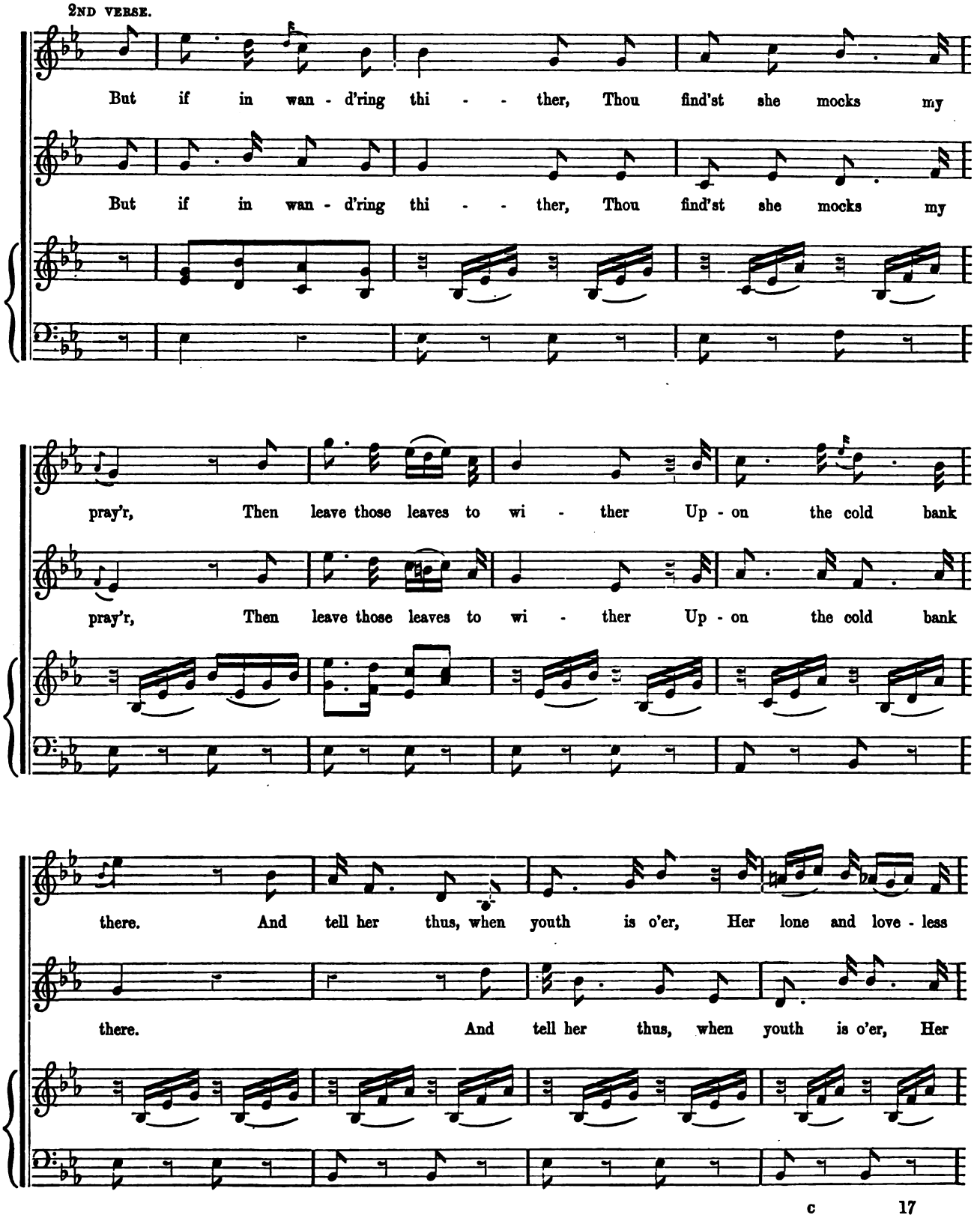

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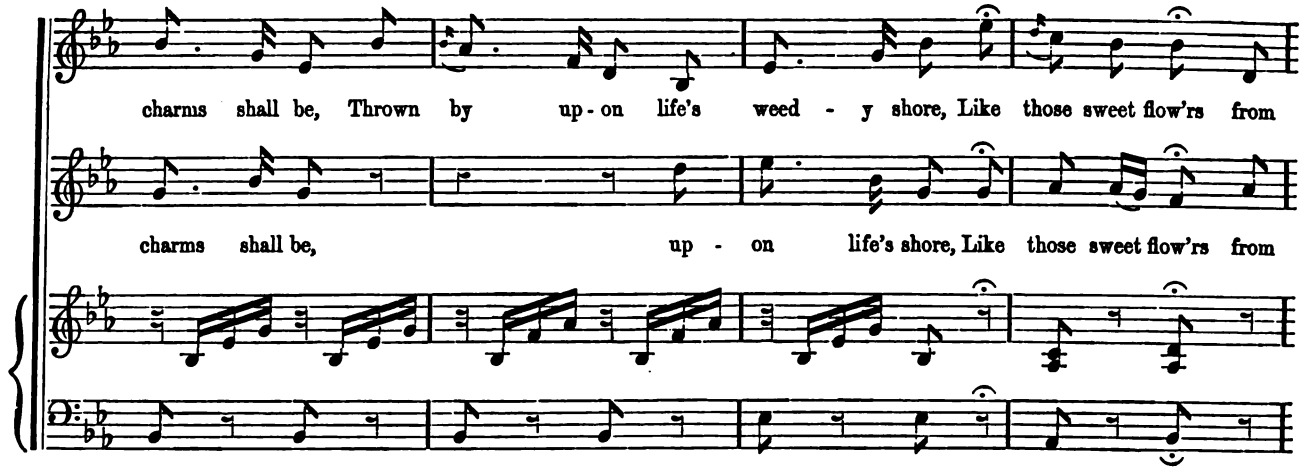

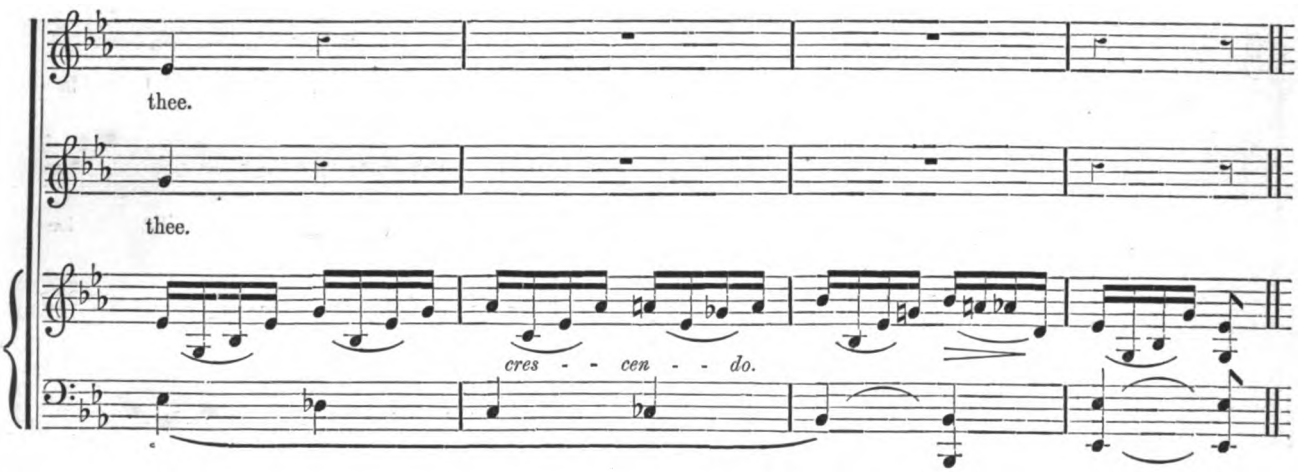

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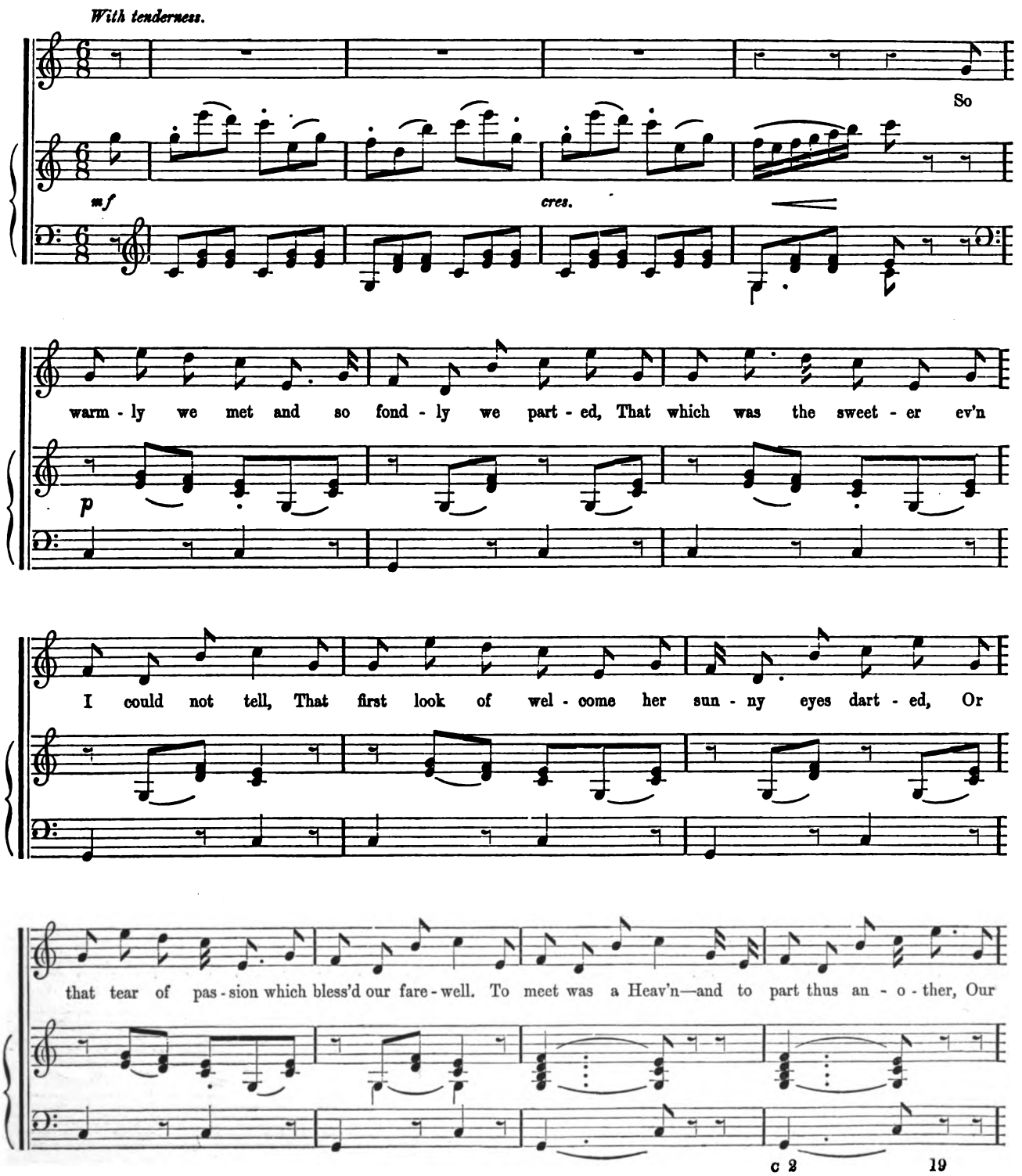
SO WARMLY WE MET.



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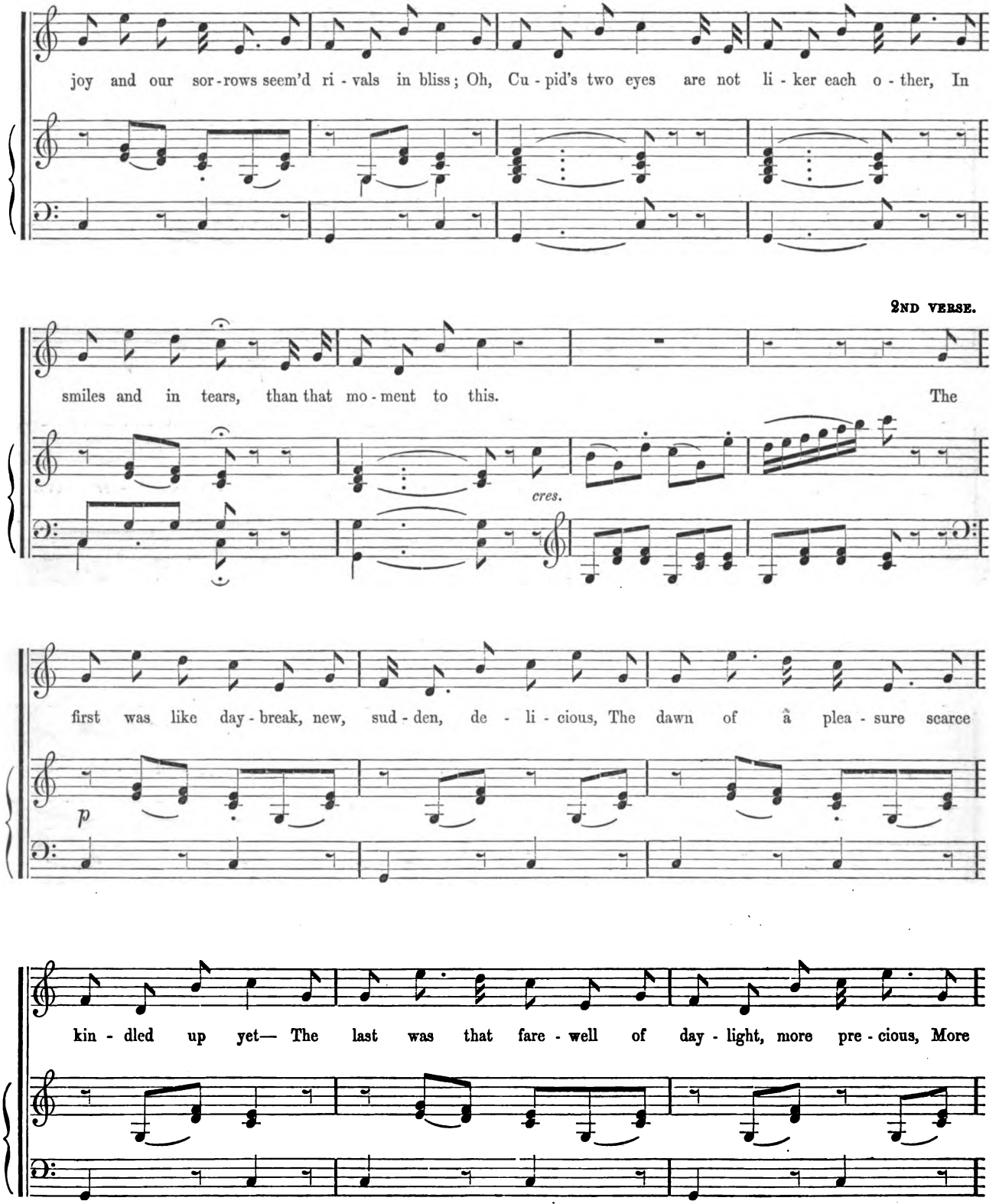

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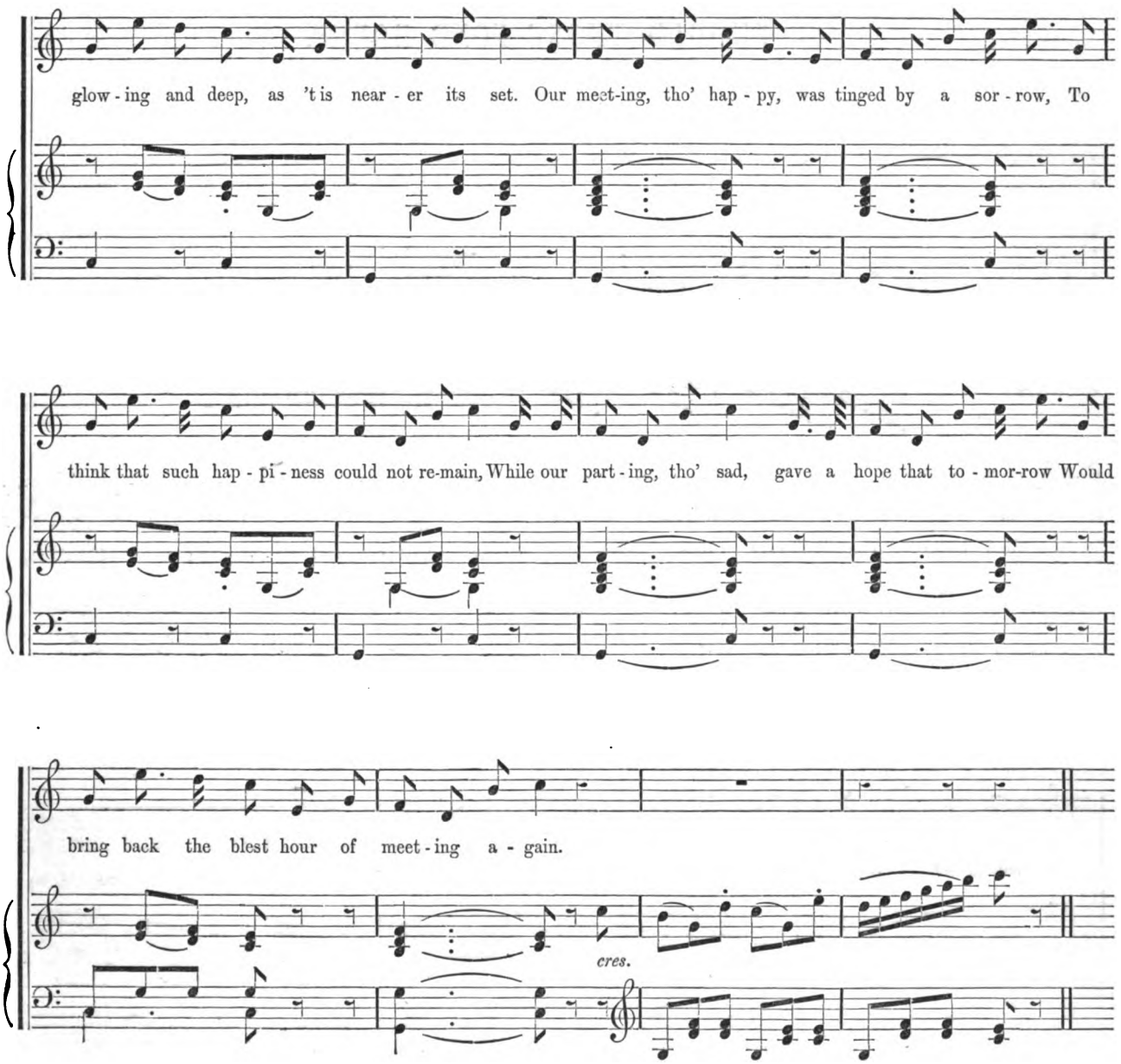

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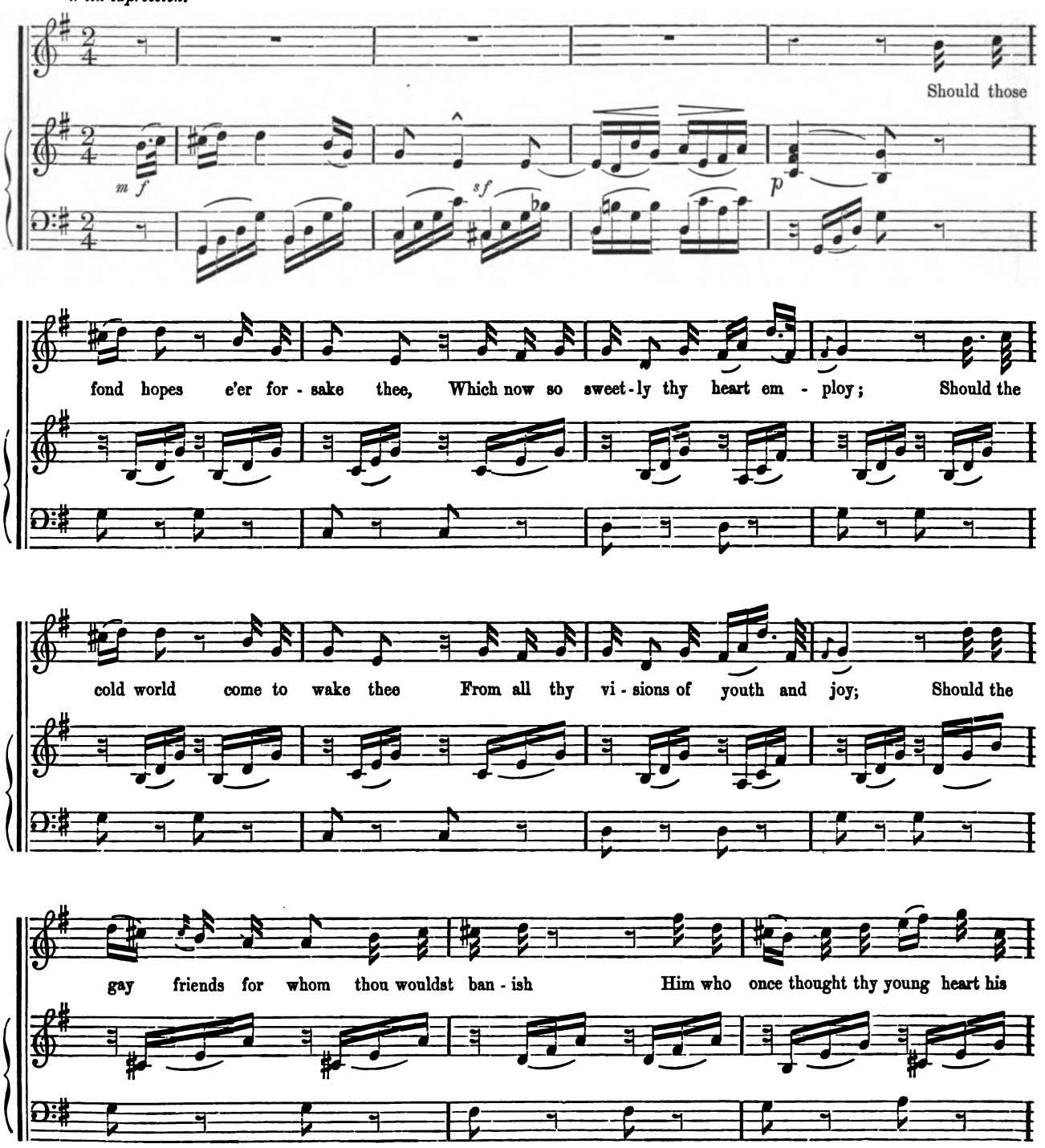
SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

With expression.



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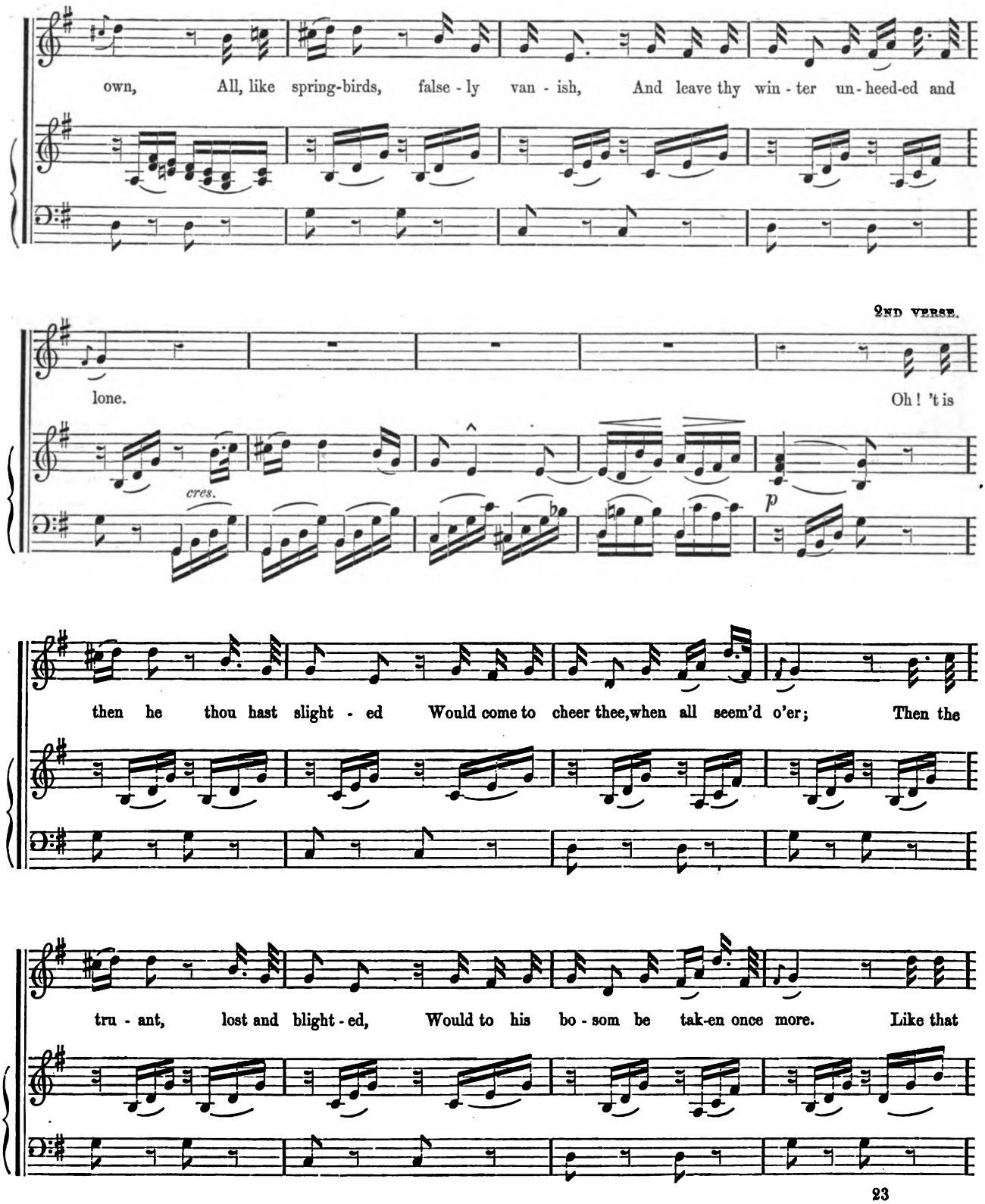

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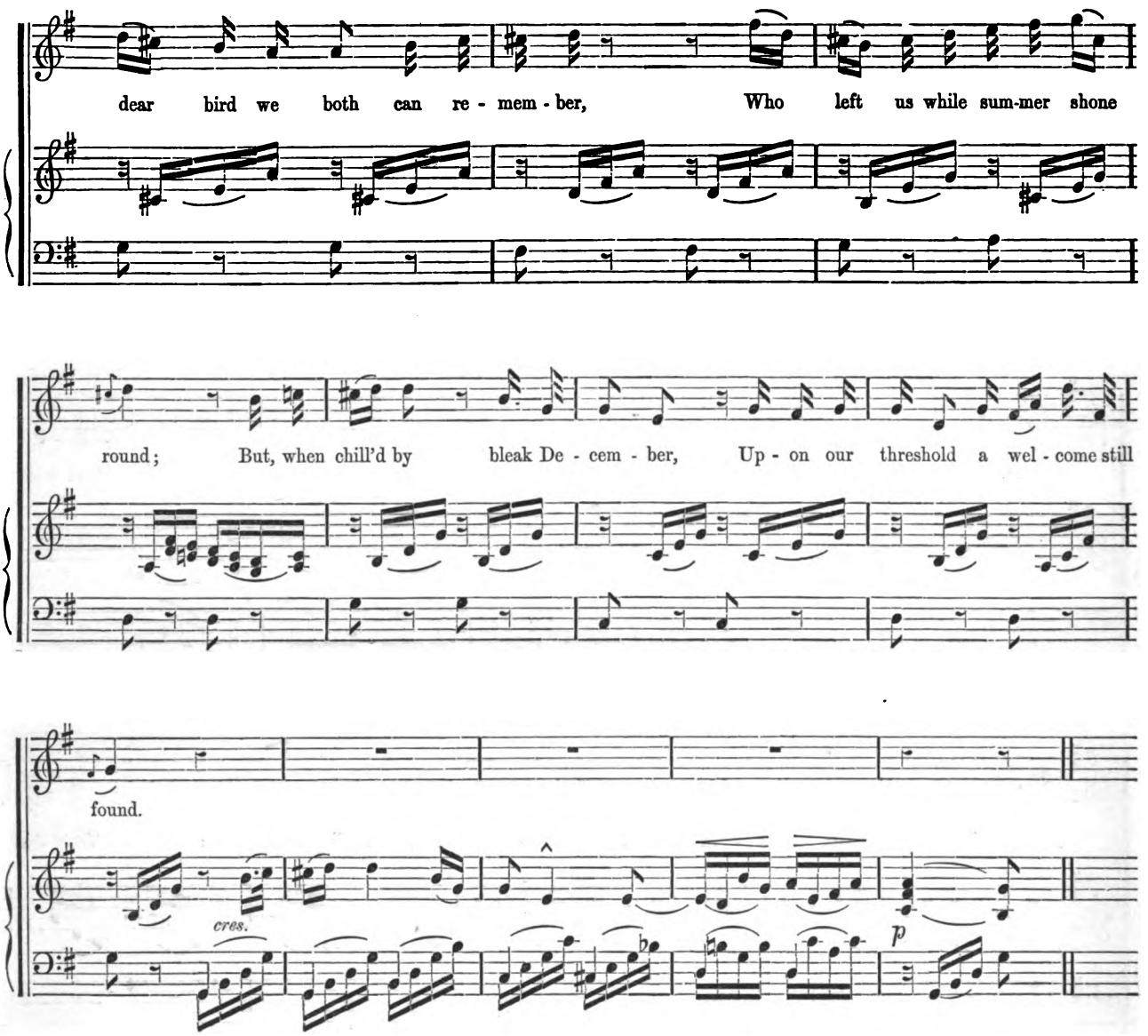

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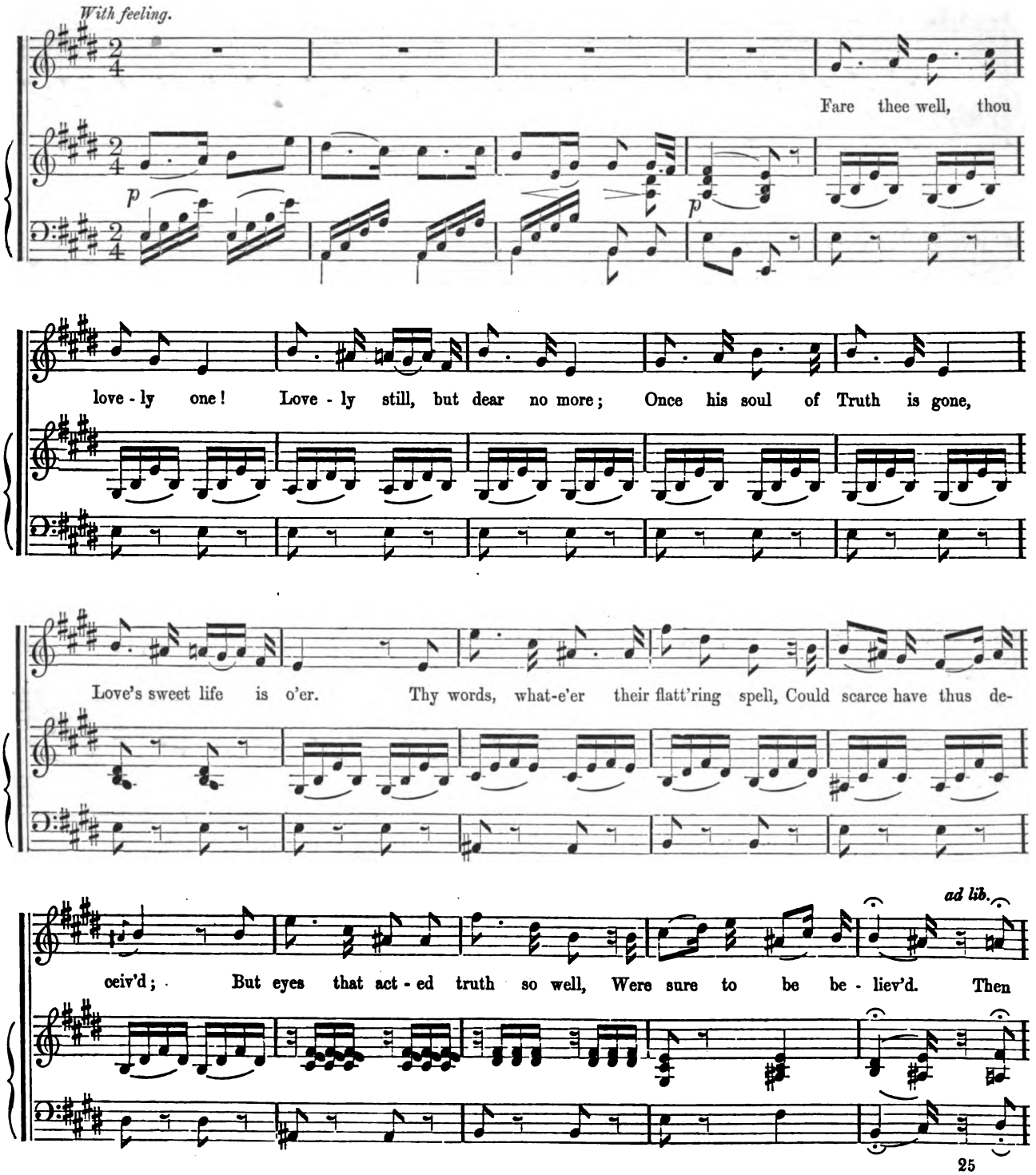
FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE.



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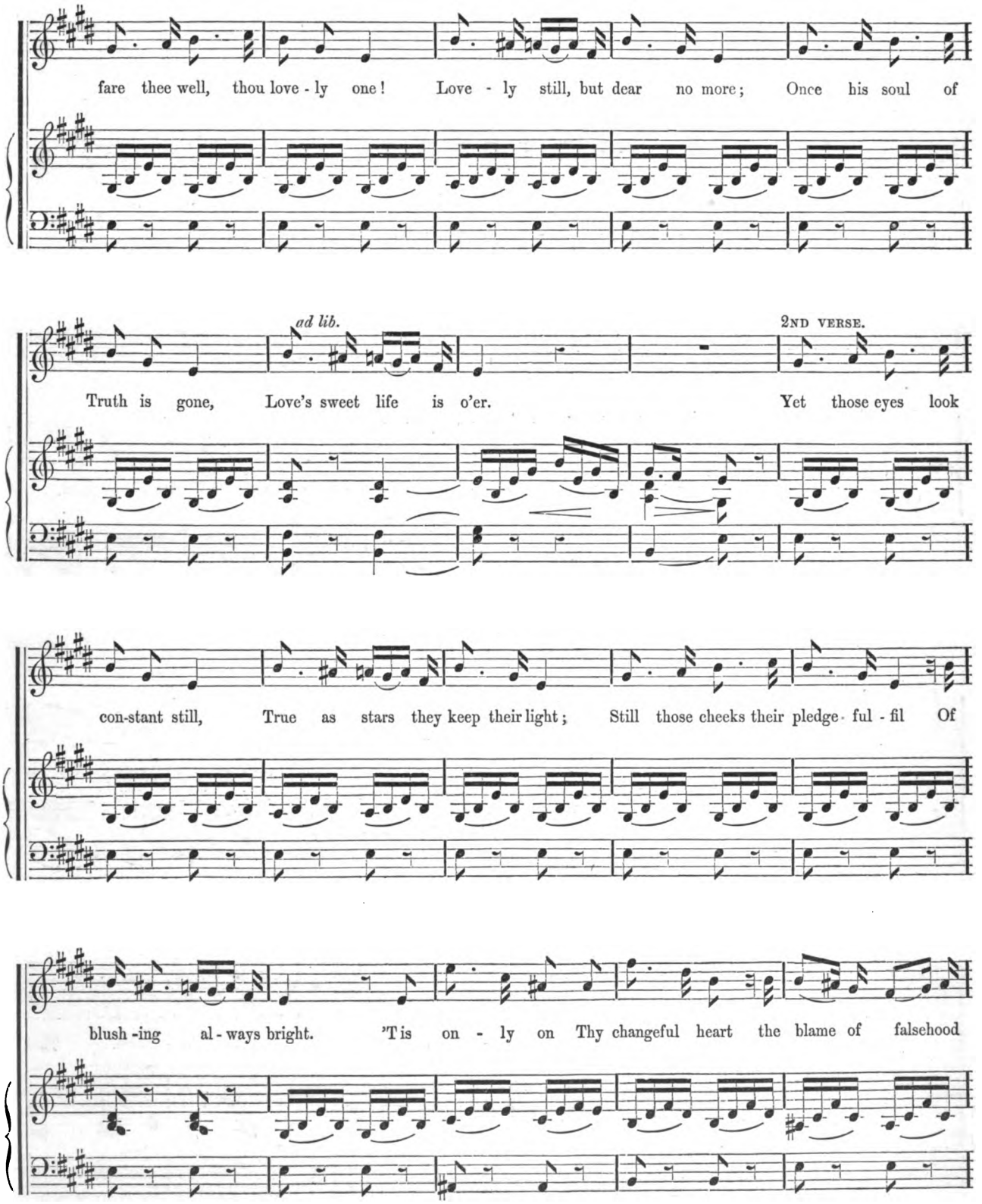

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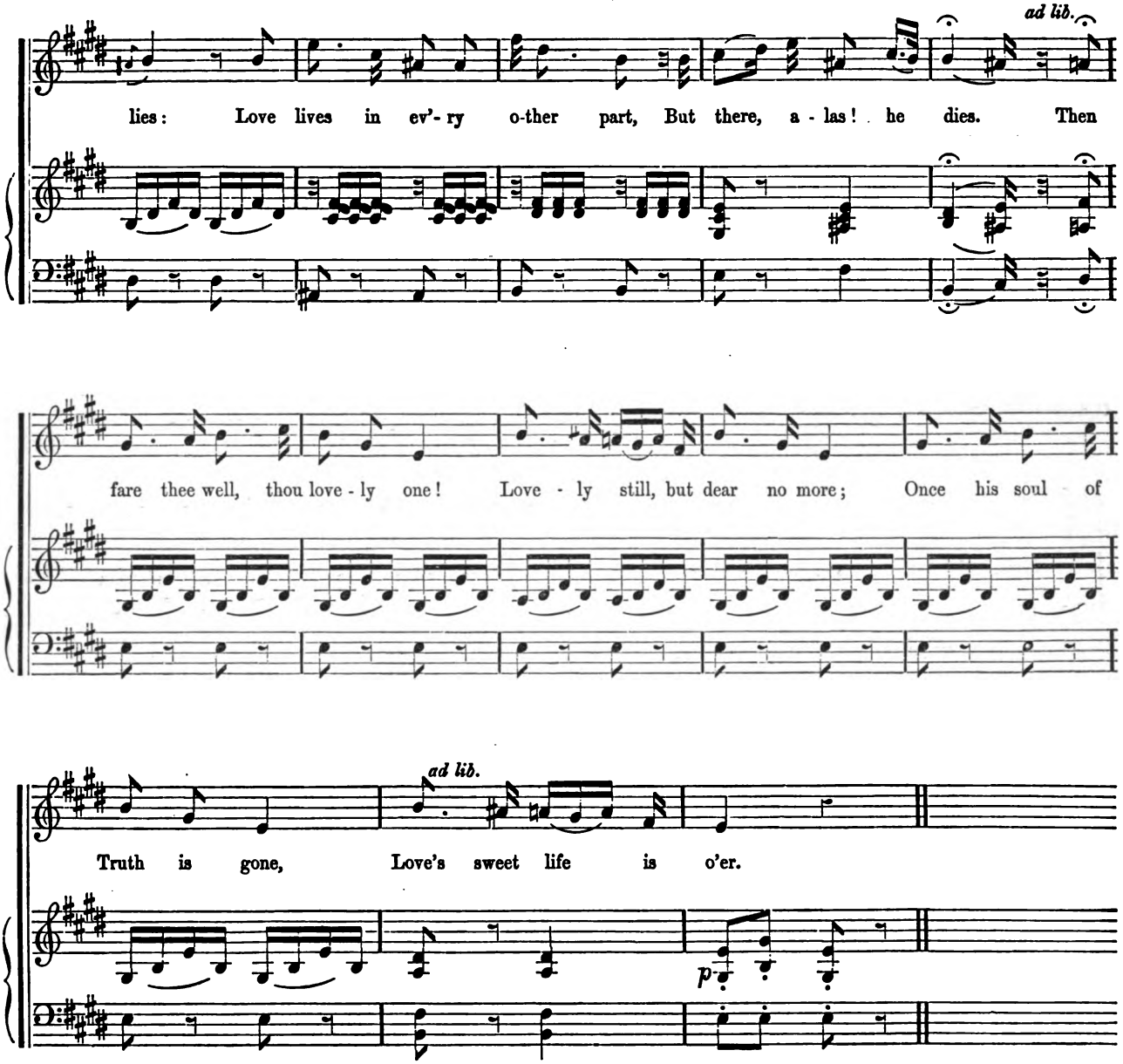

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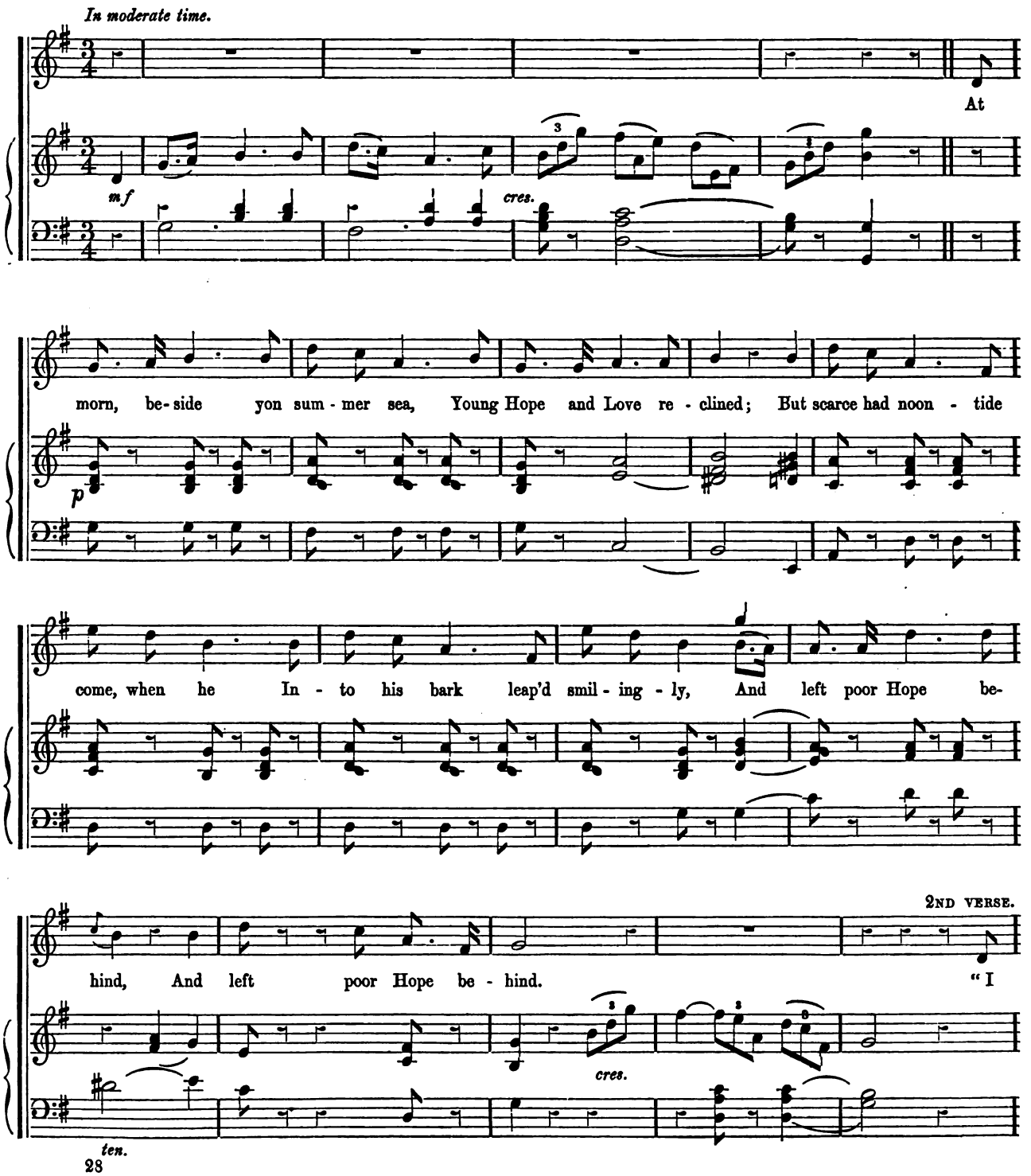
LOVE AND HOPE.



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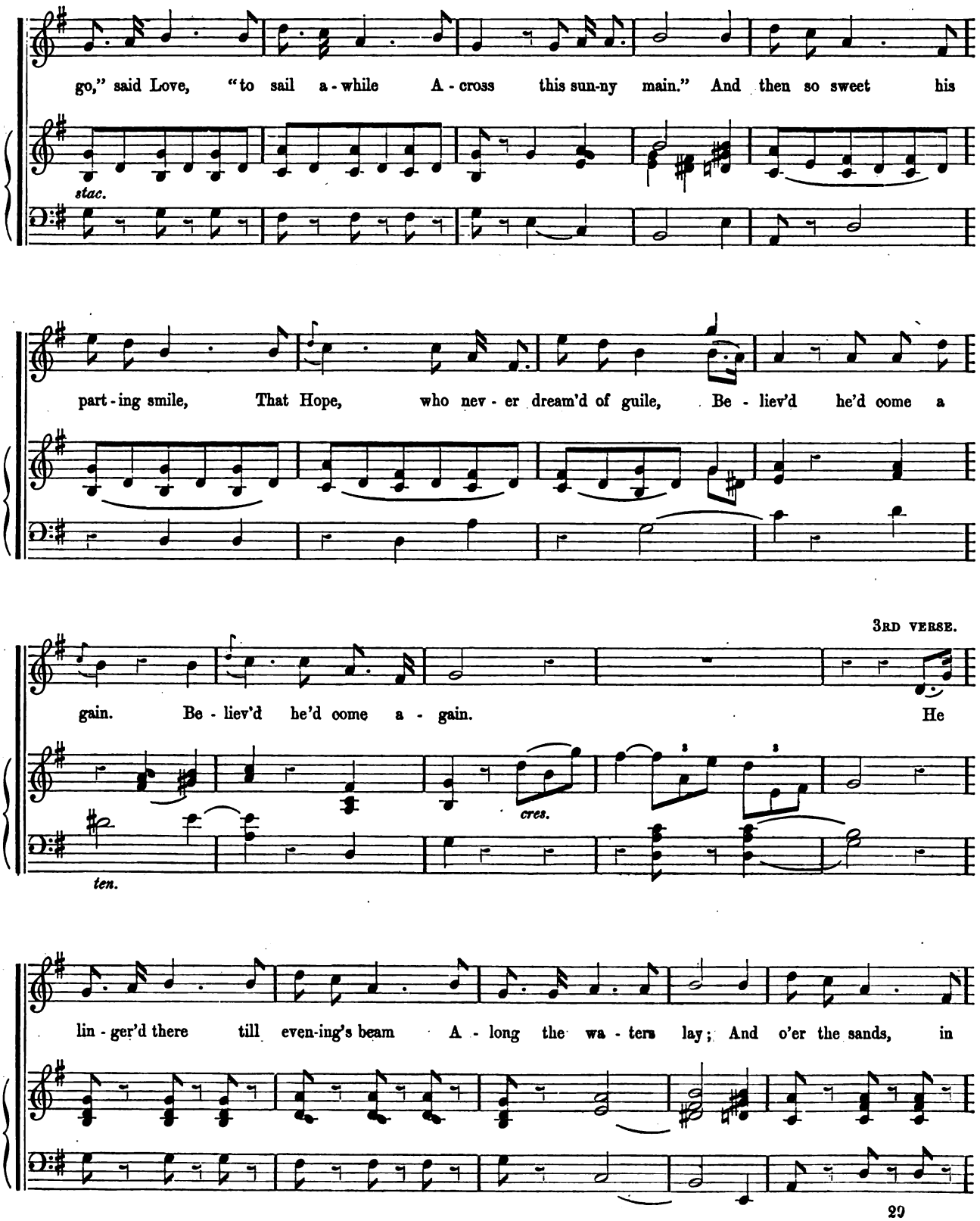

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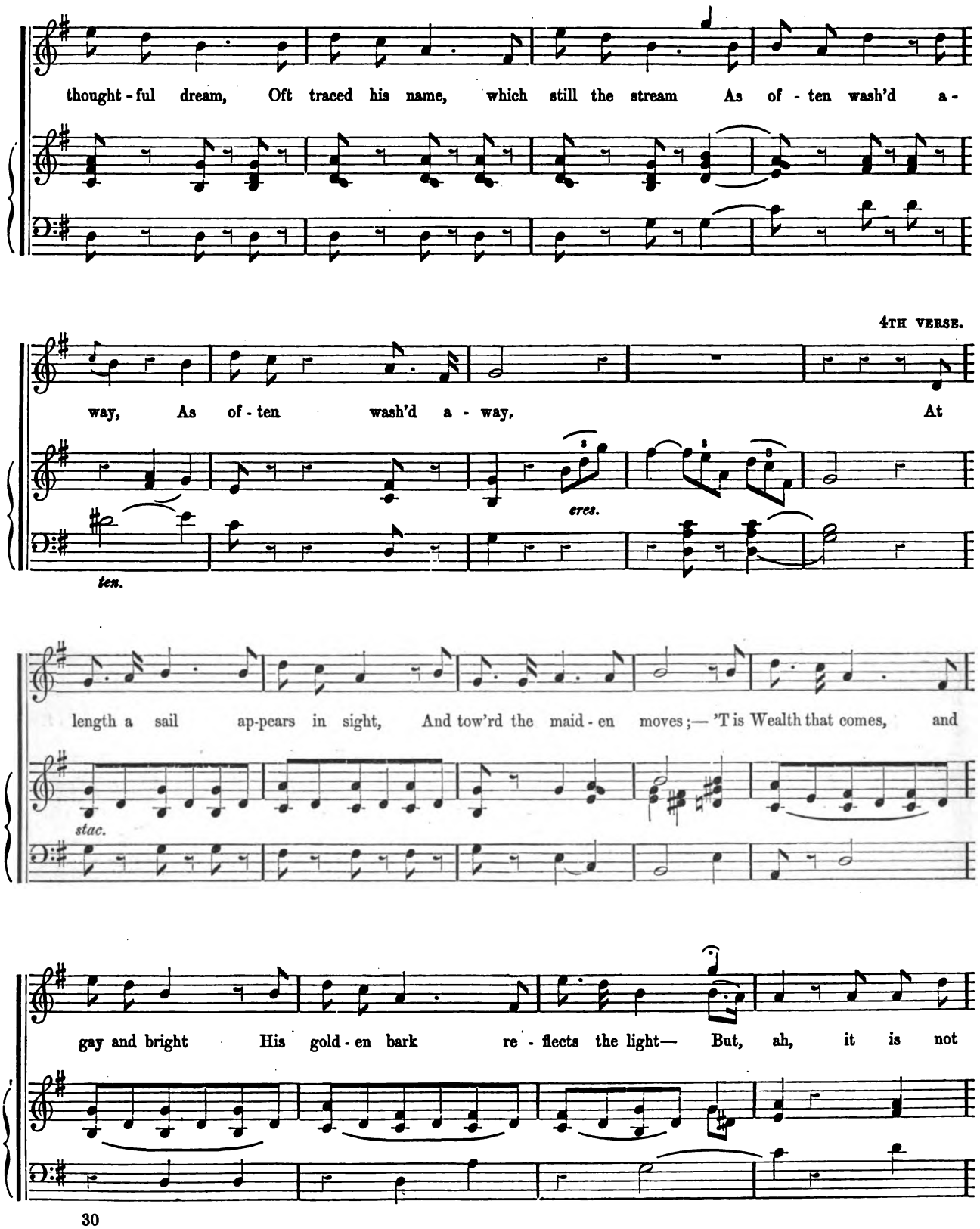

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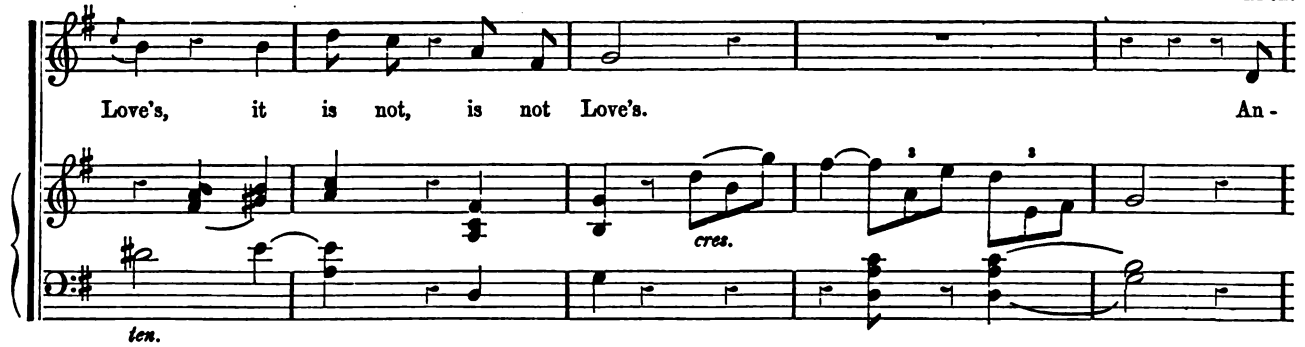

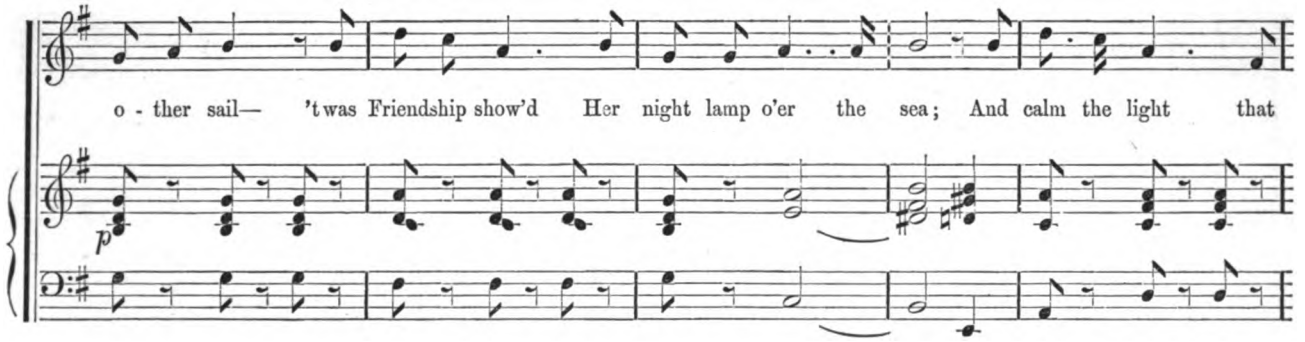

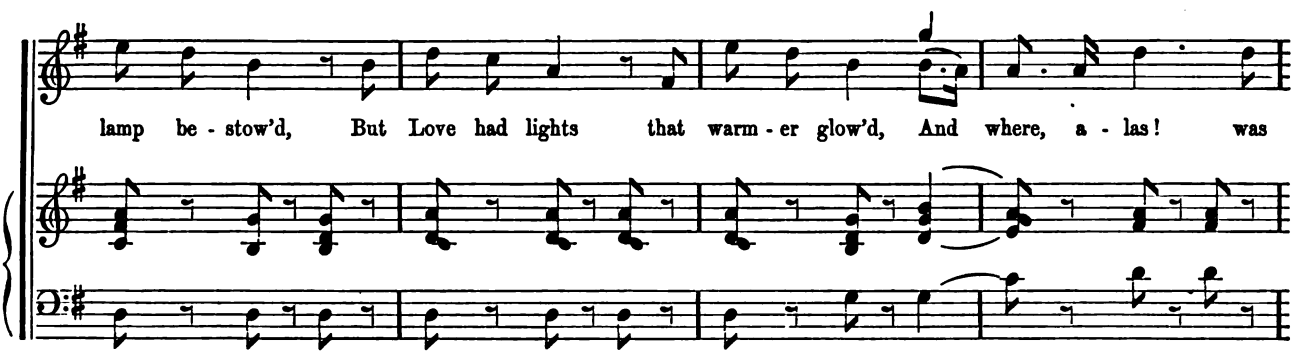

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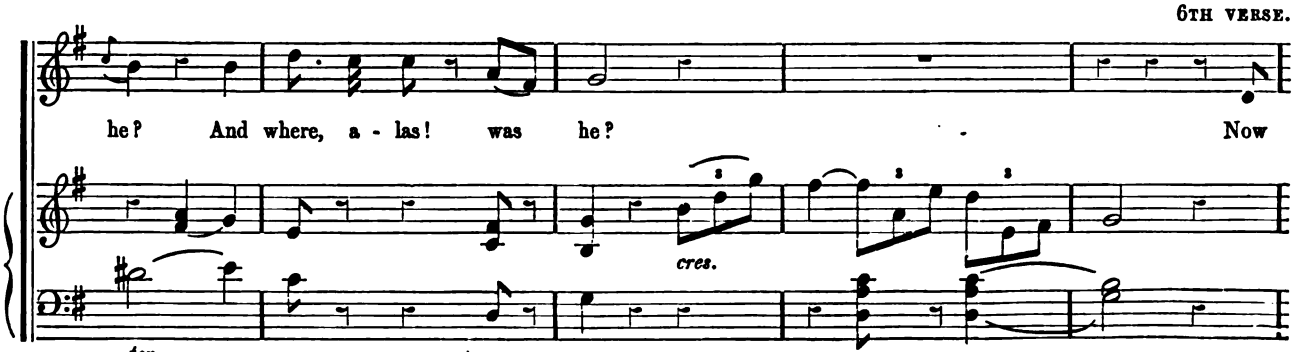

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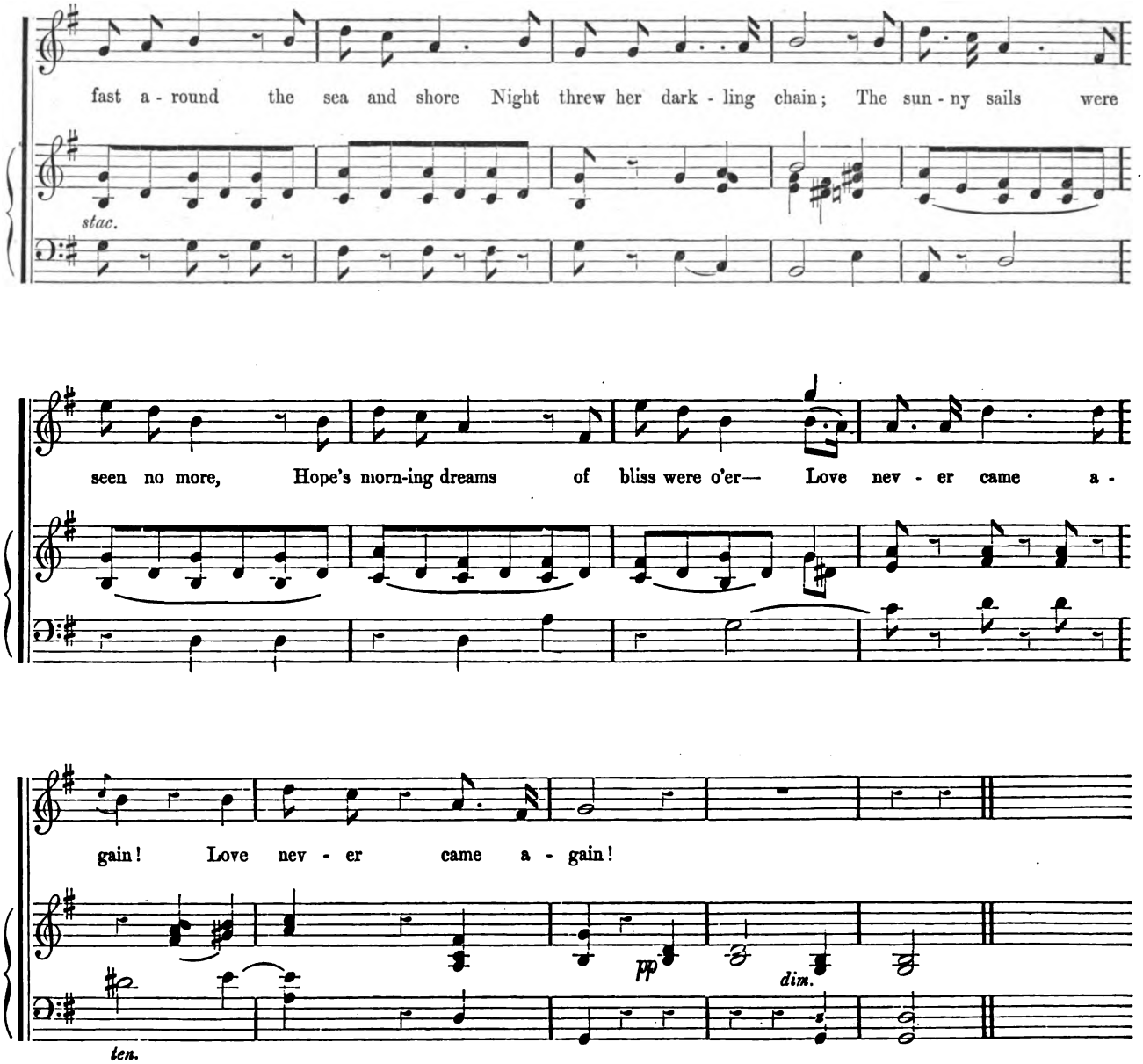

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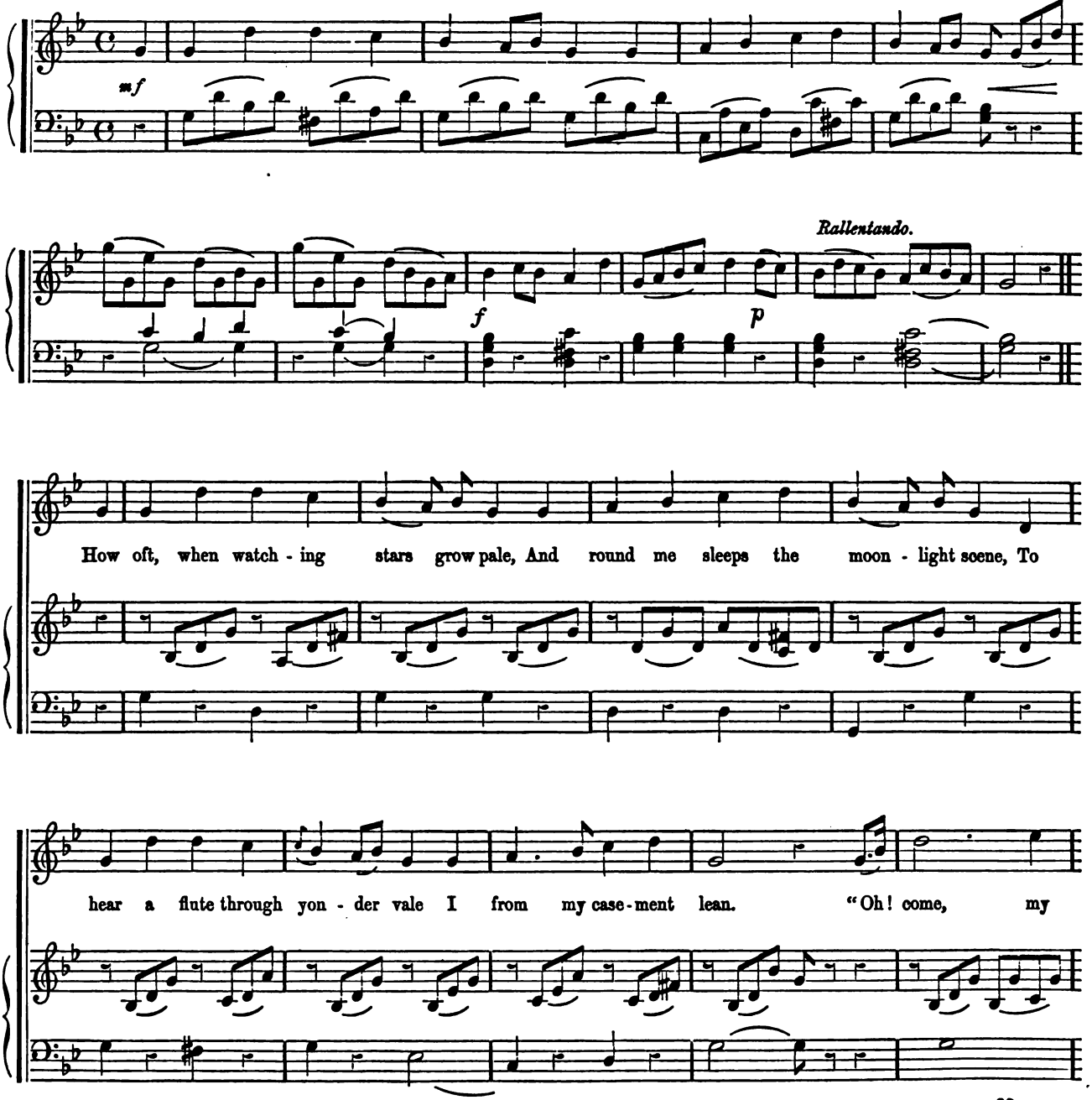
HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.

With simplicity and feeling. SAVOYARD AIR.



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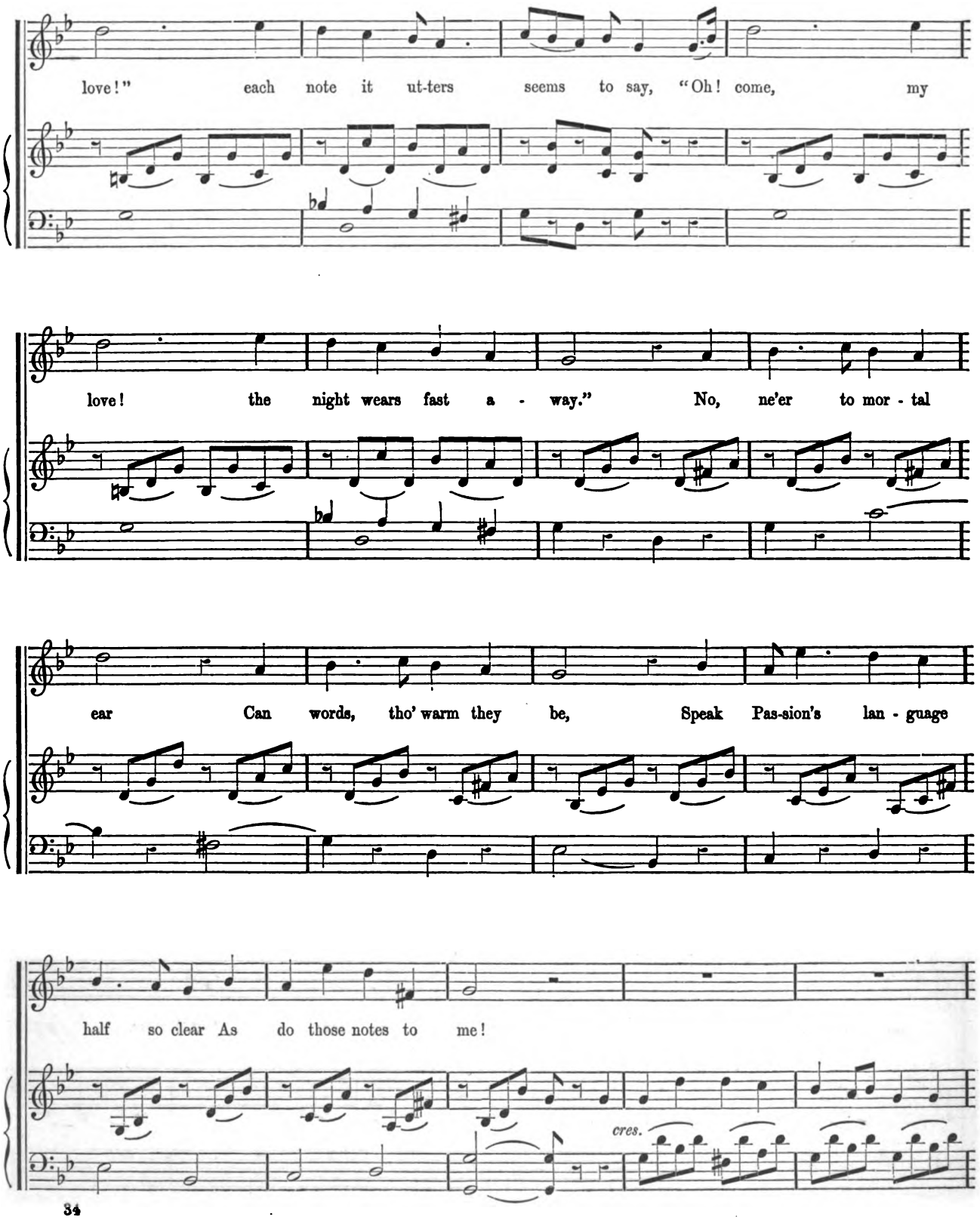

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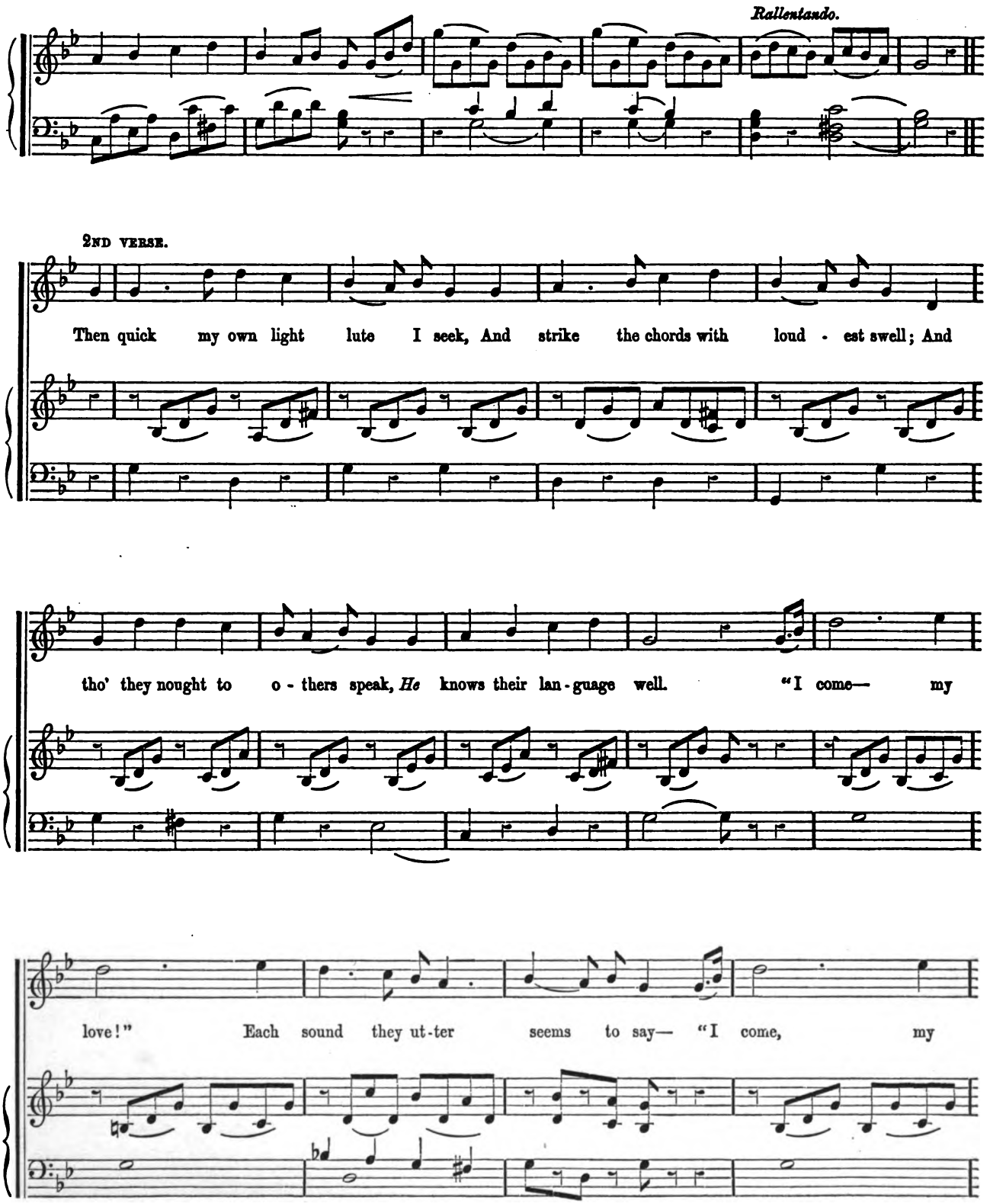

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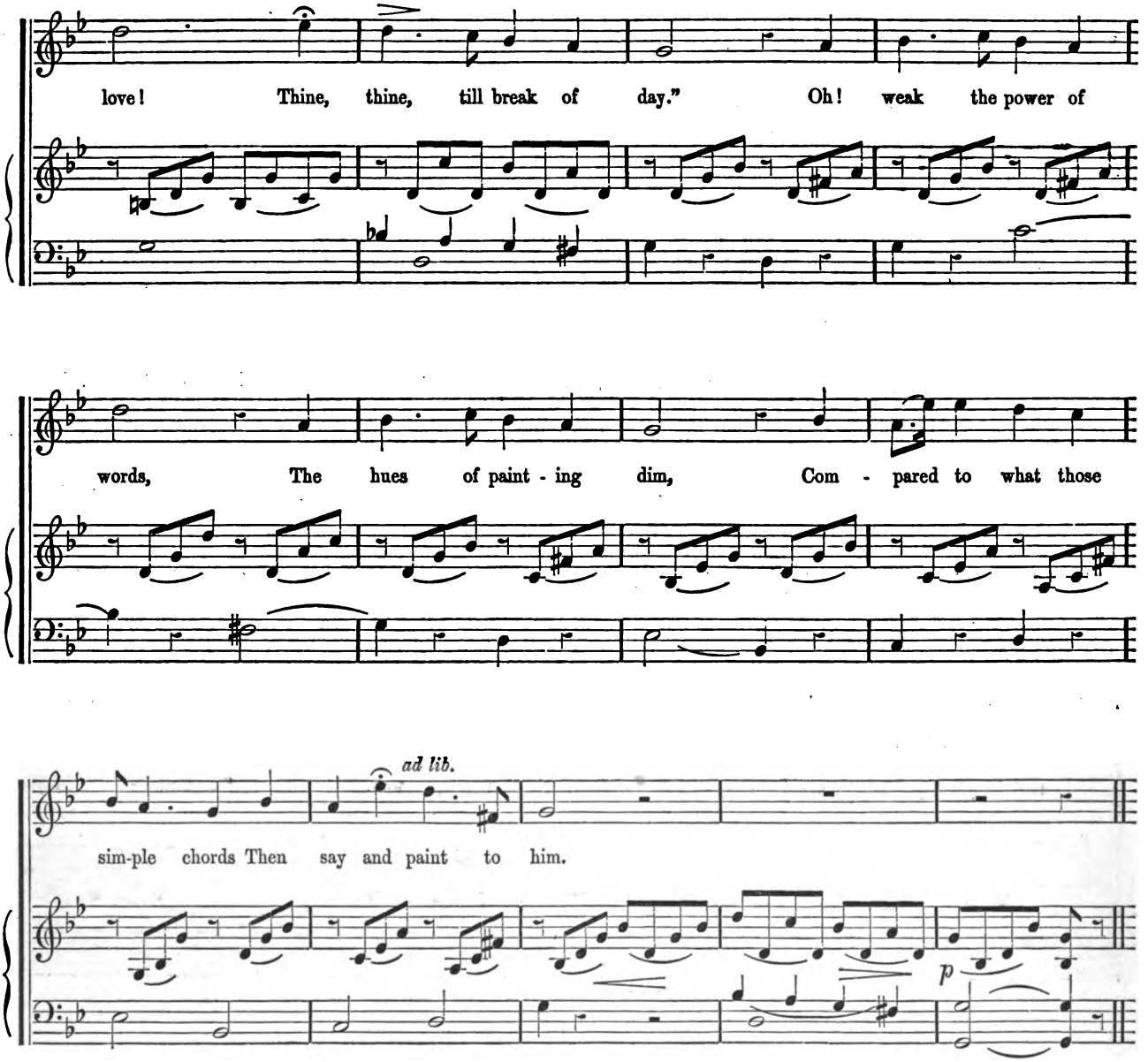

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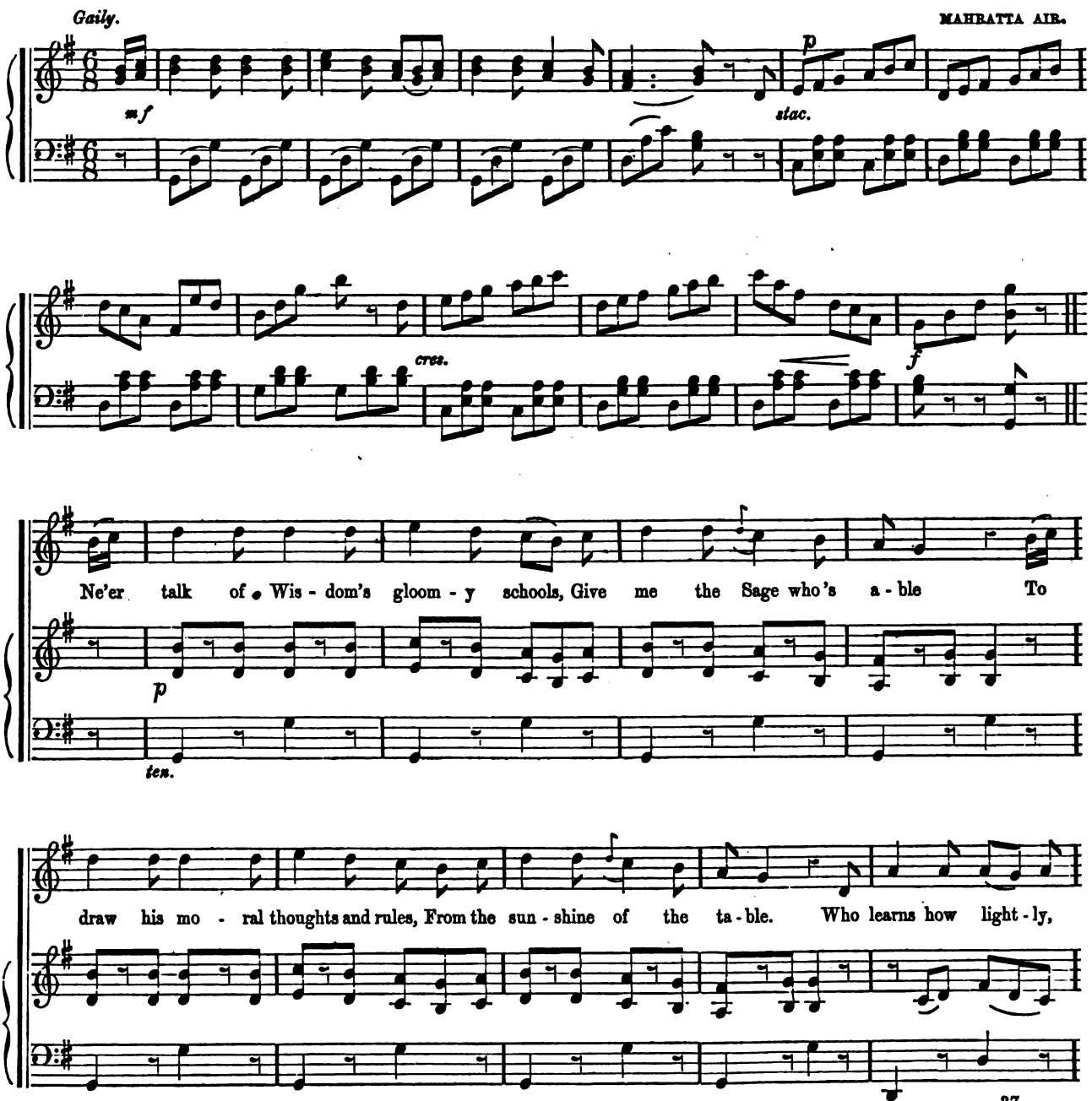
NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.



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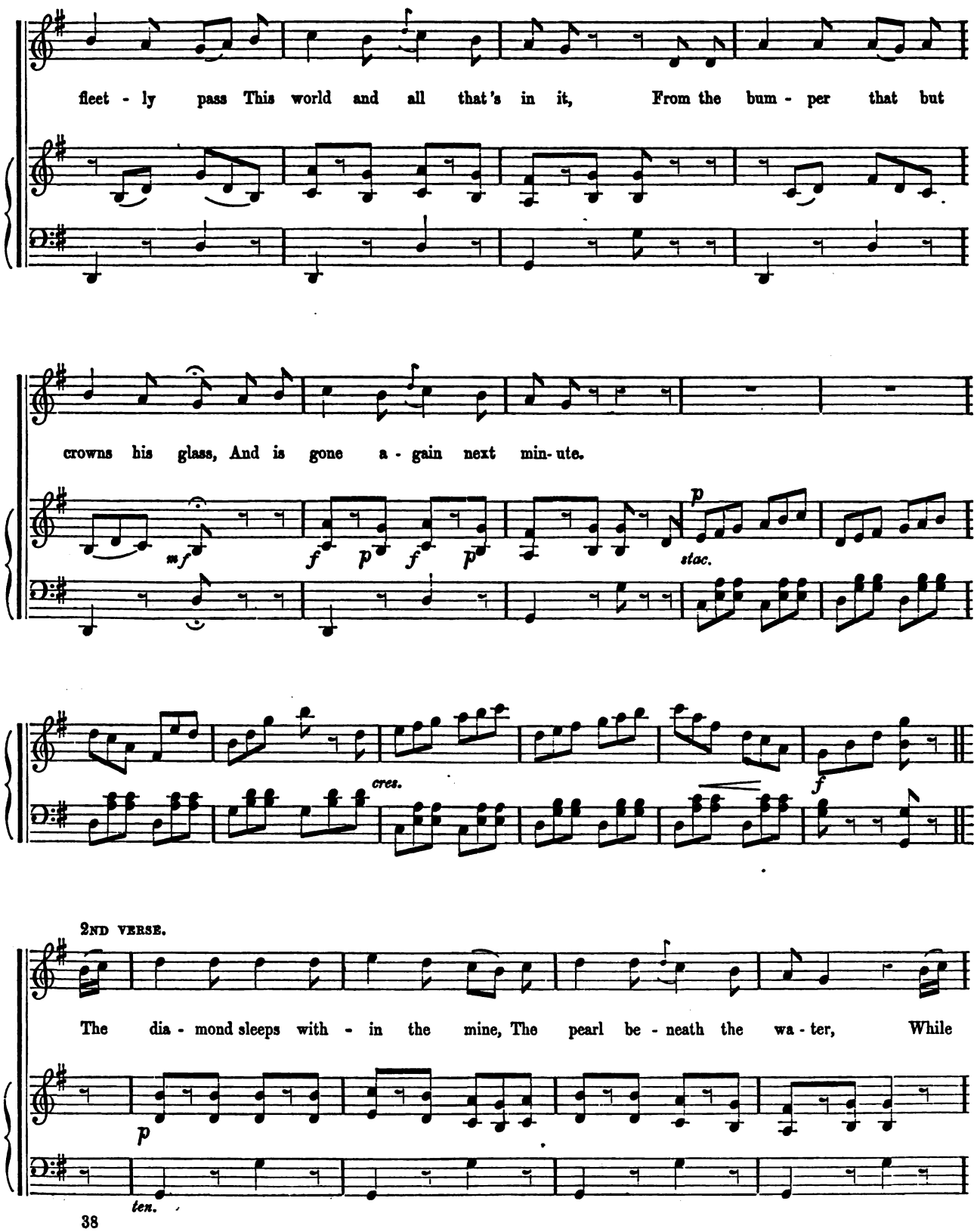

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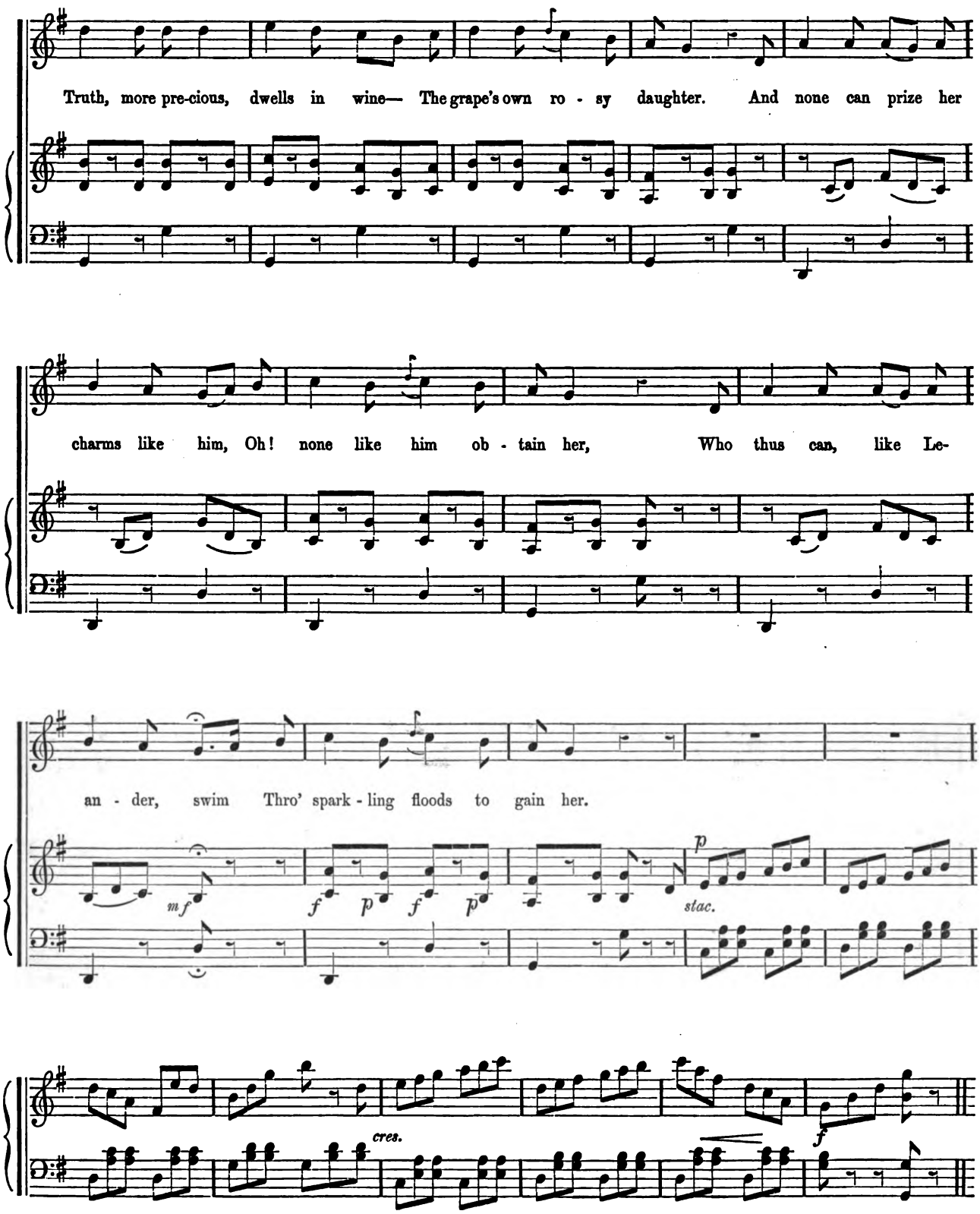

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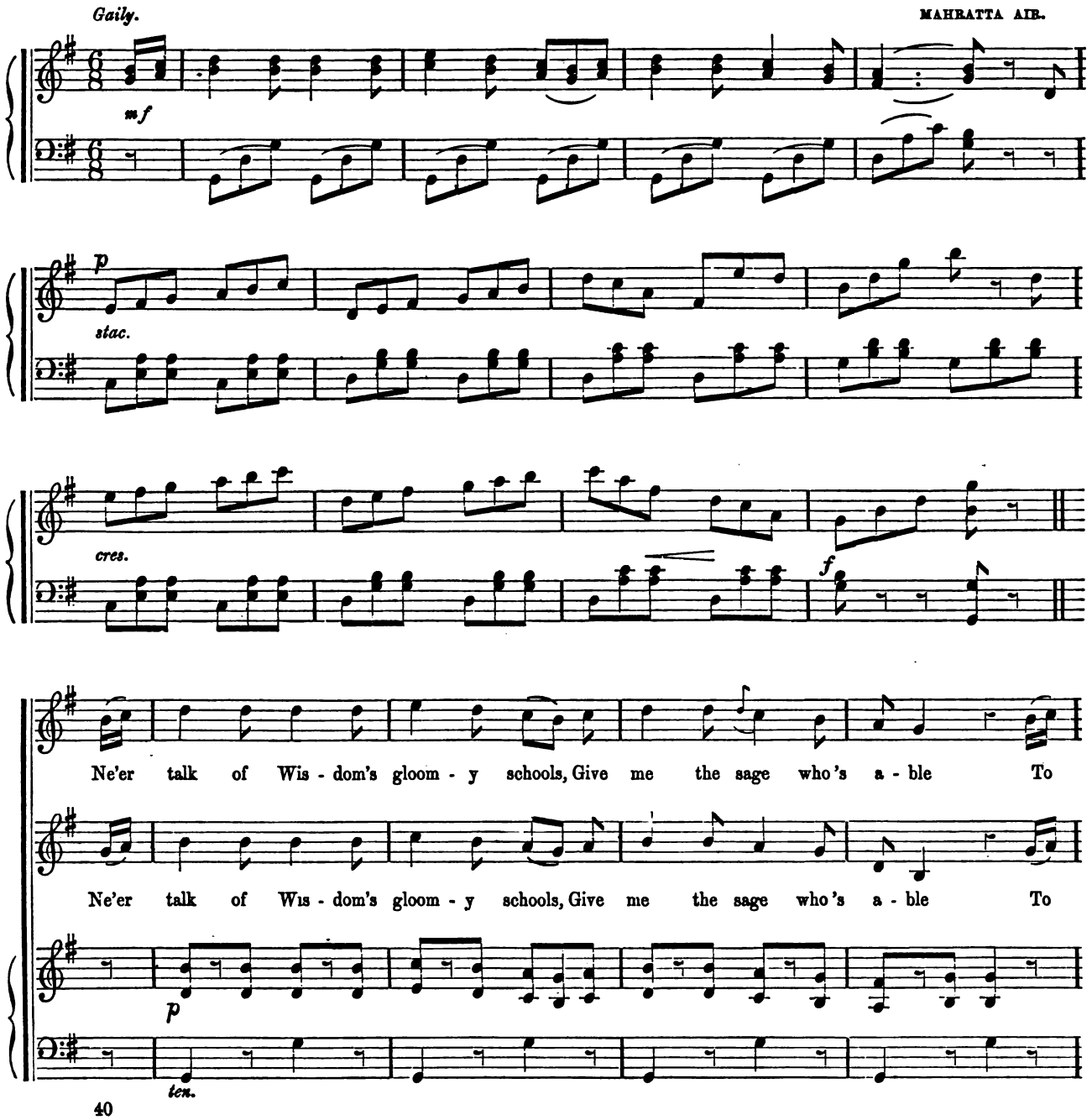
NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

FOR TWO VOICES.



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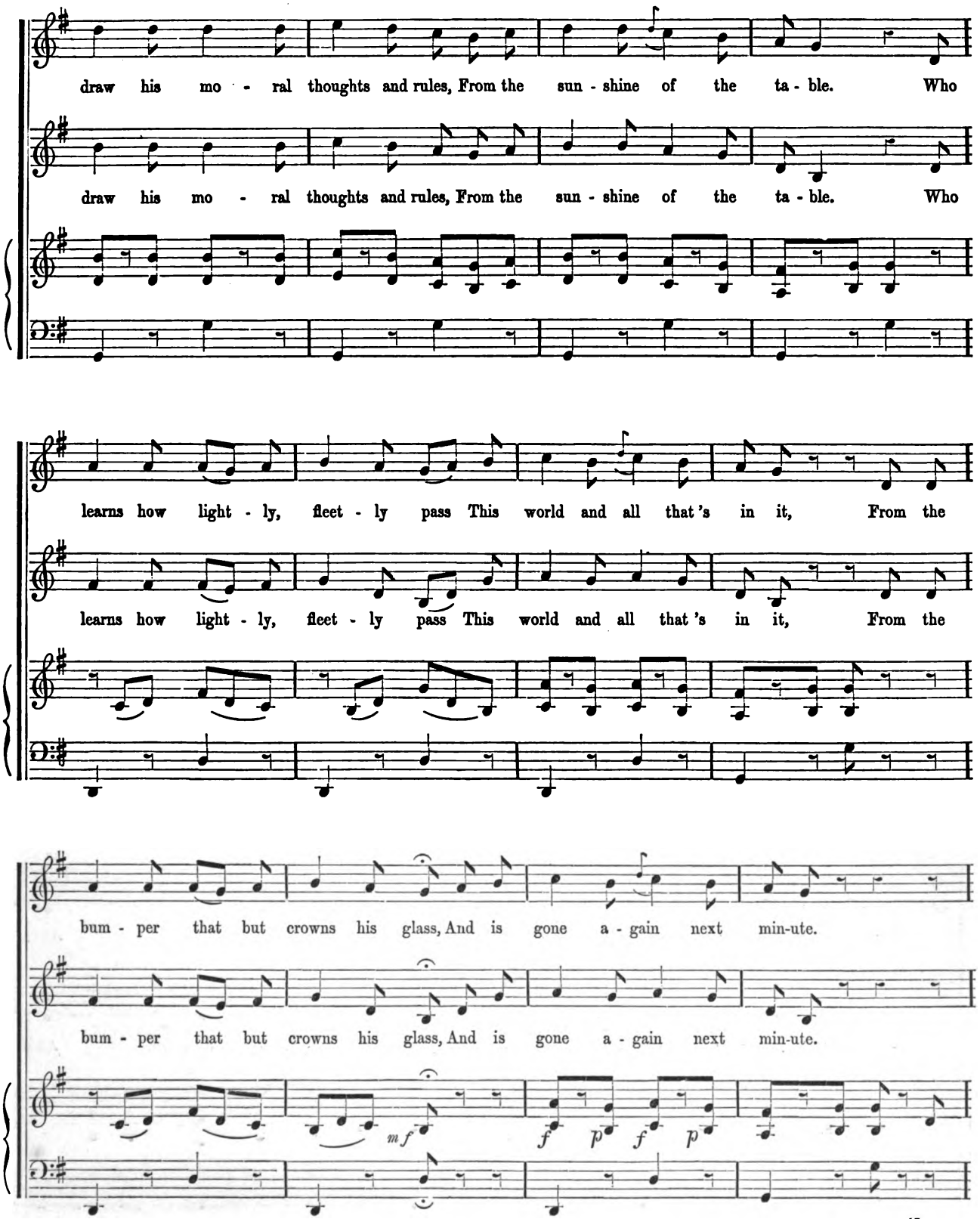

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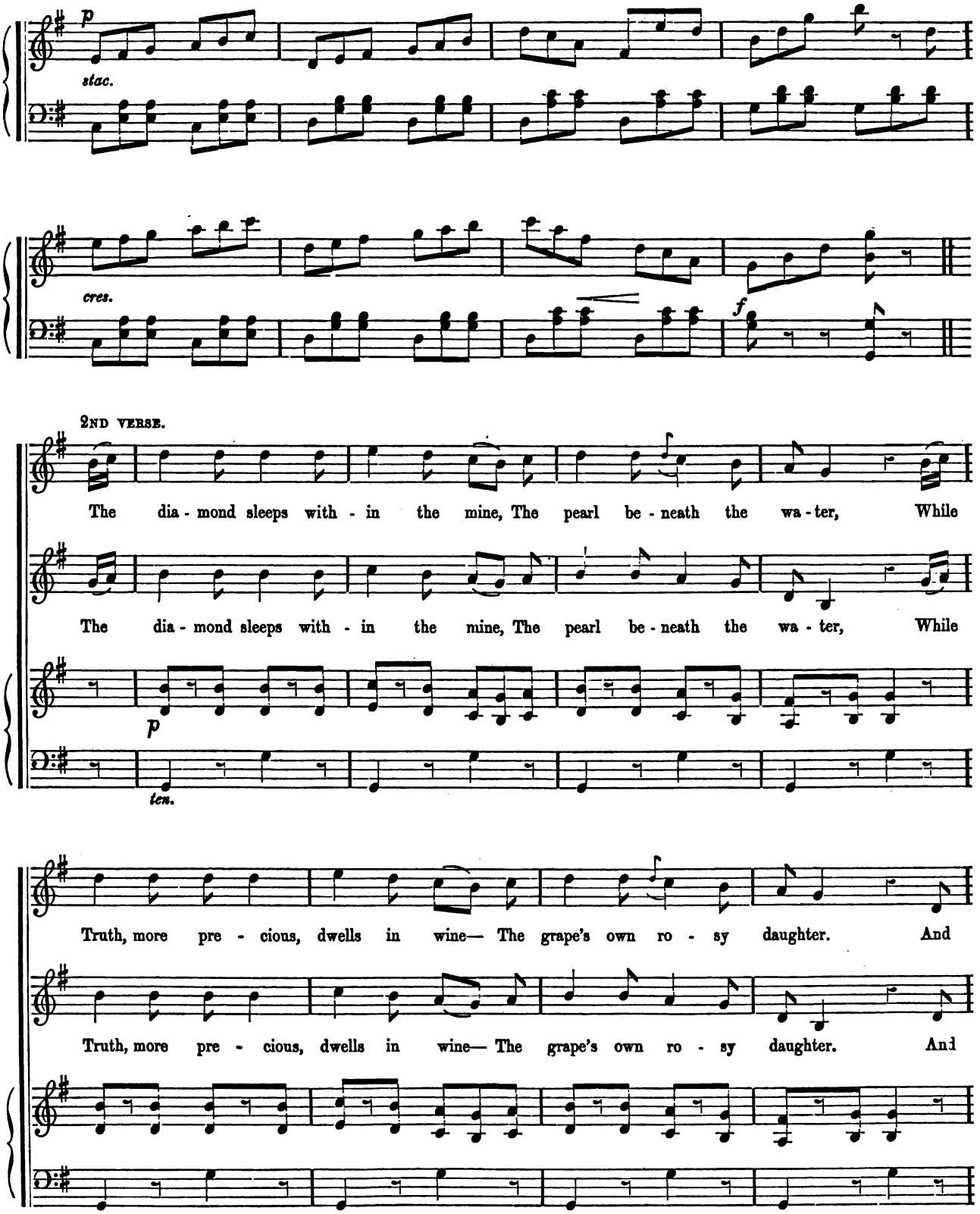

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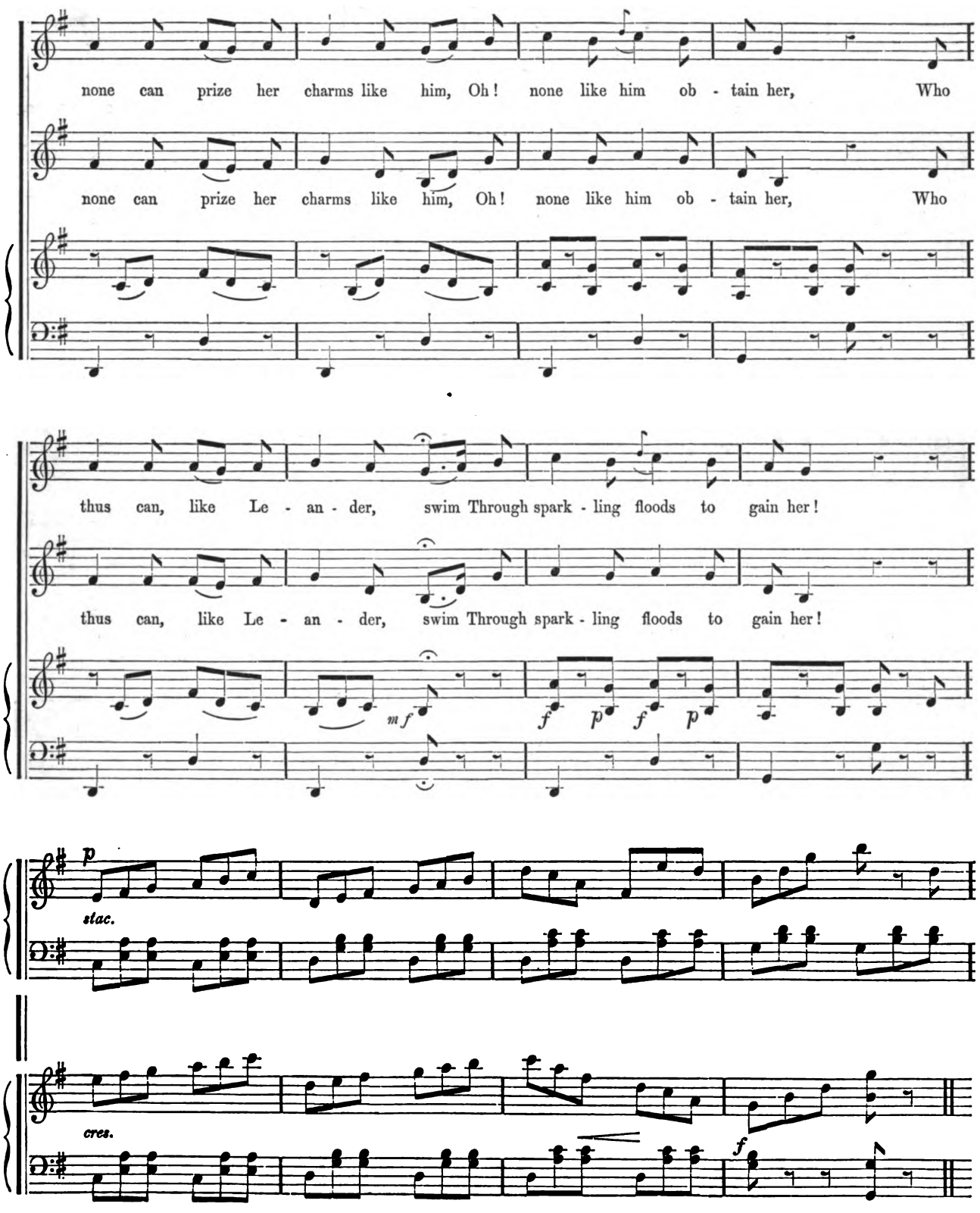

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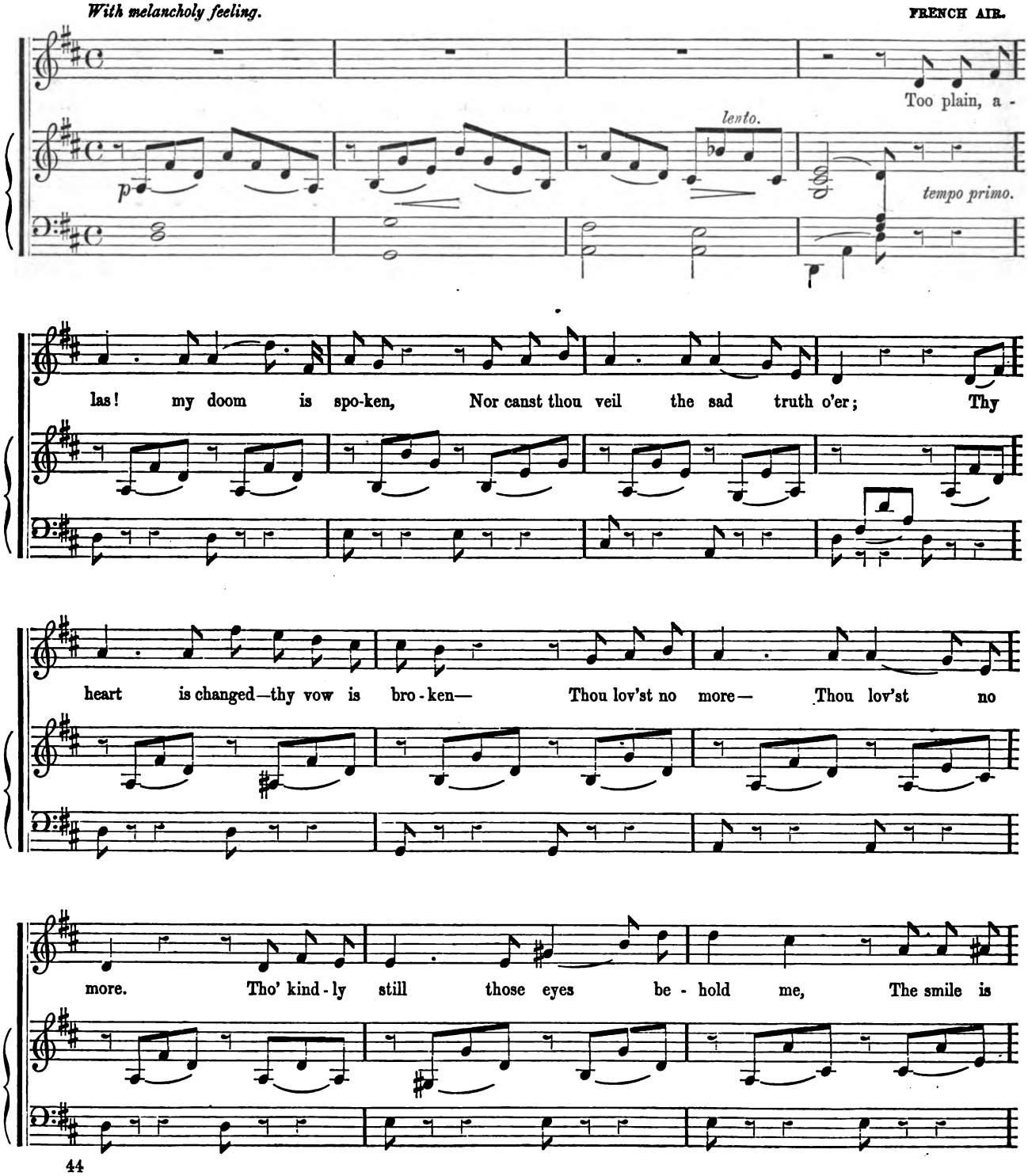
TOO PLAIN, ALAS!

With melancholy feeling. FRENCH AIR.



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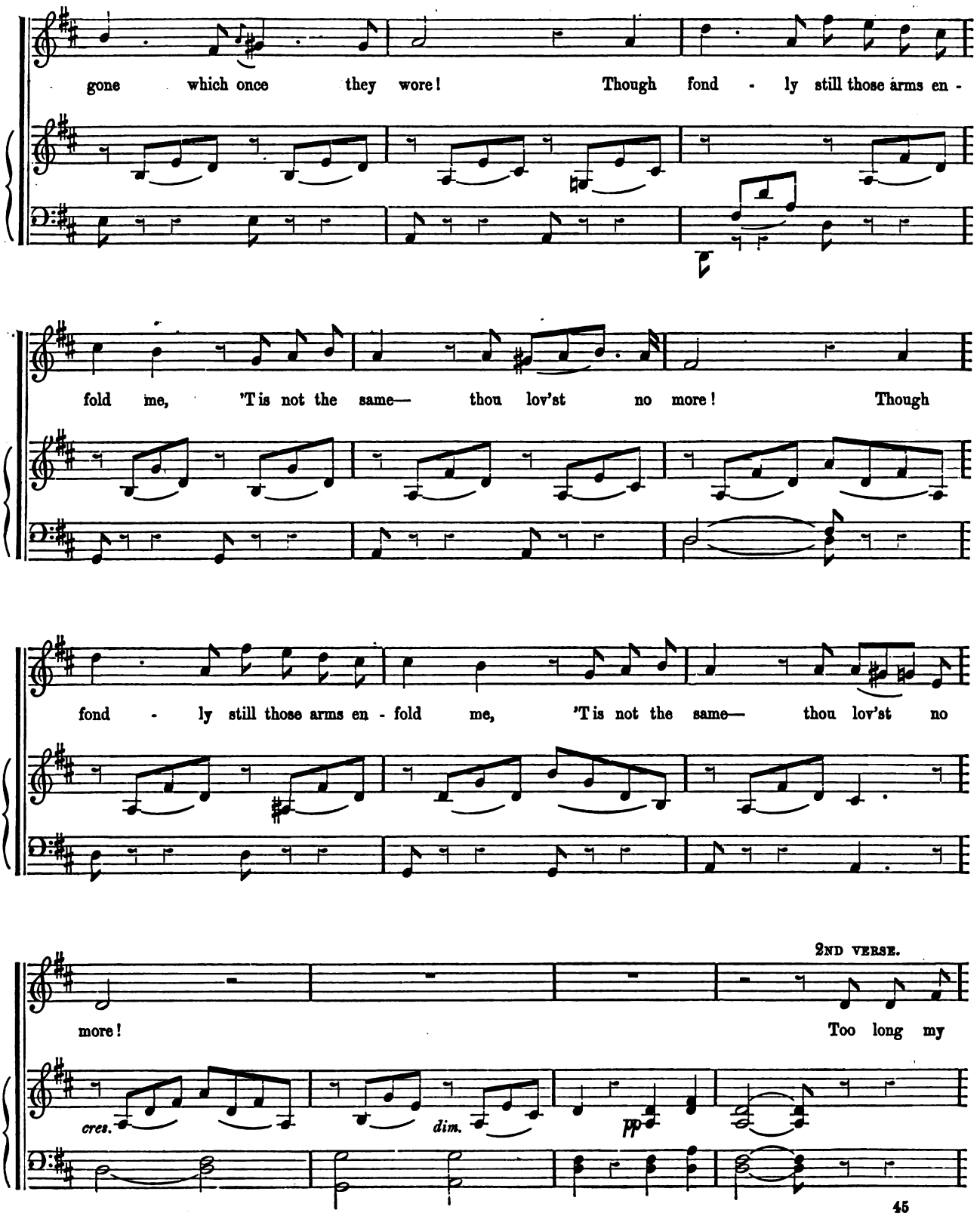

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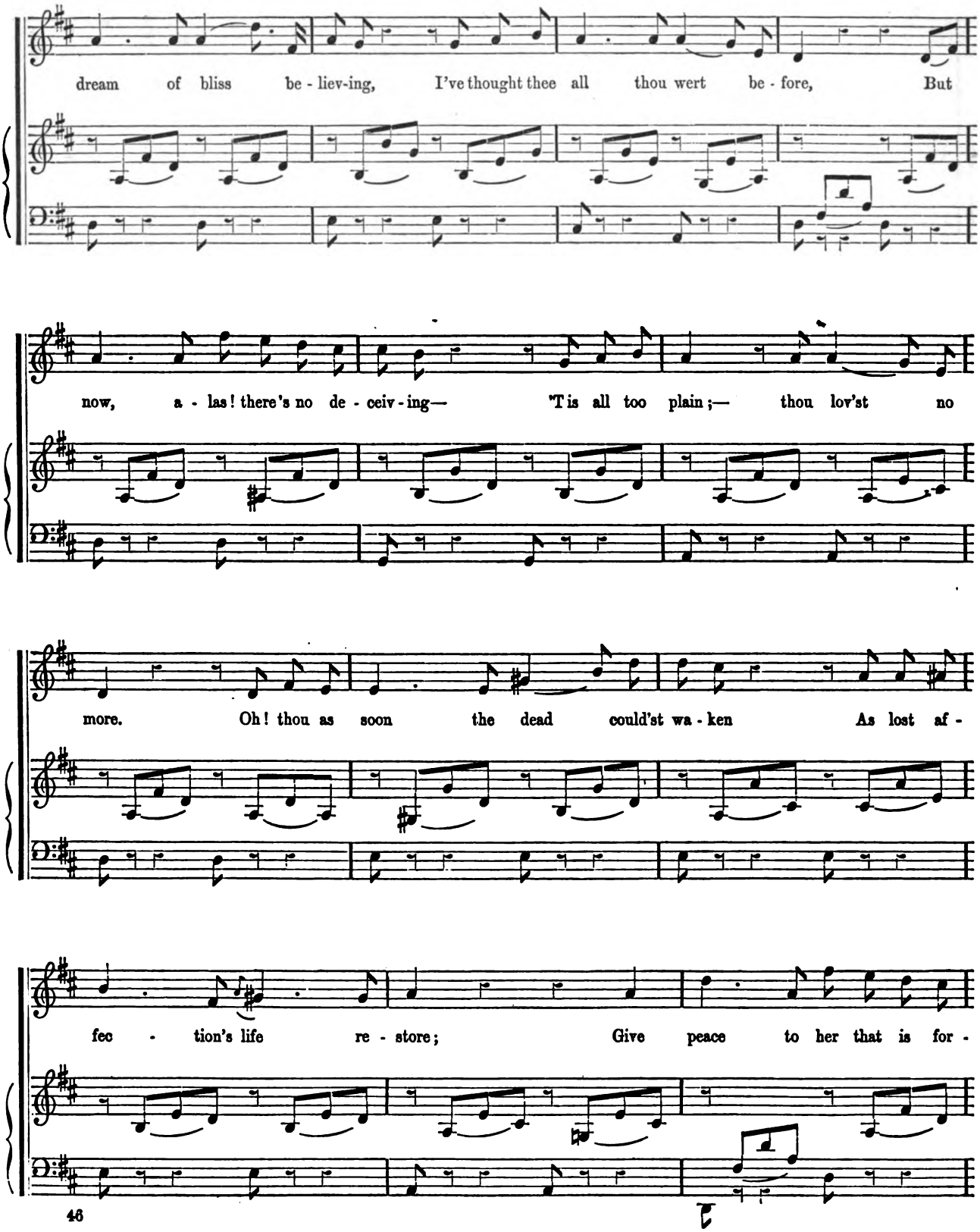

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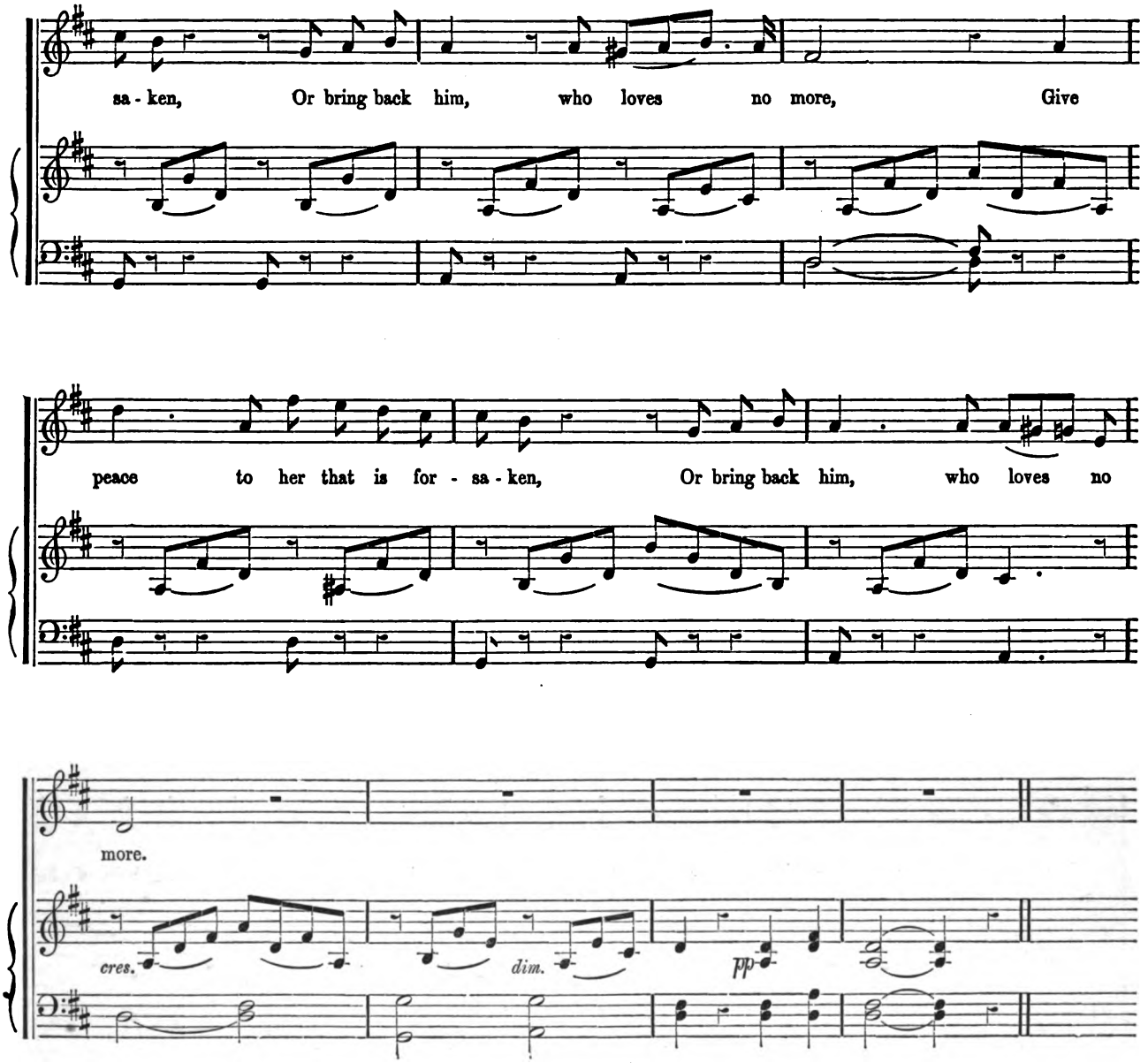

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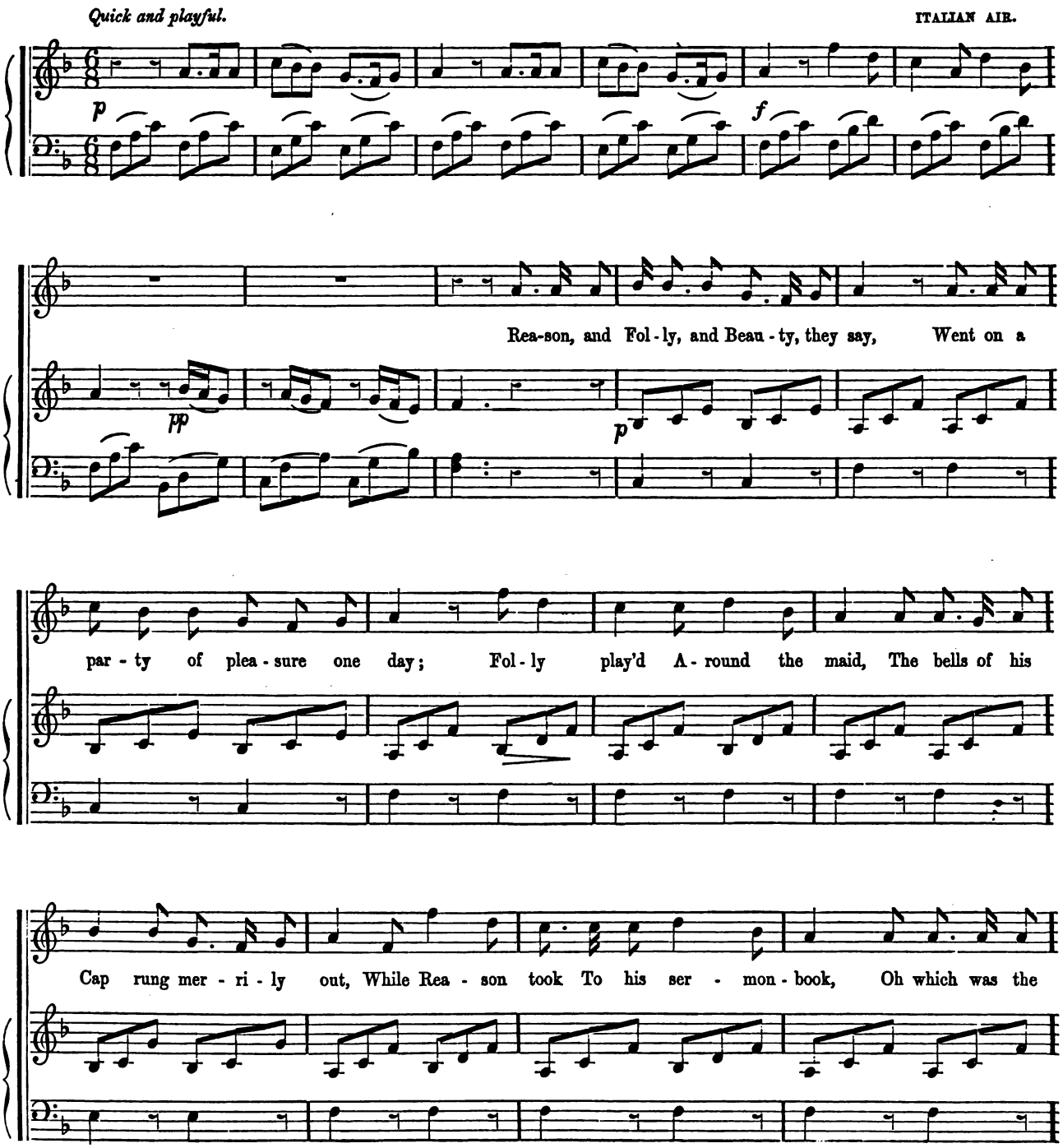
REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Quick and playful. ITALIAN AIR.



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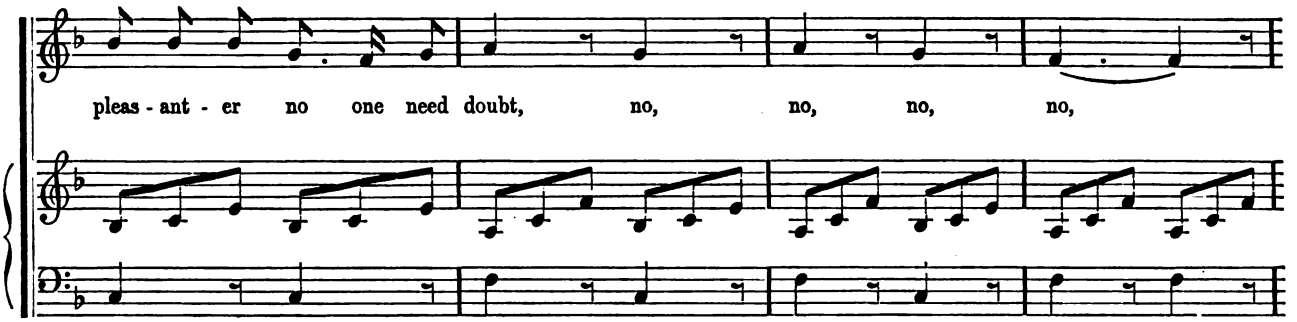

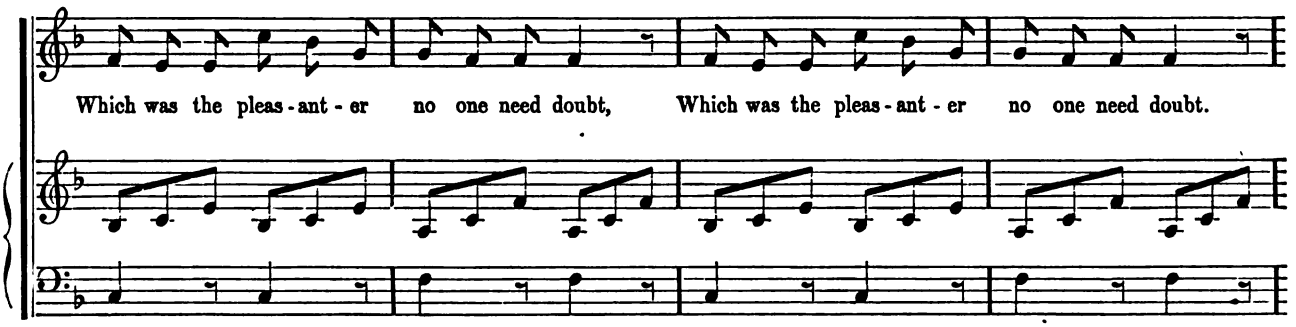

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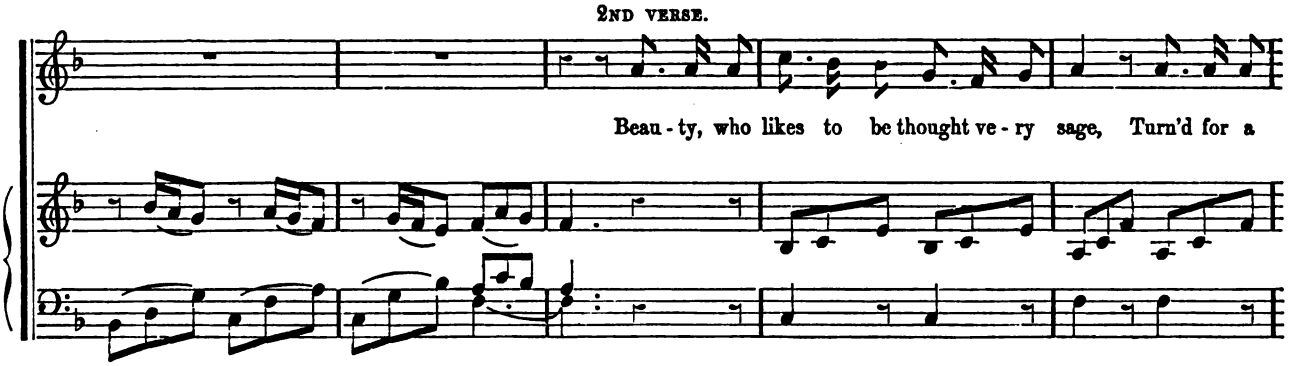

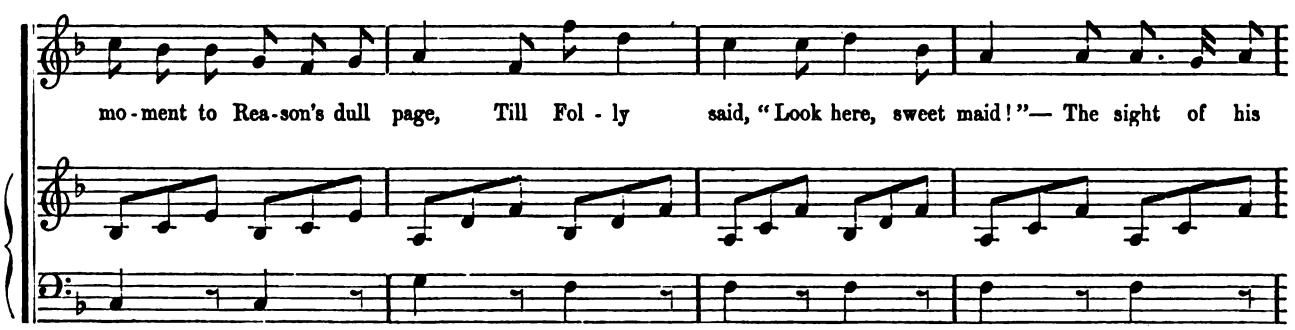

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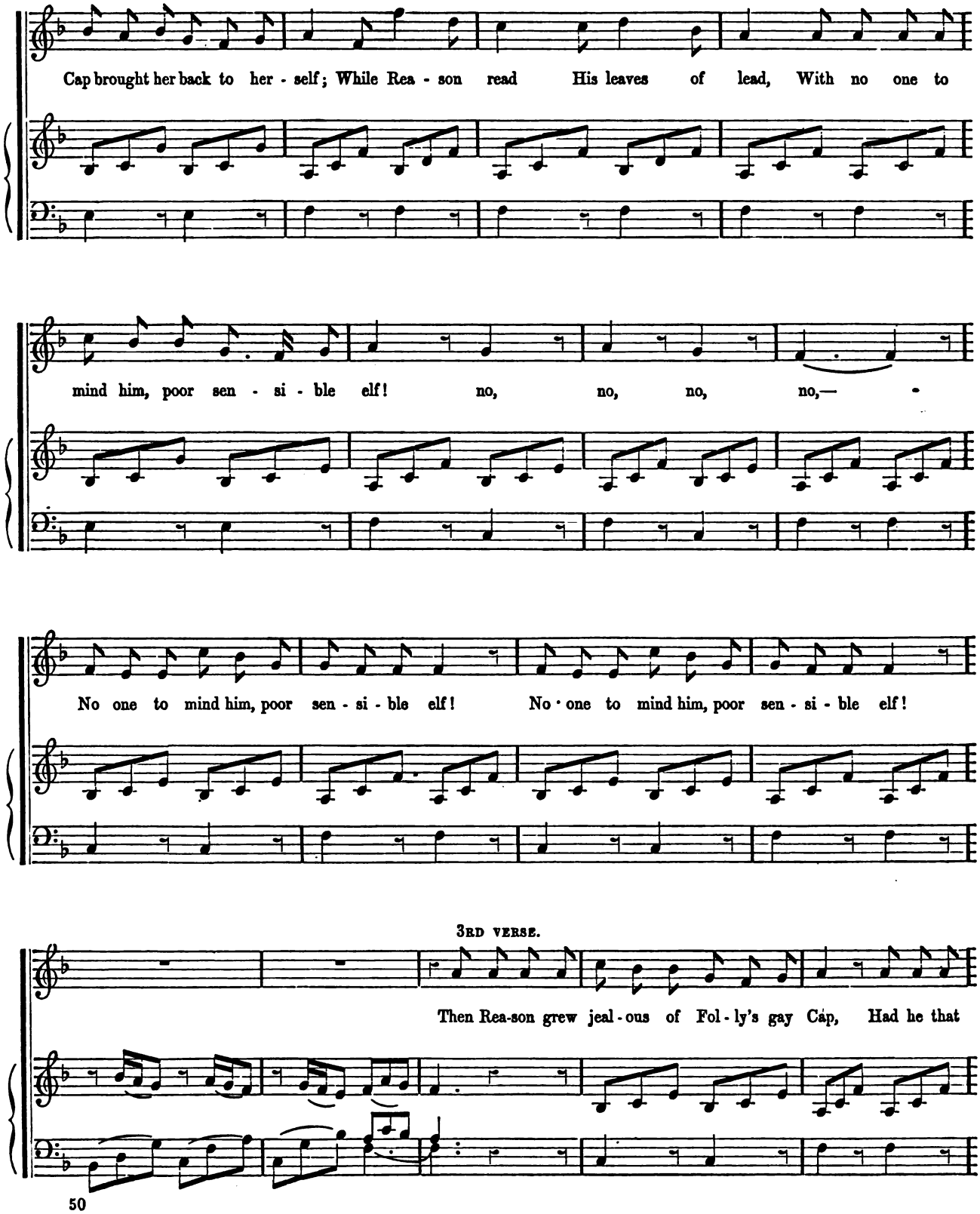

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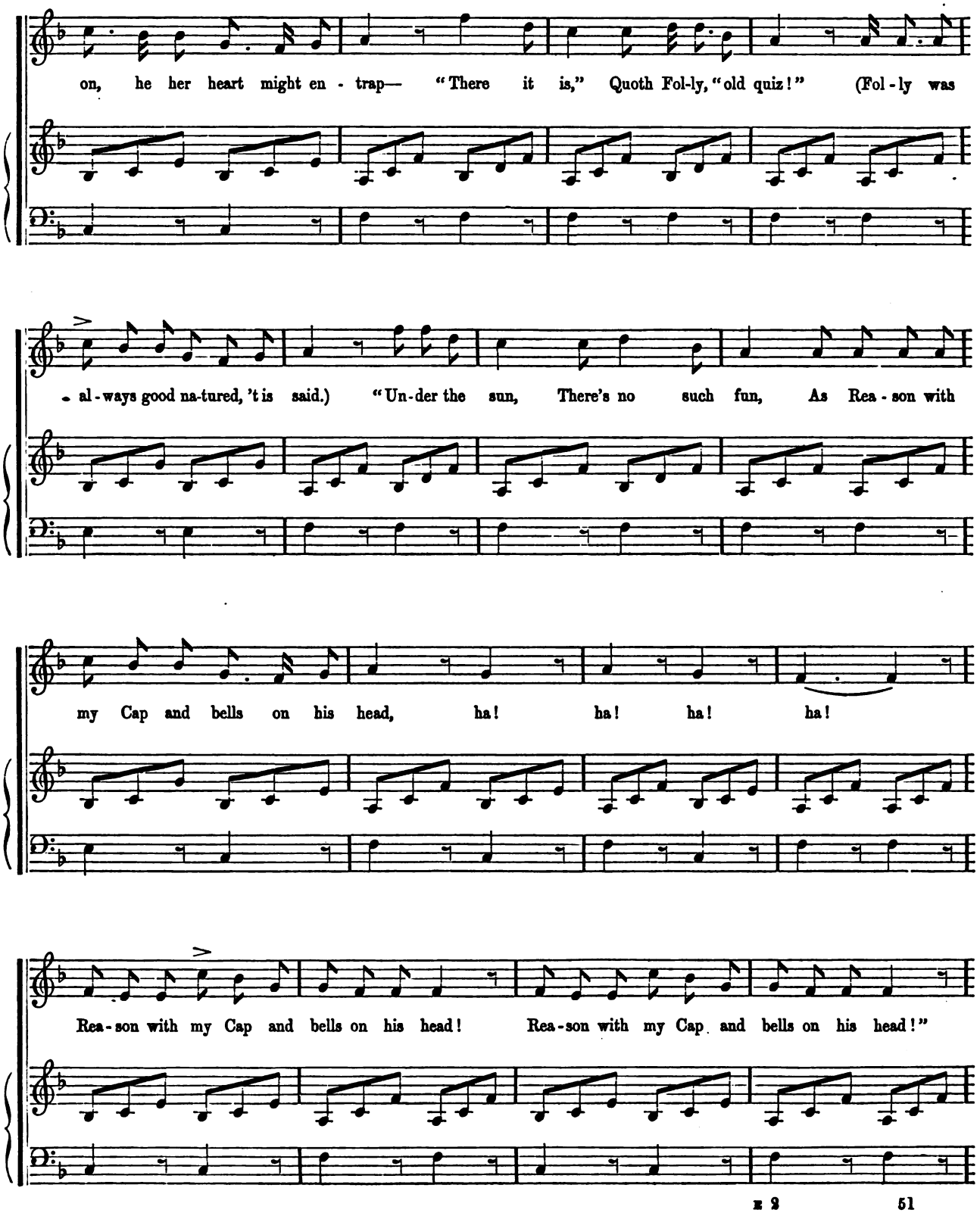

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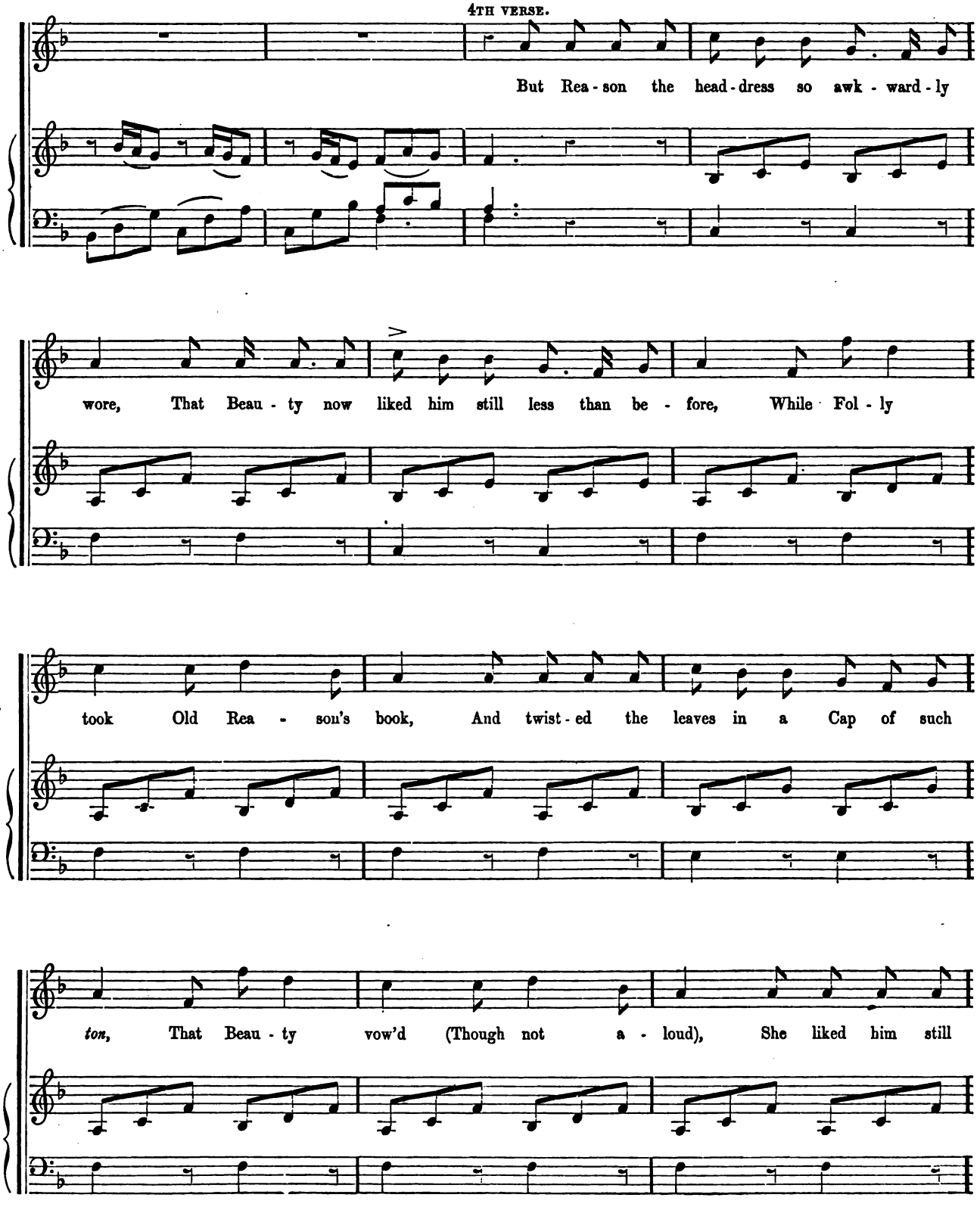
4TH VERSE.



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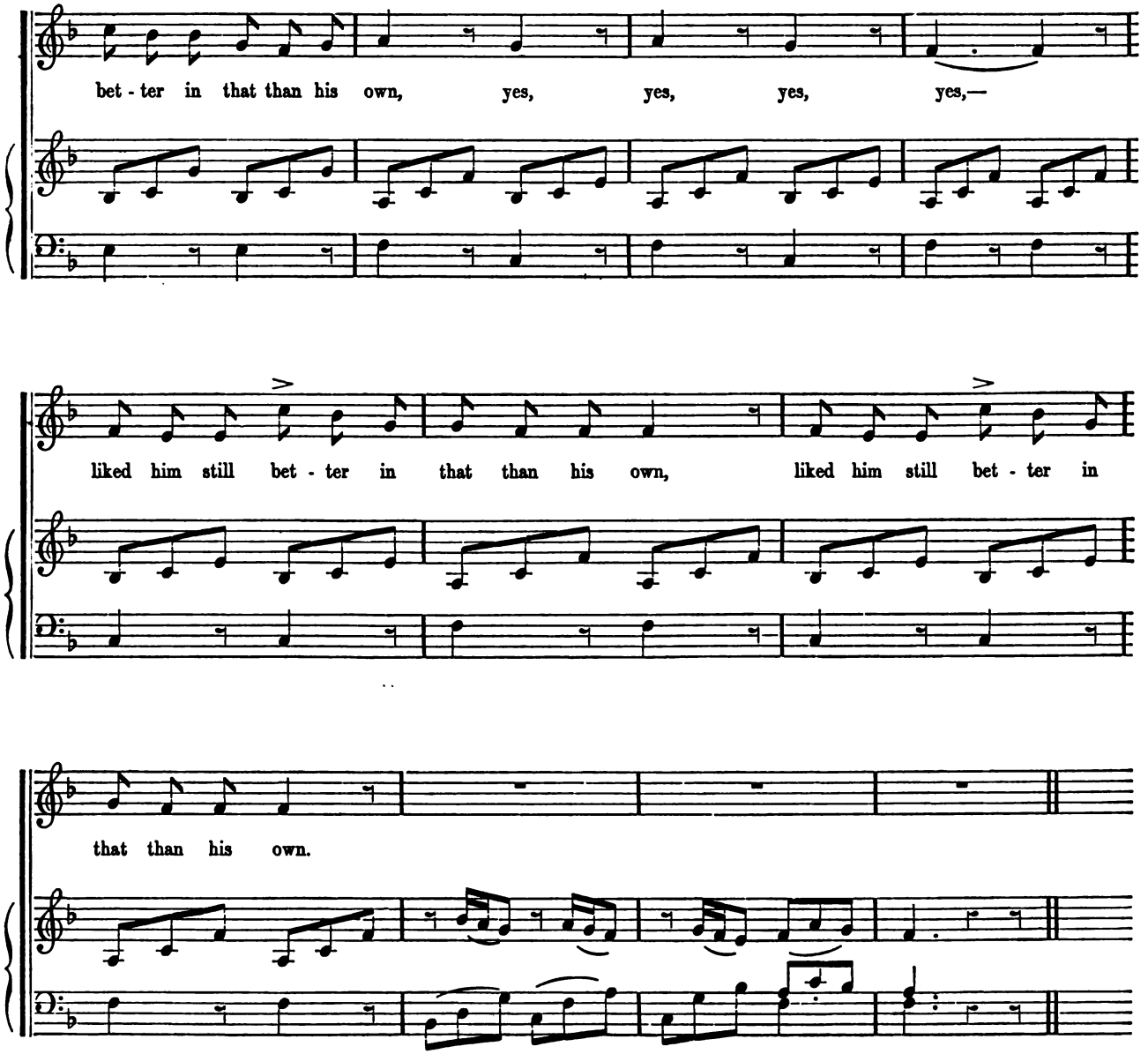

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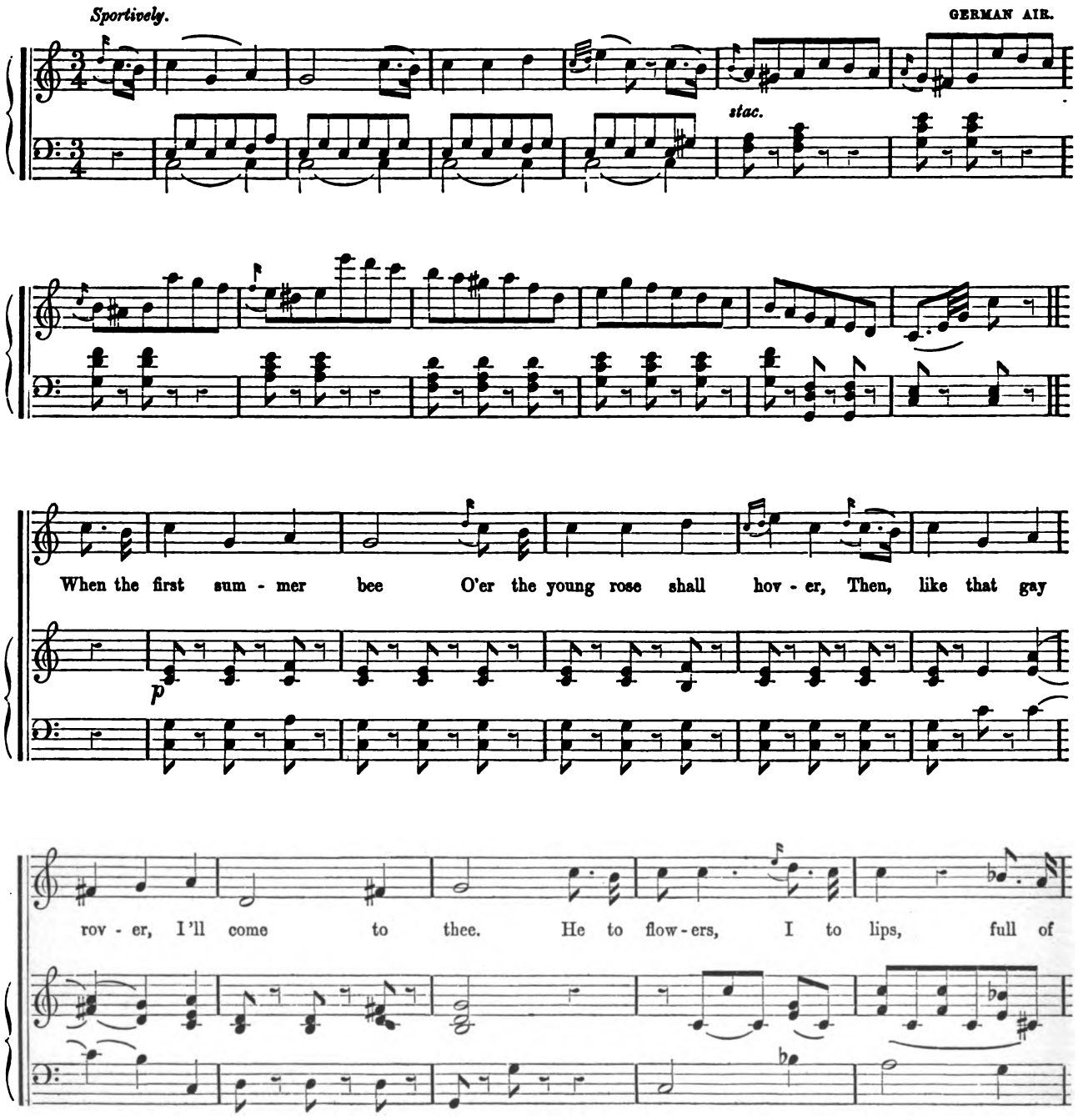
WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.



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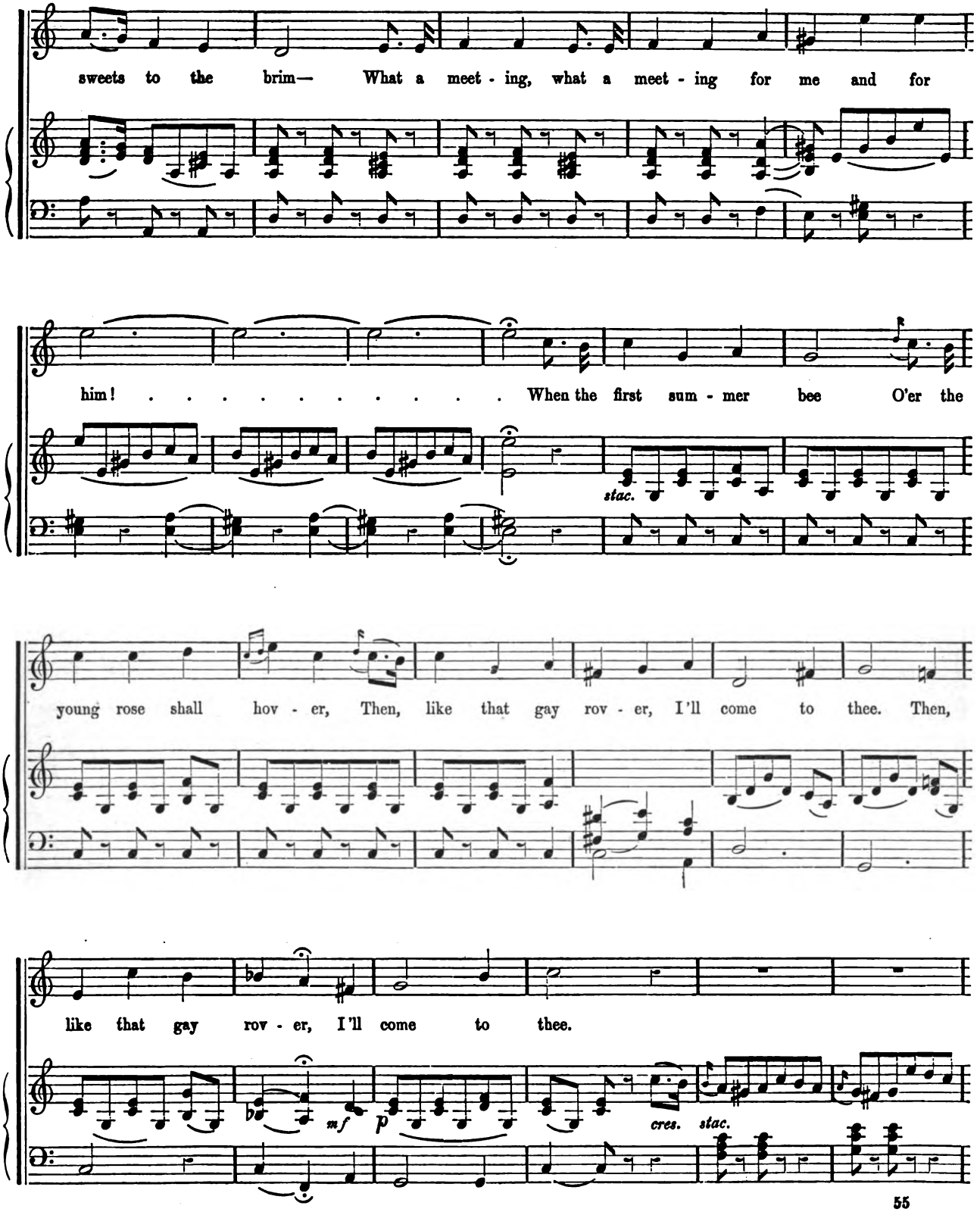

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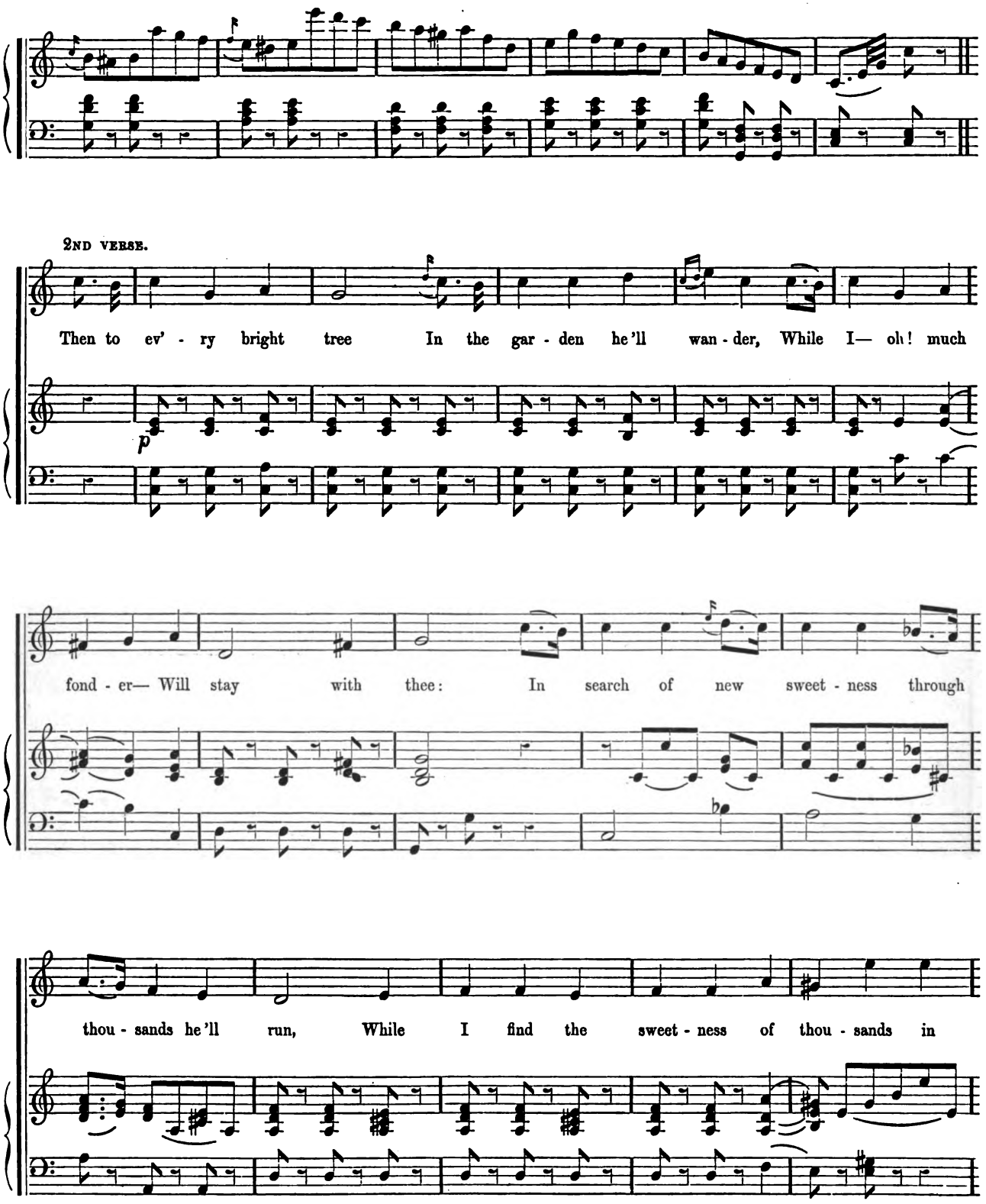

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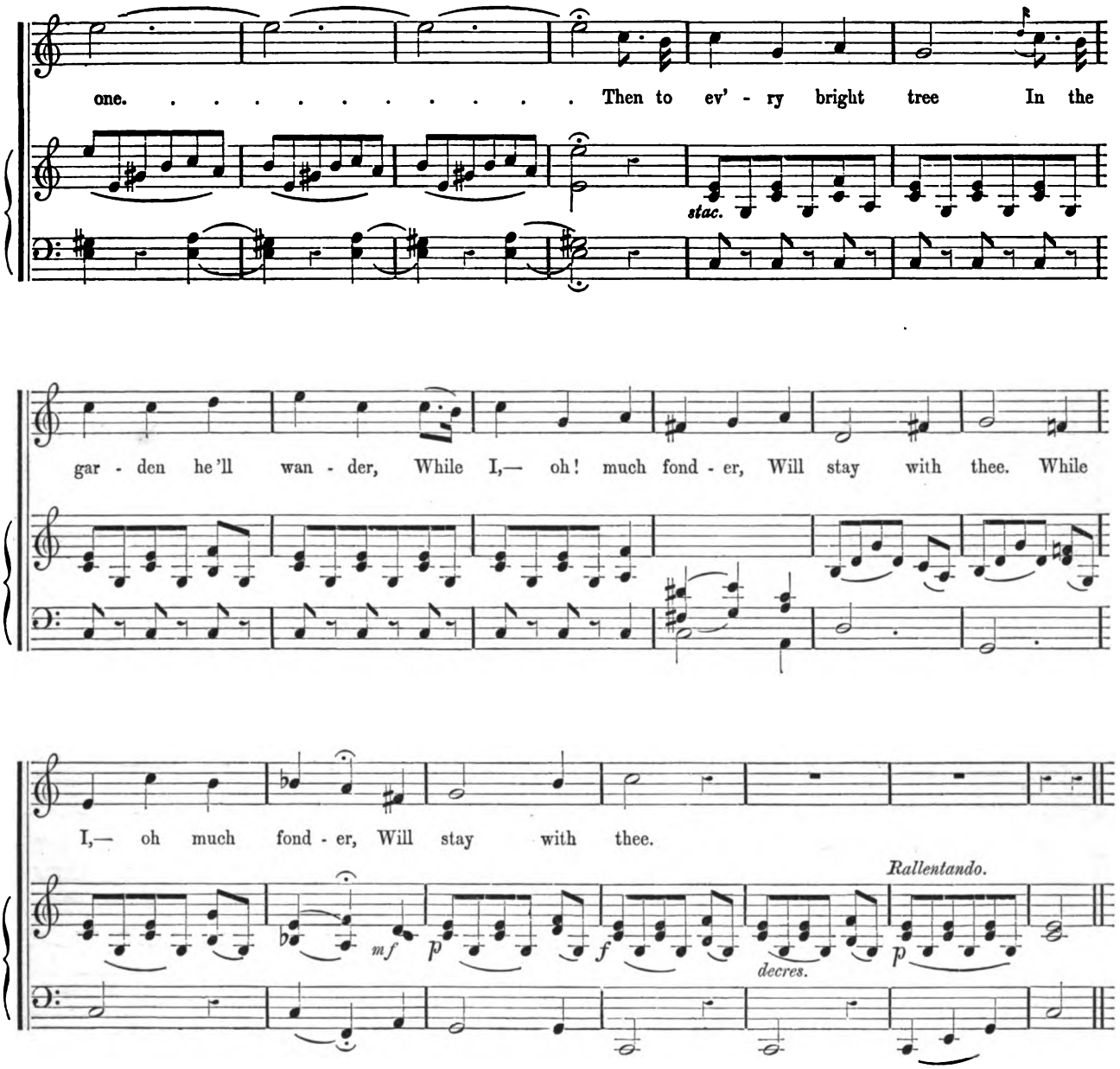

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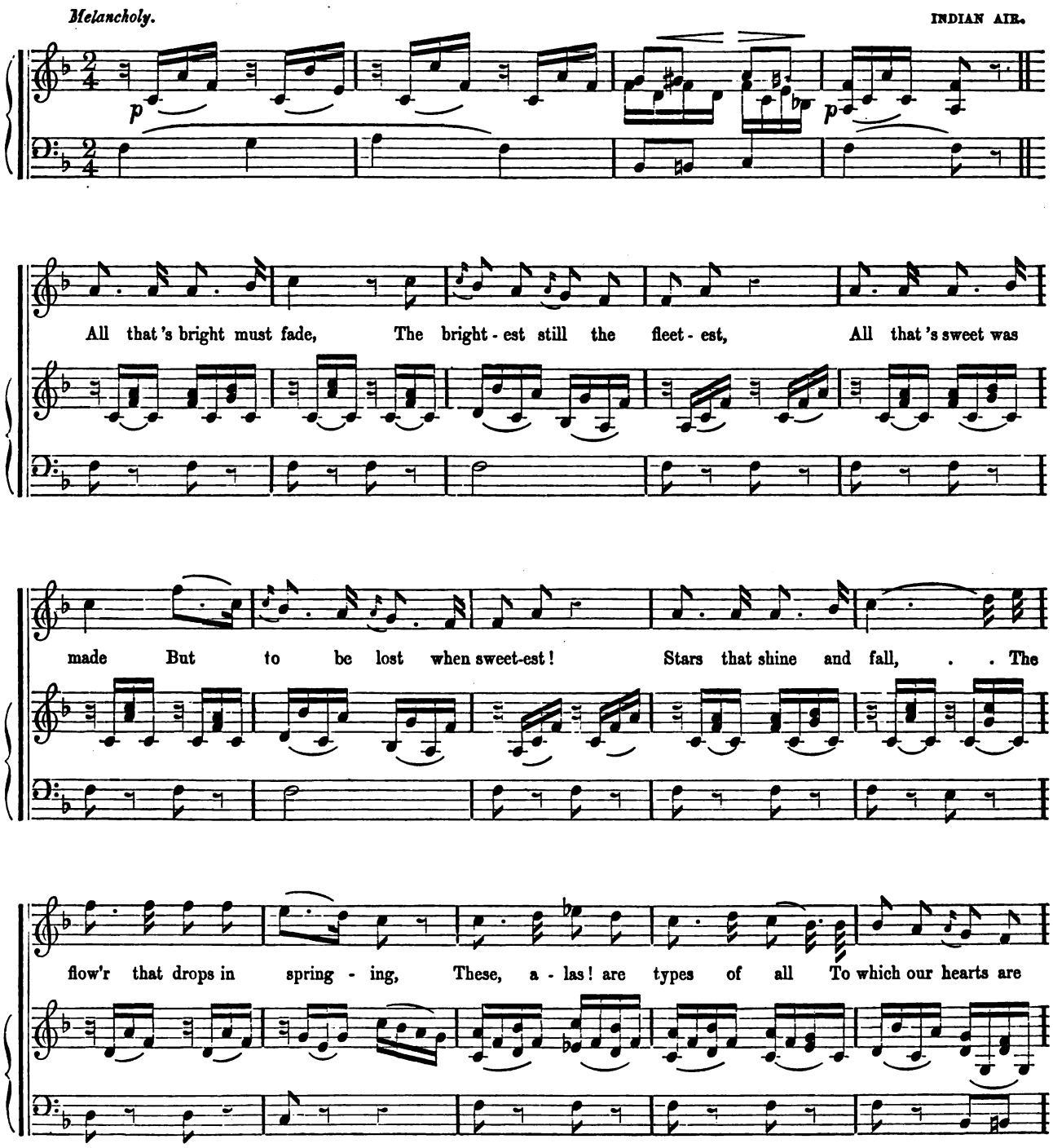
ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Melancholy. INDIAN AIR.



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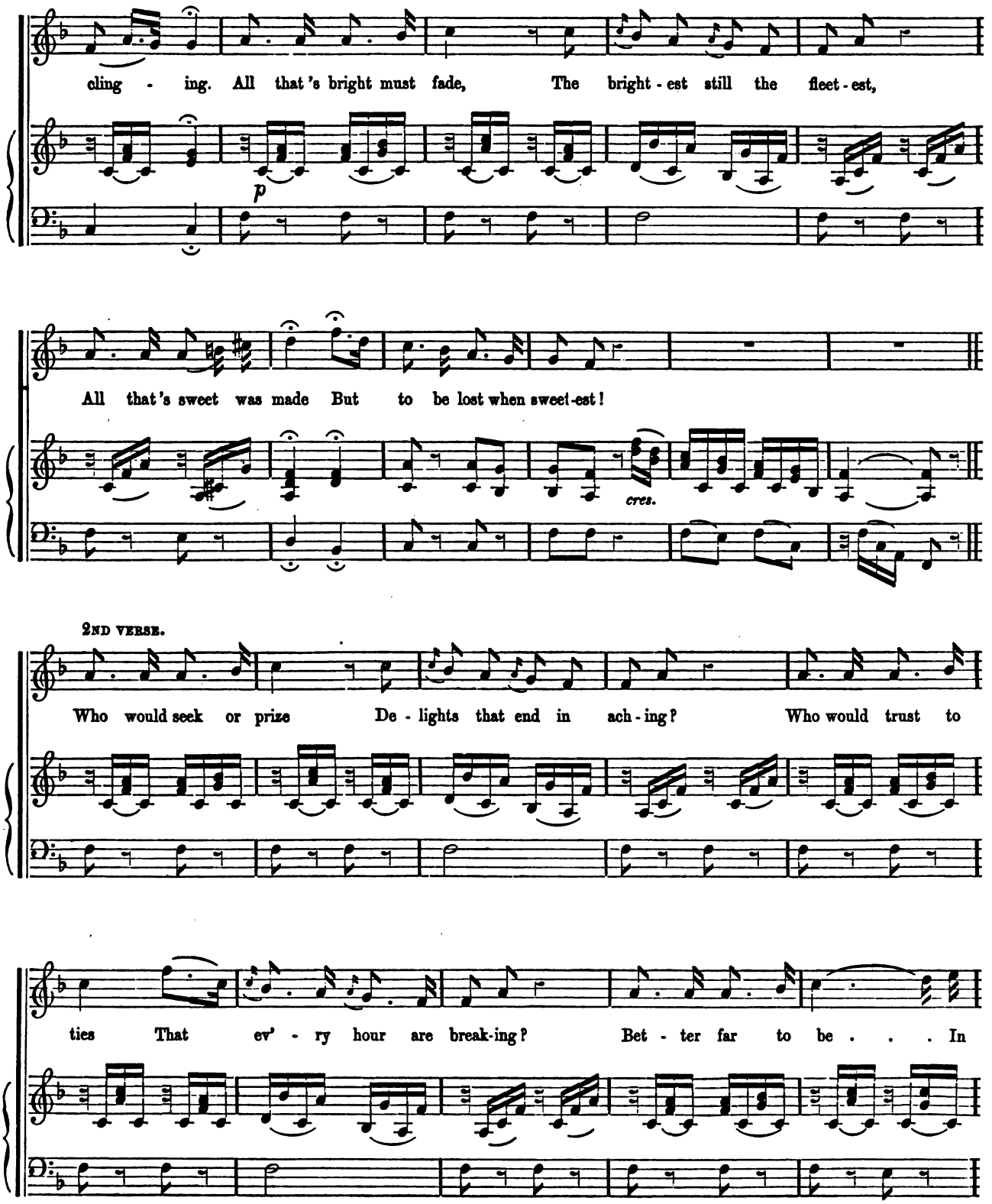

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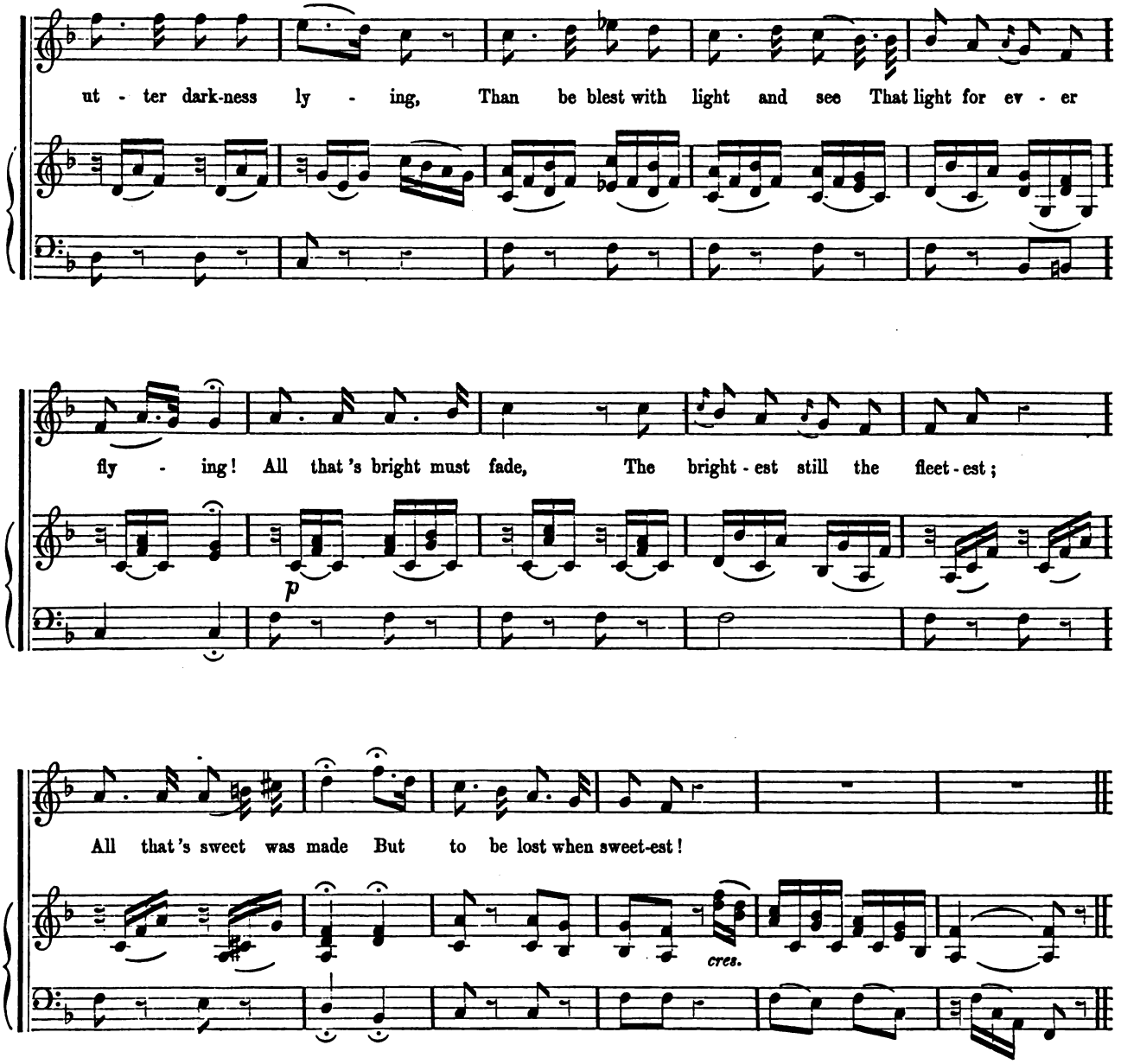
ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.



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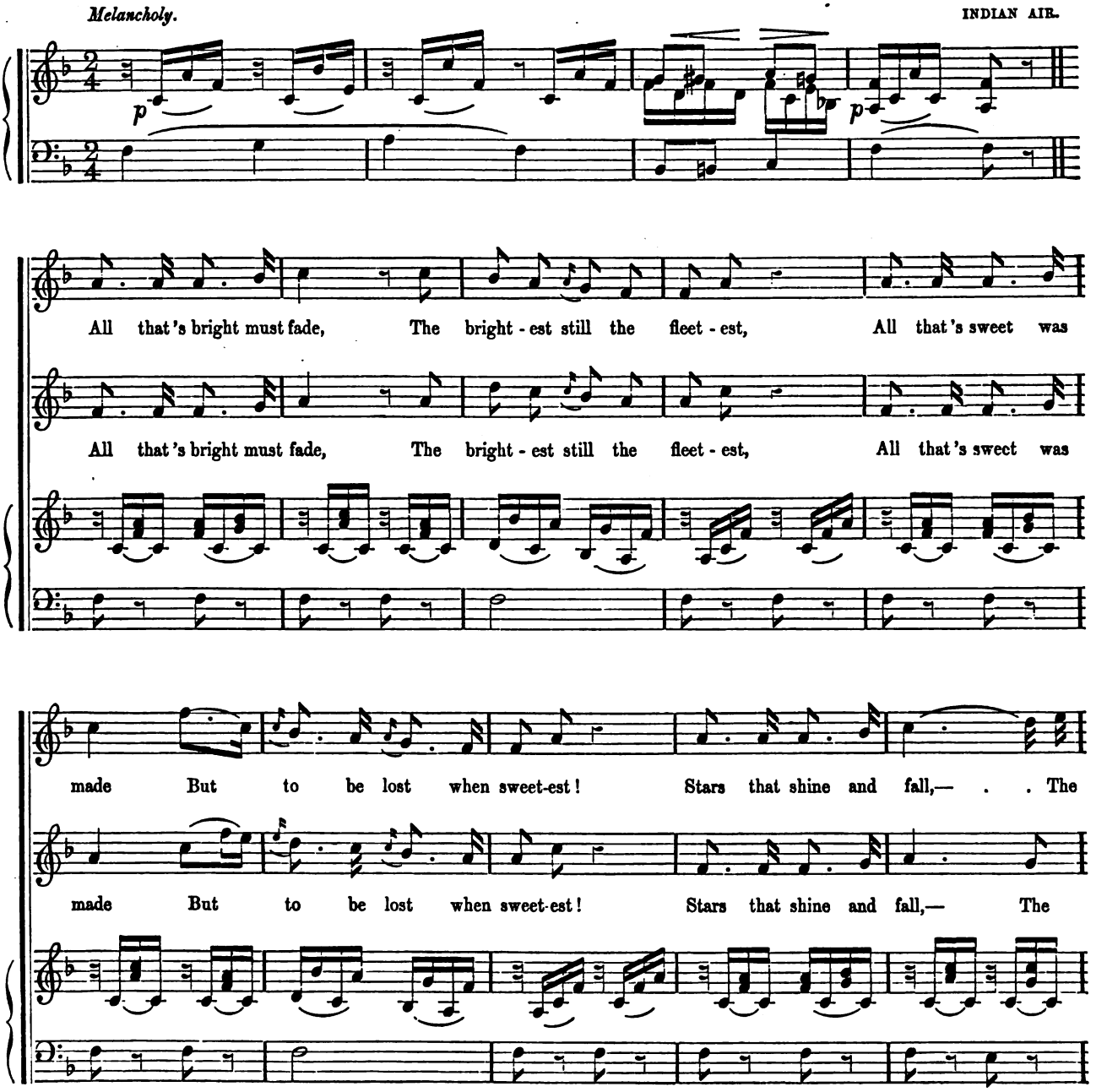
ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Melancholy. INDIAN AIR.



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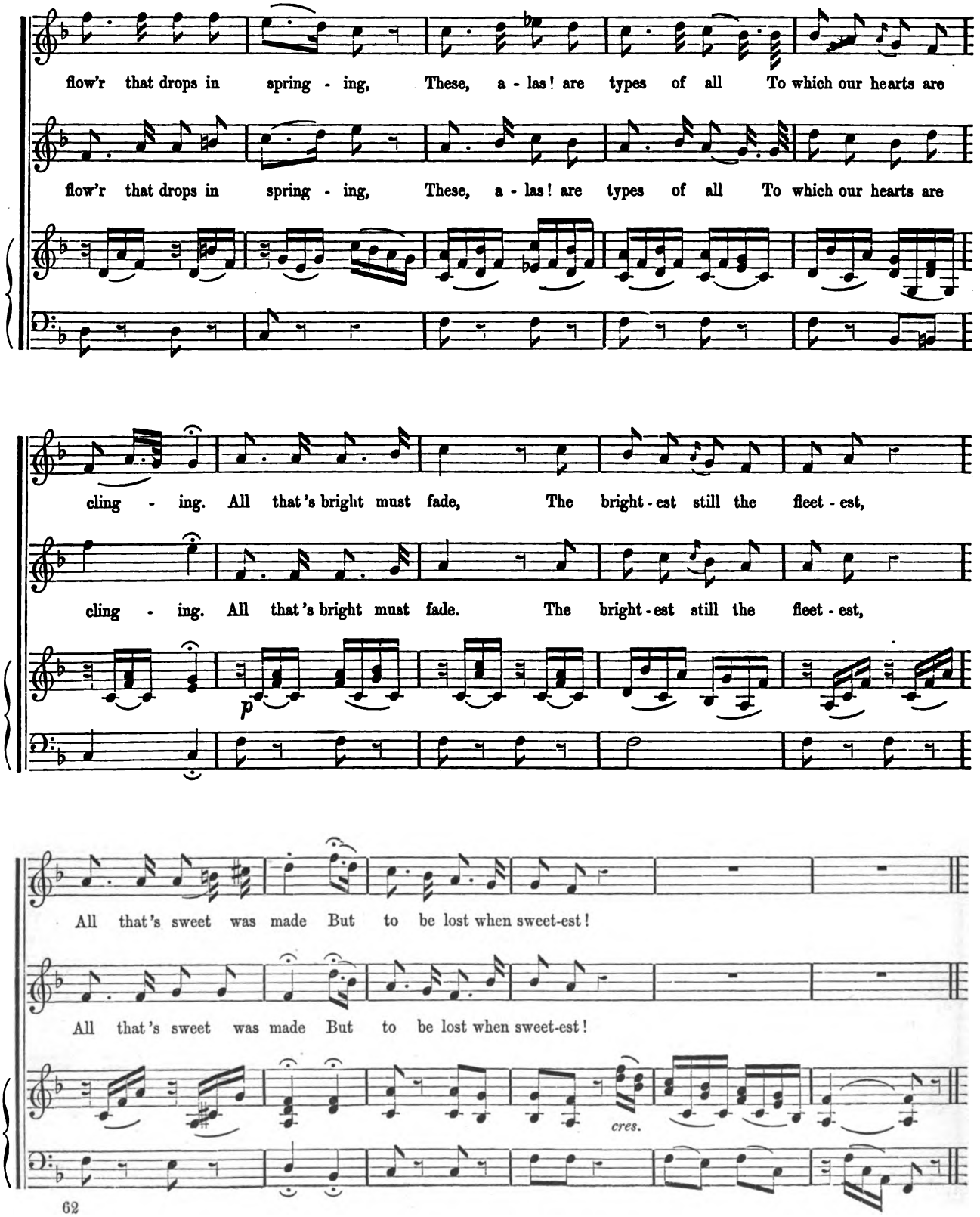
ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.



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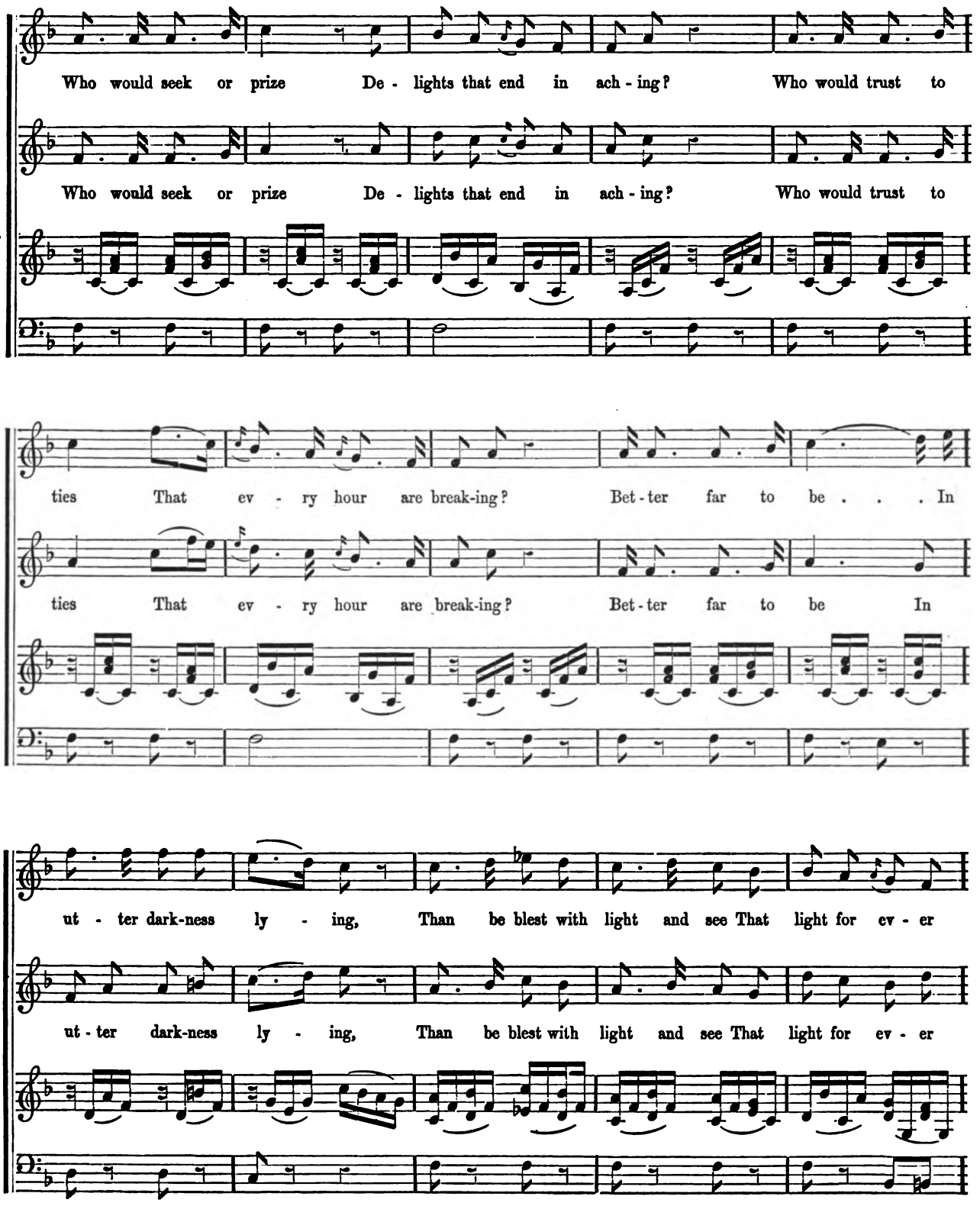
2ND VERSE.



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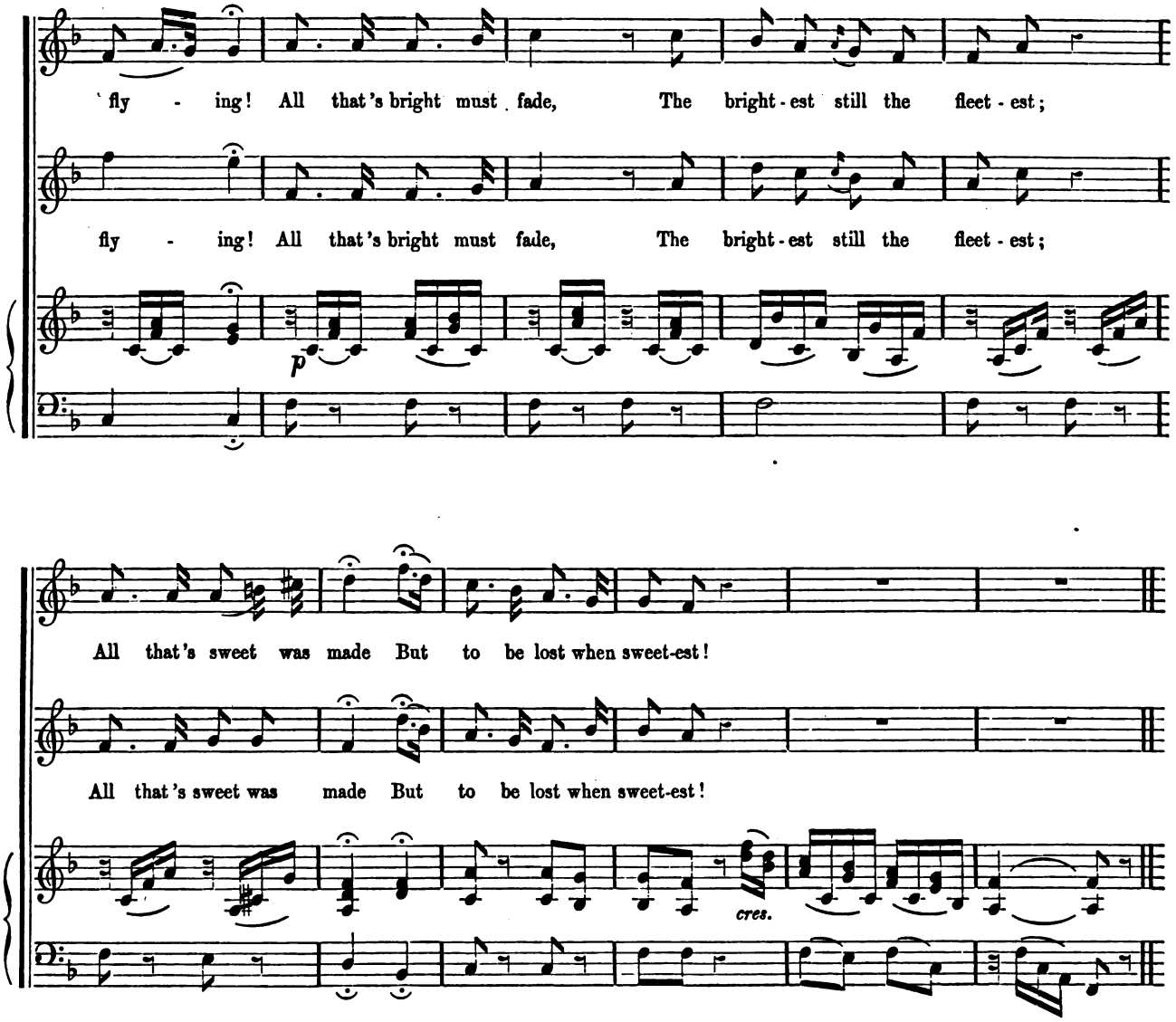

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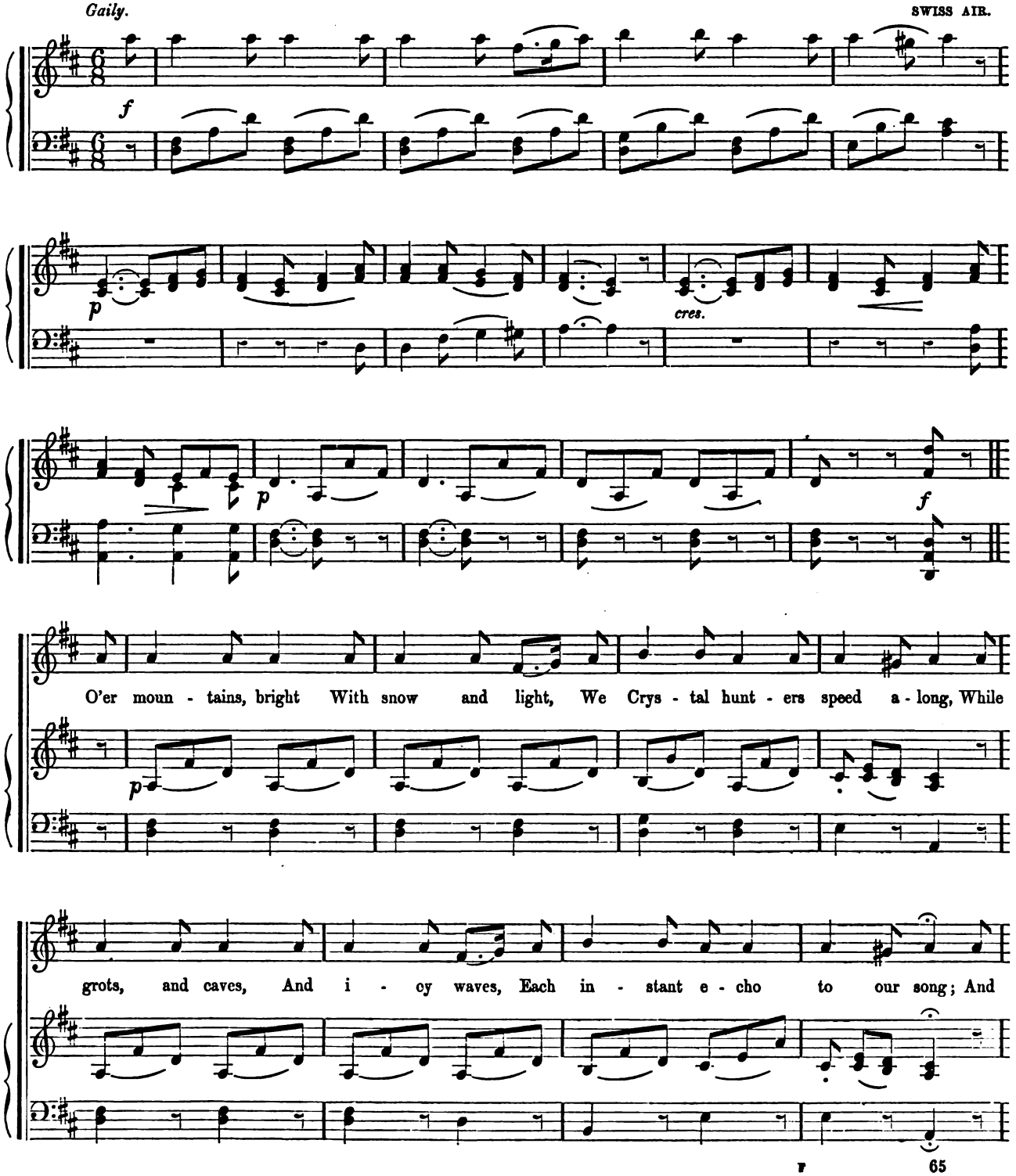
THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Gaily. SWISS AIR.



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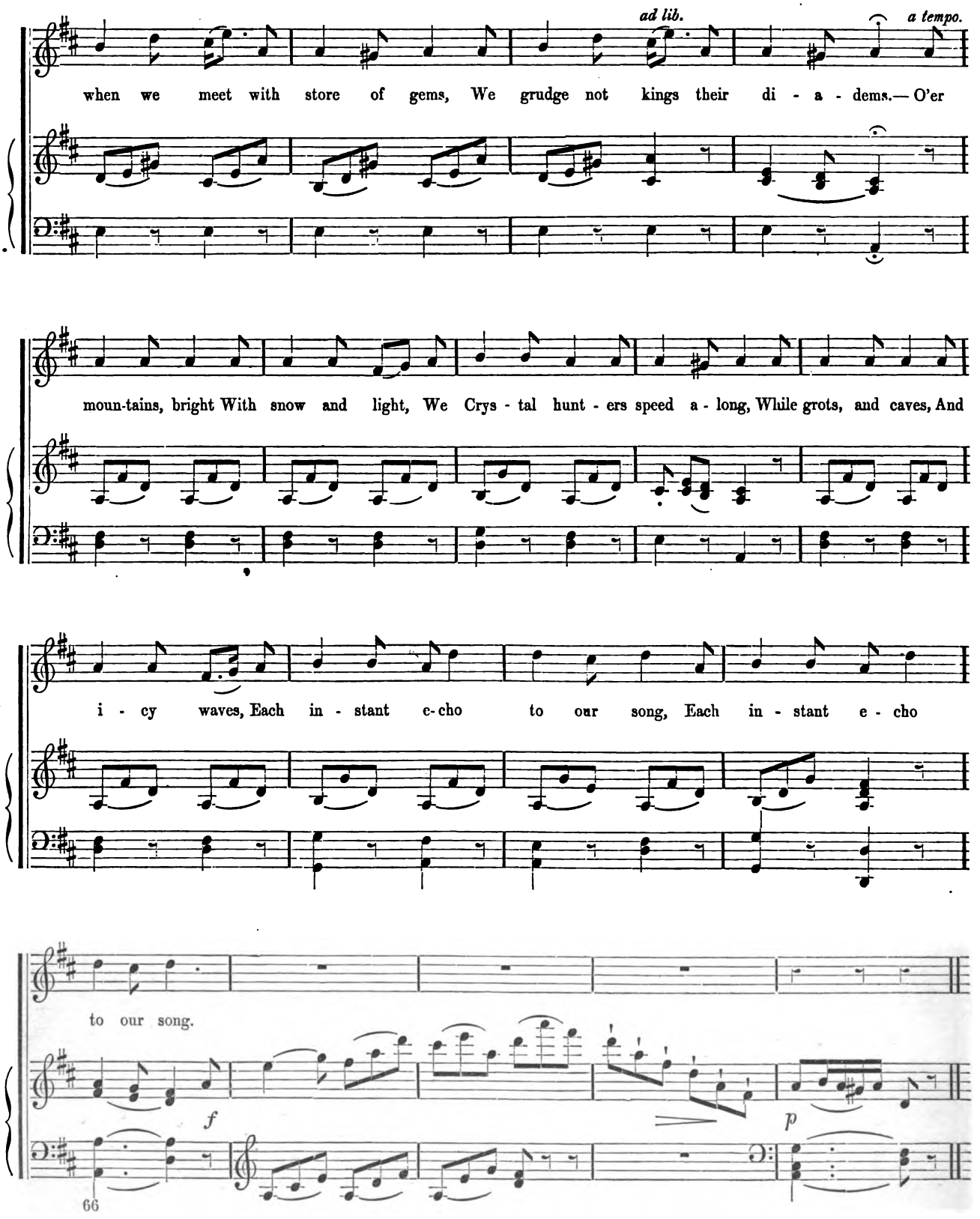

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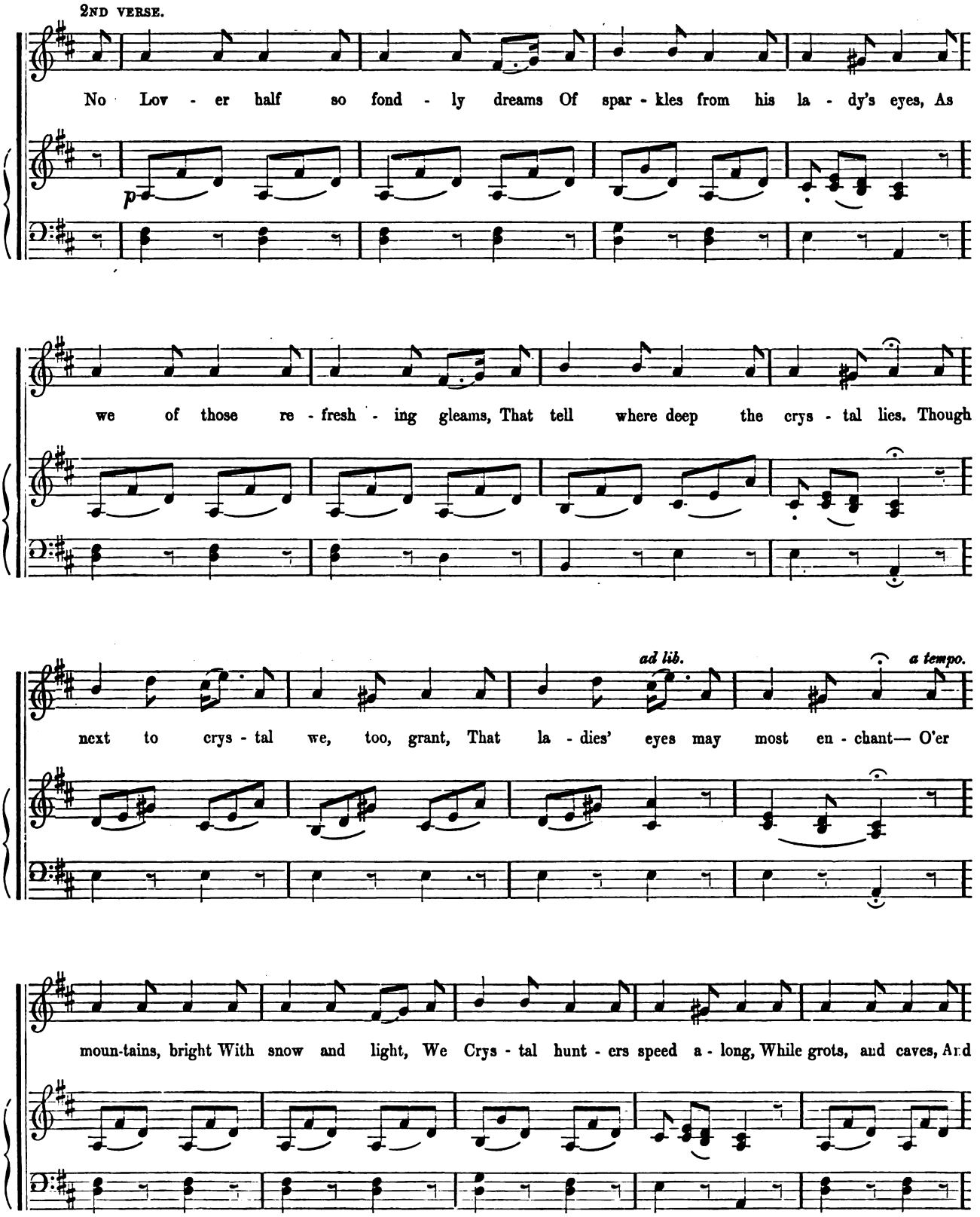

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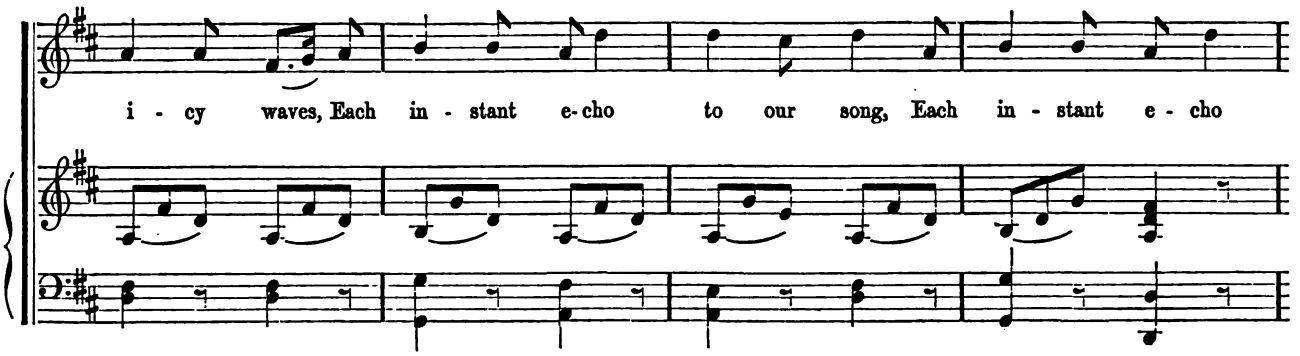

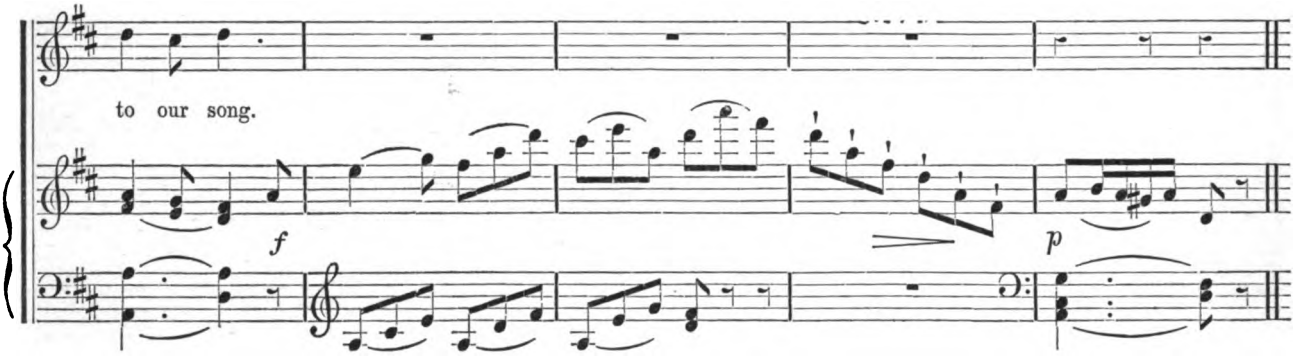

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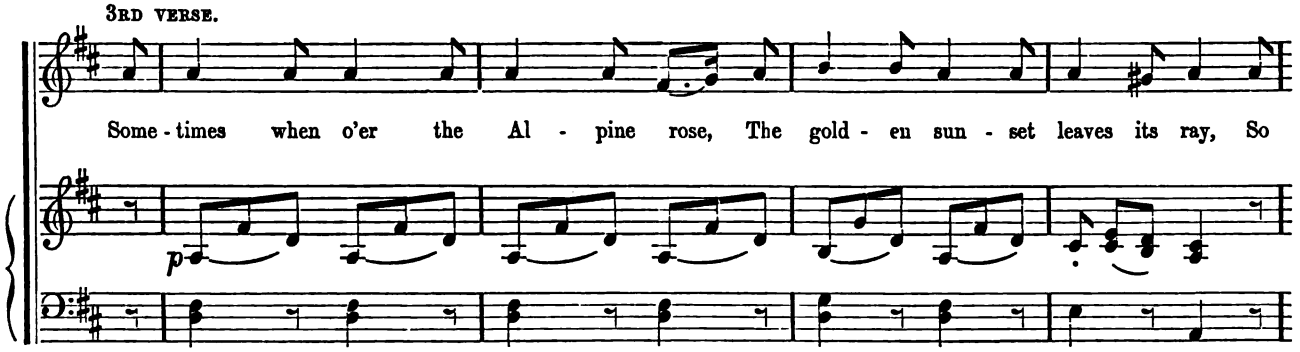

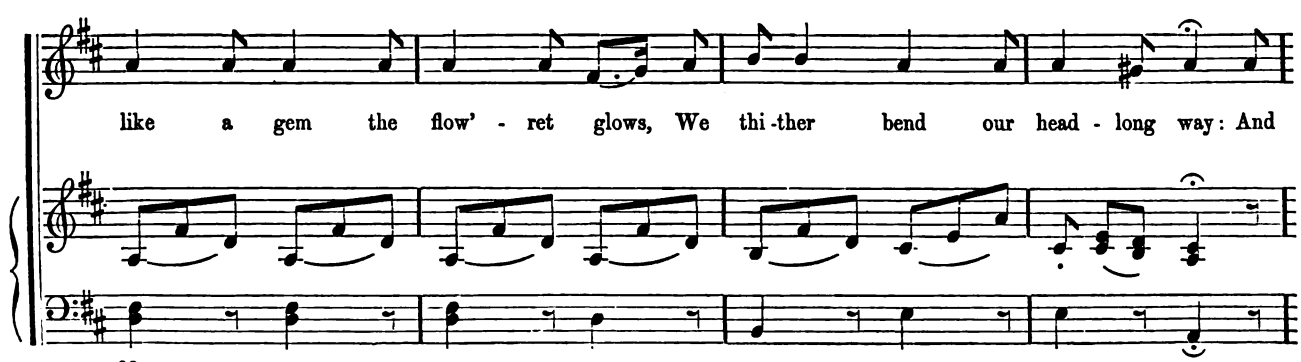

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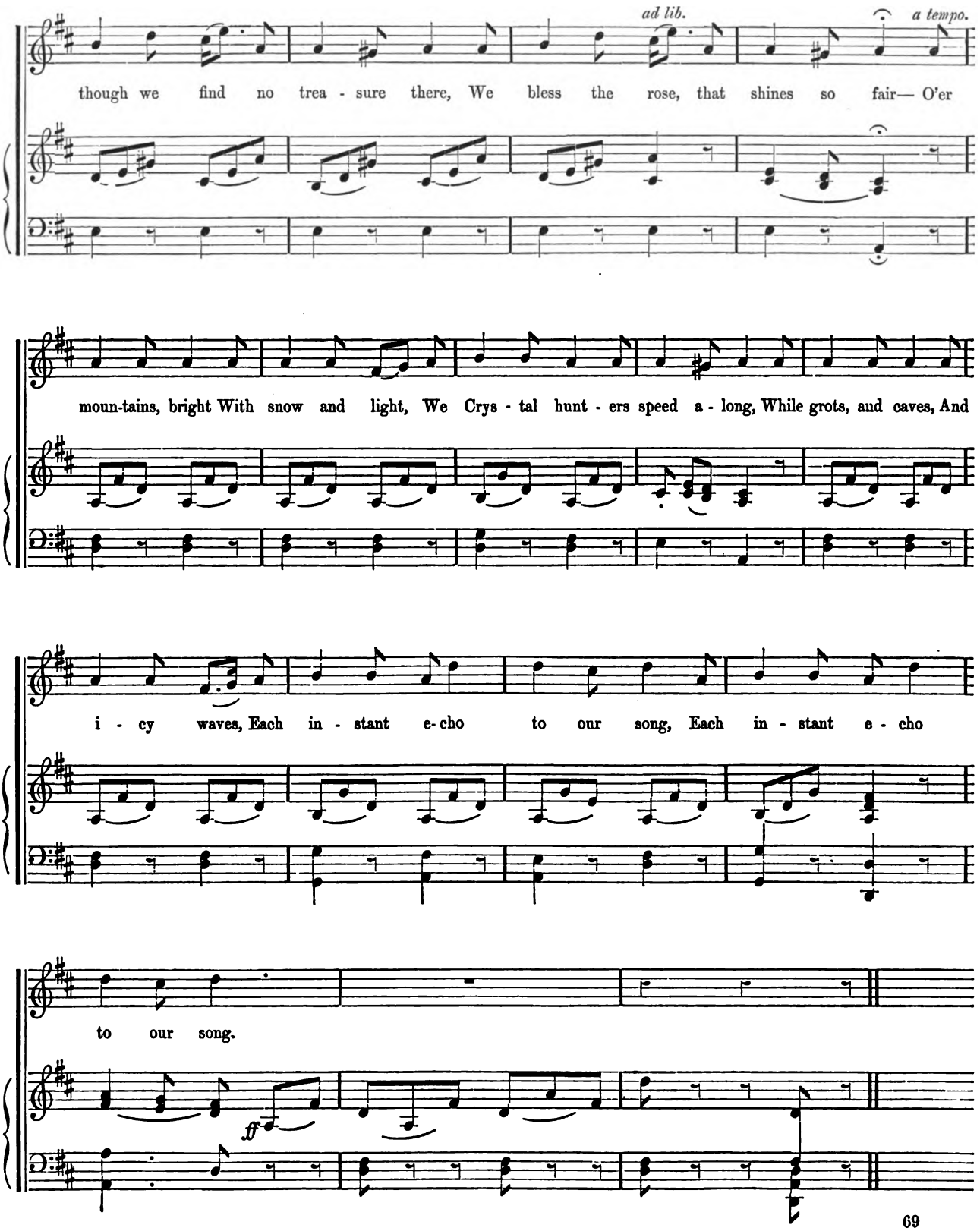

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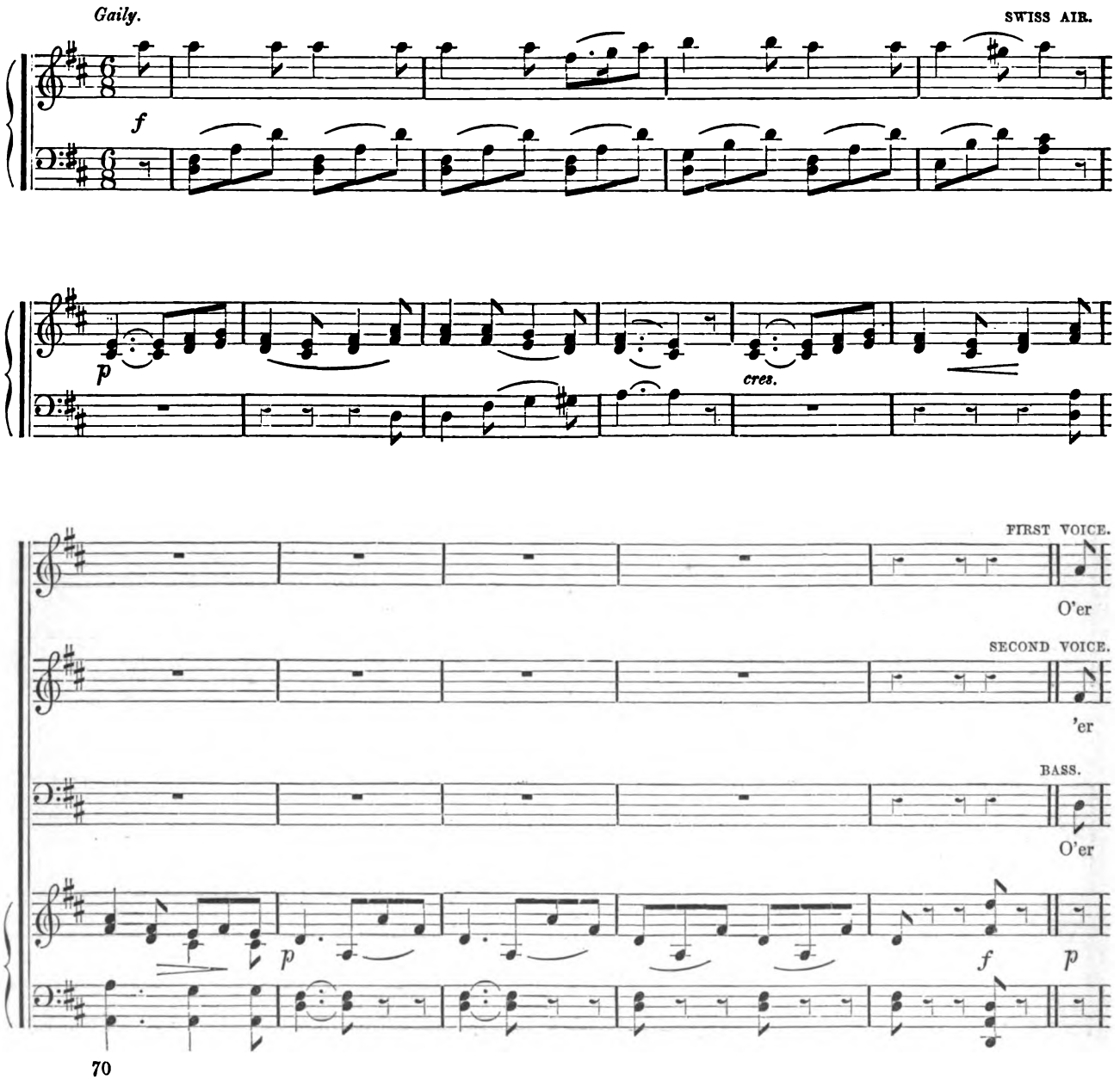
THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

FOR THREE VOICES.



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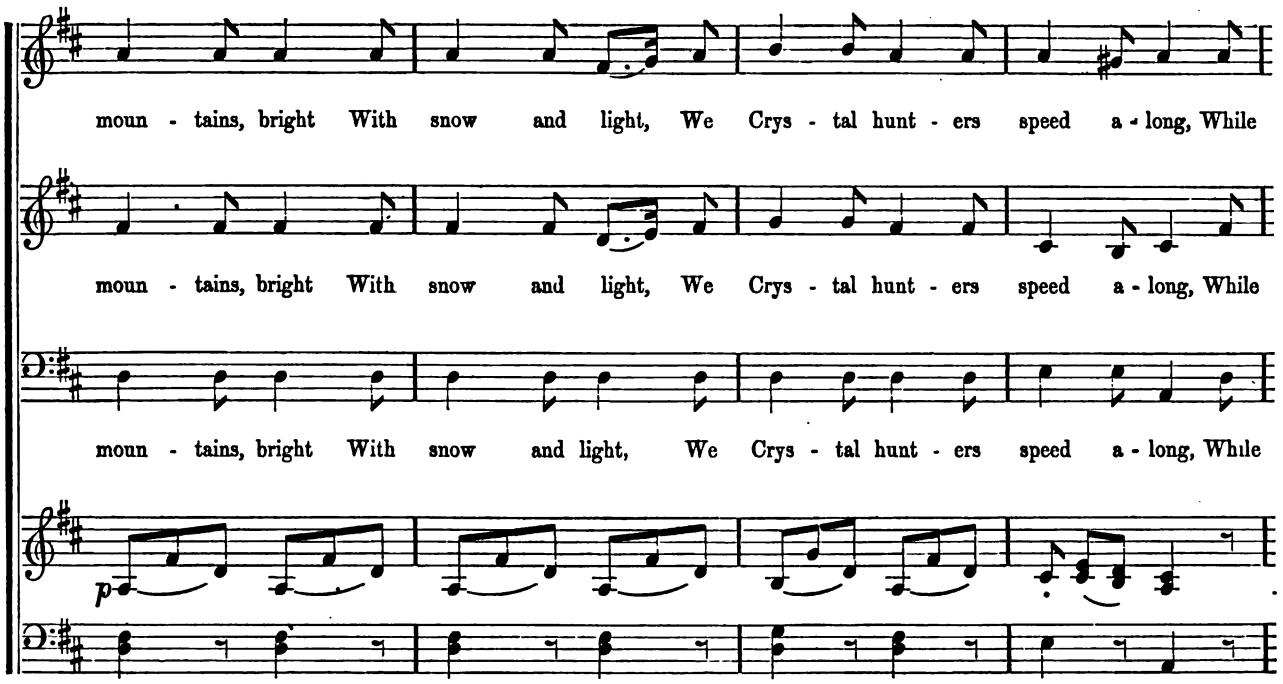

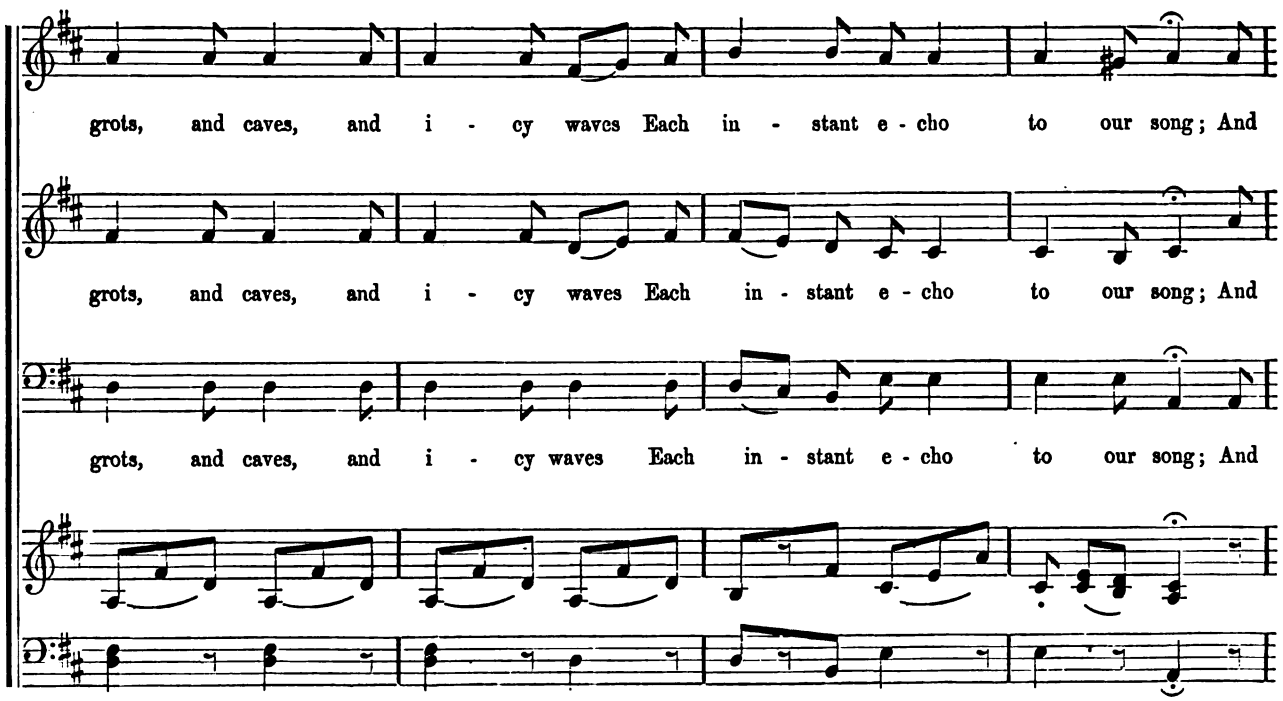

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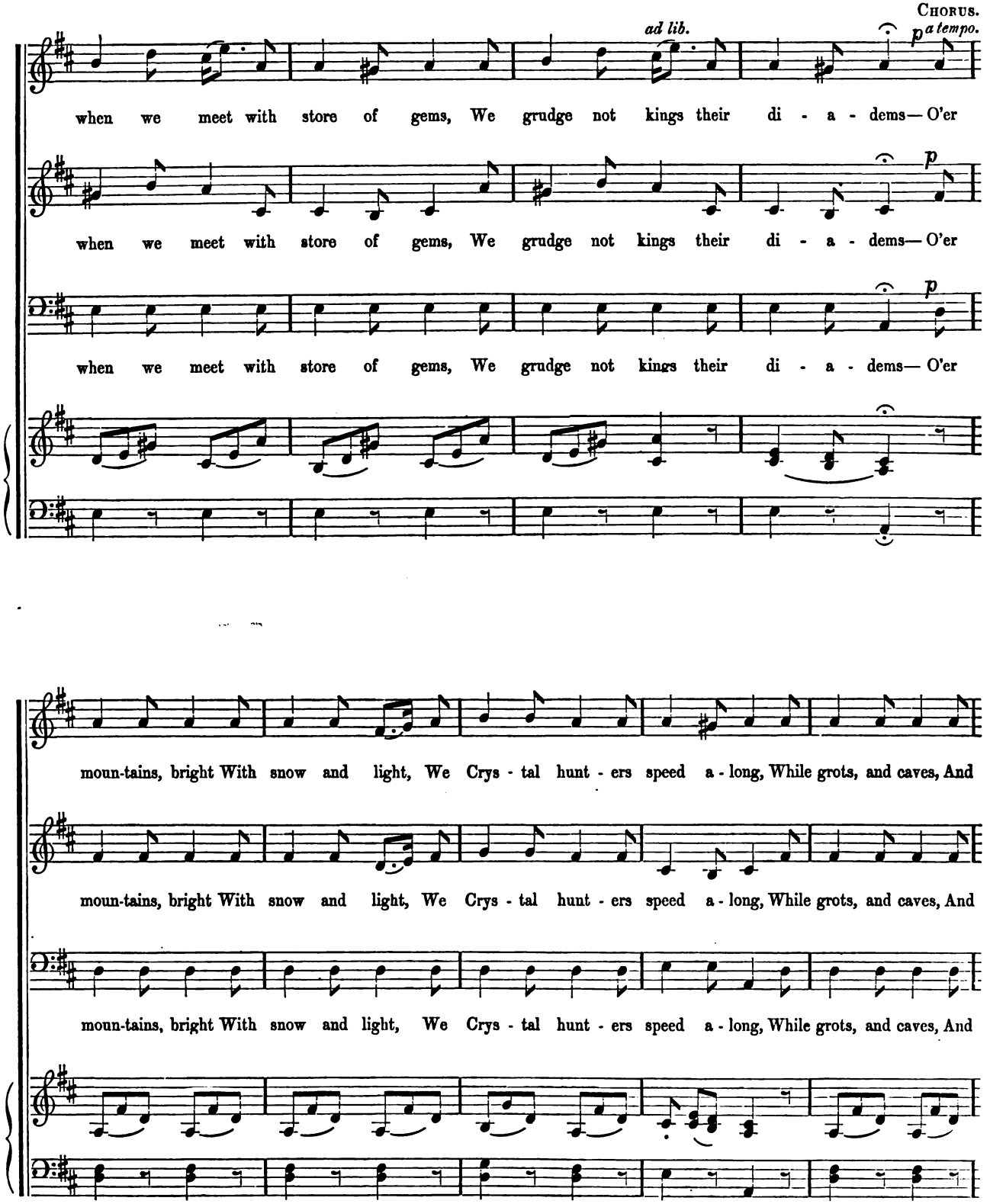

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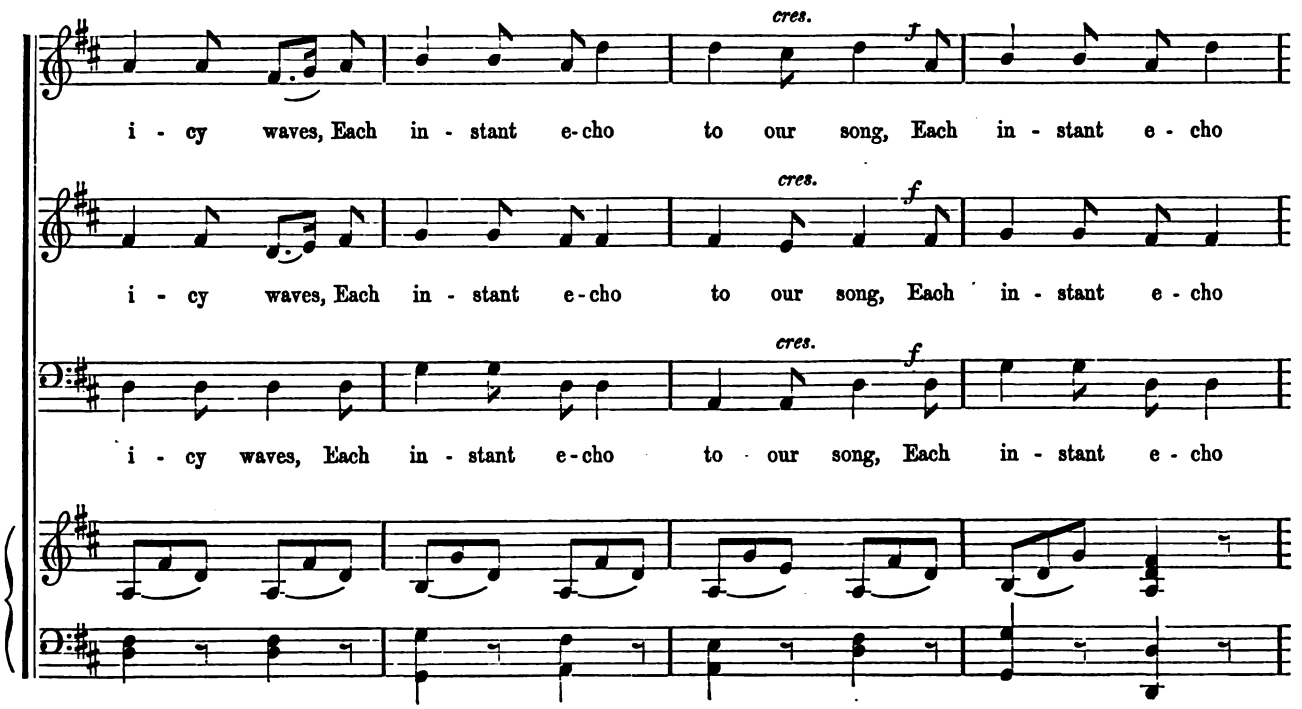

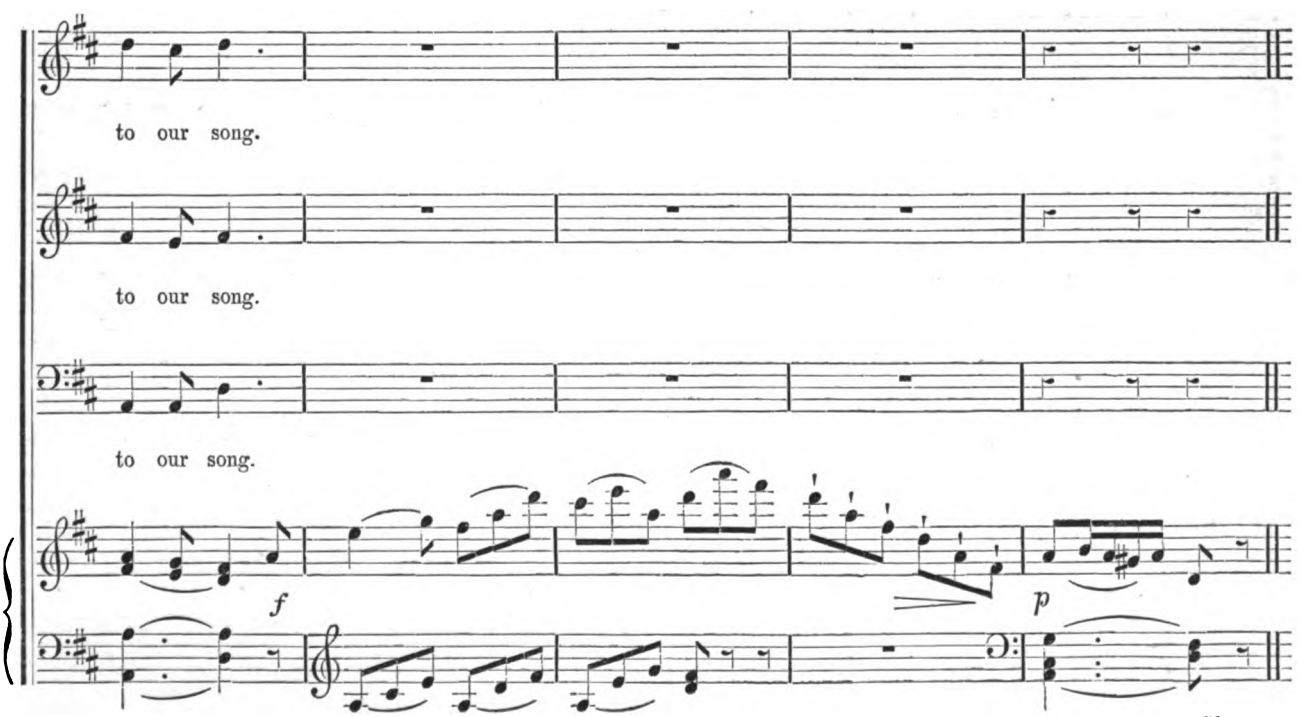

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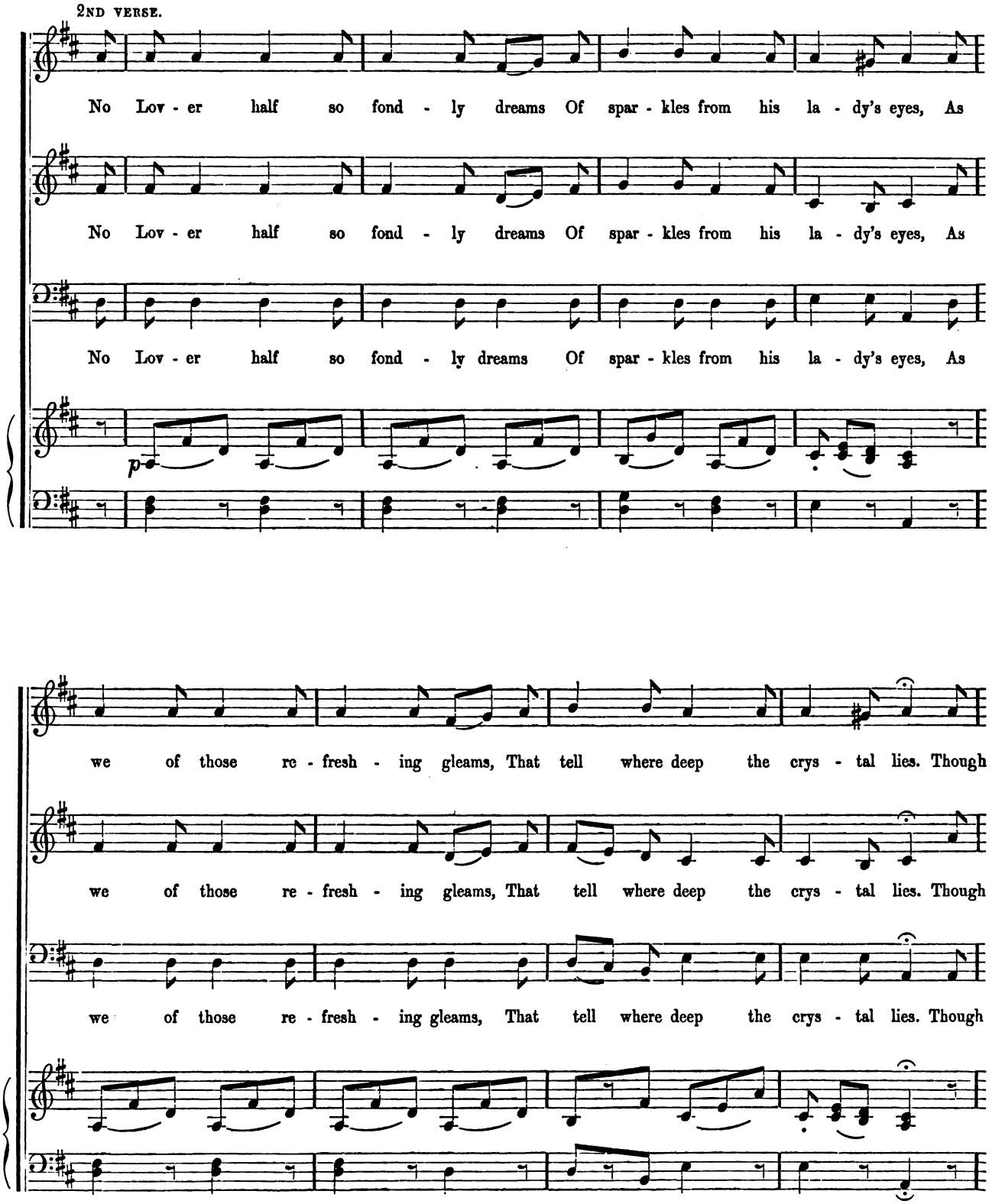
2ND VERSE.



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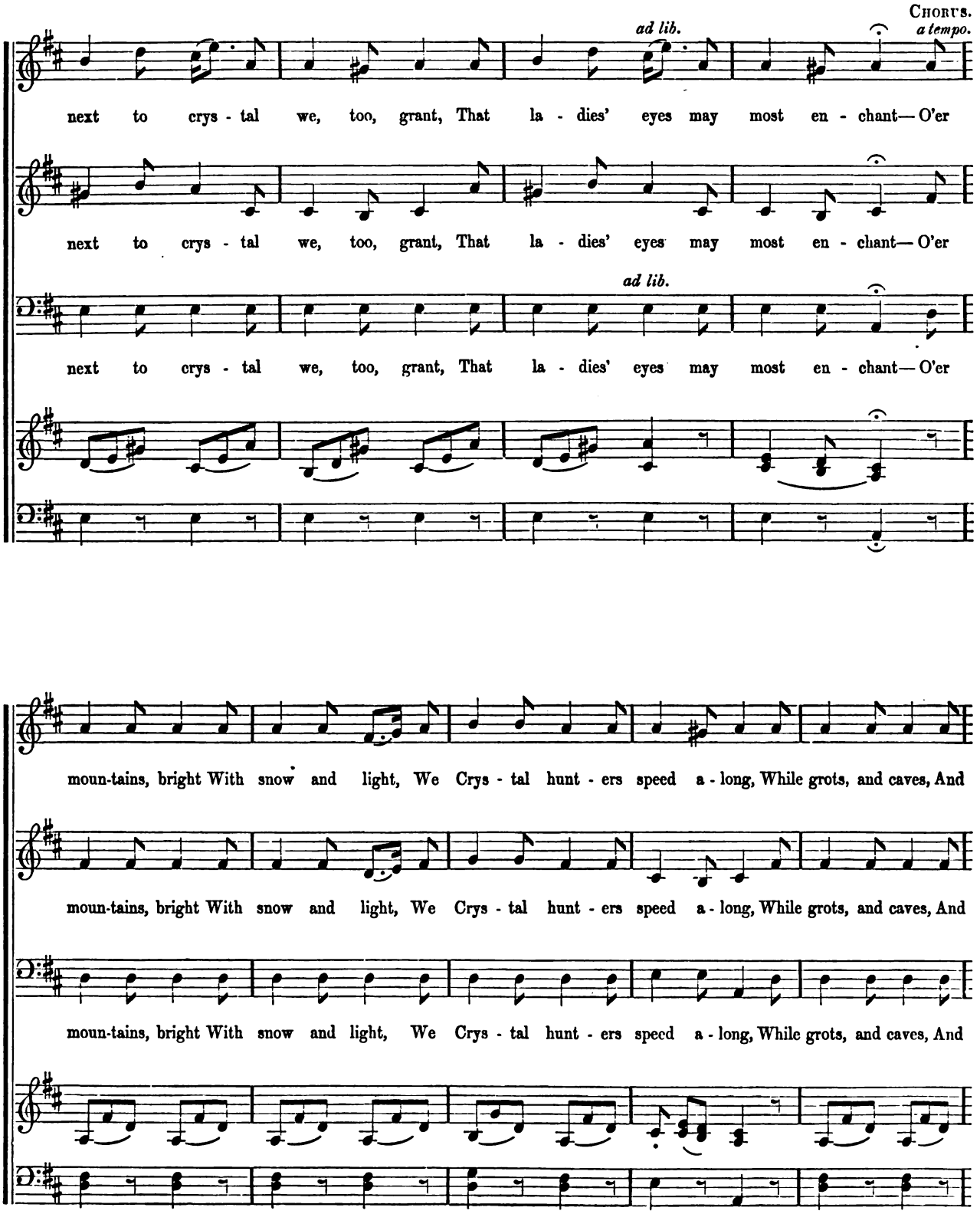

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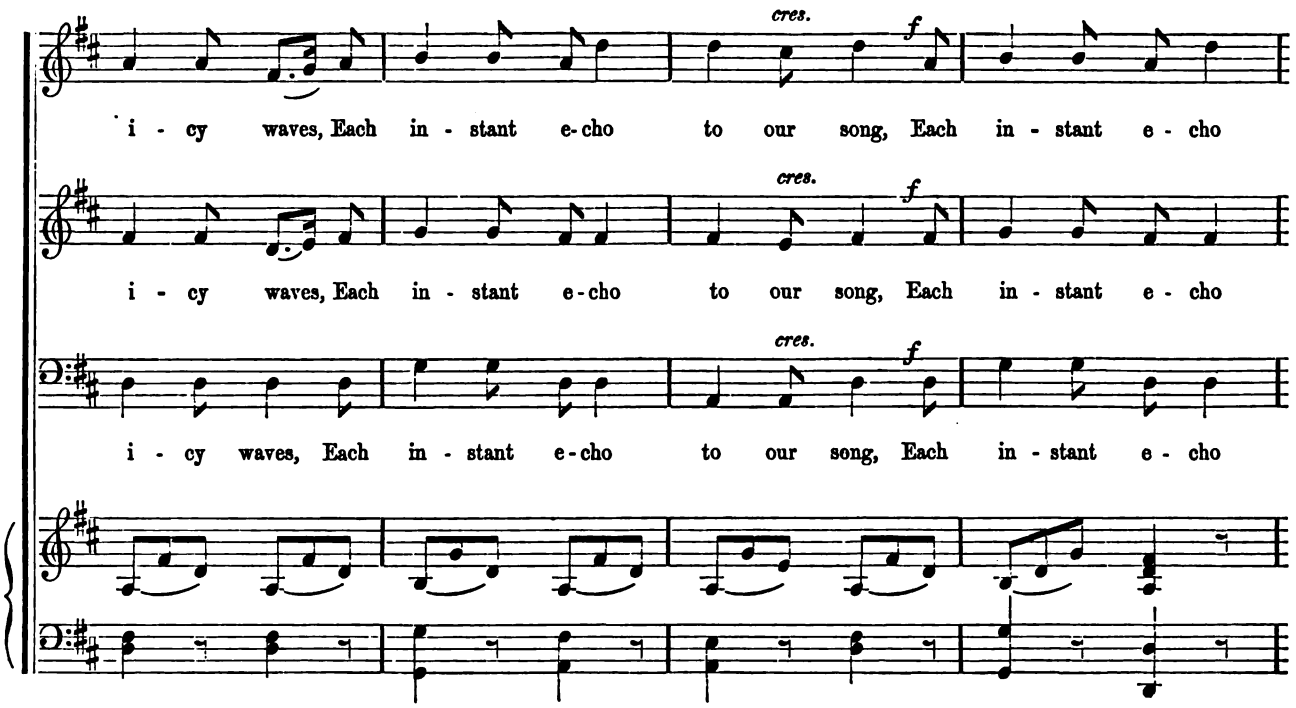

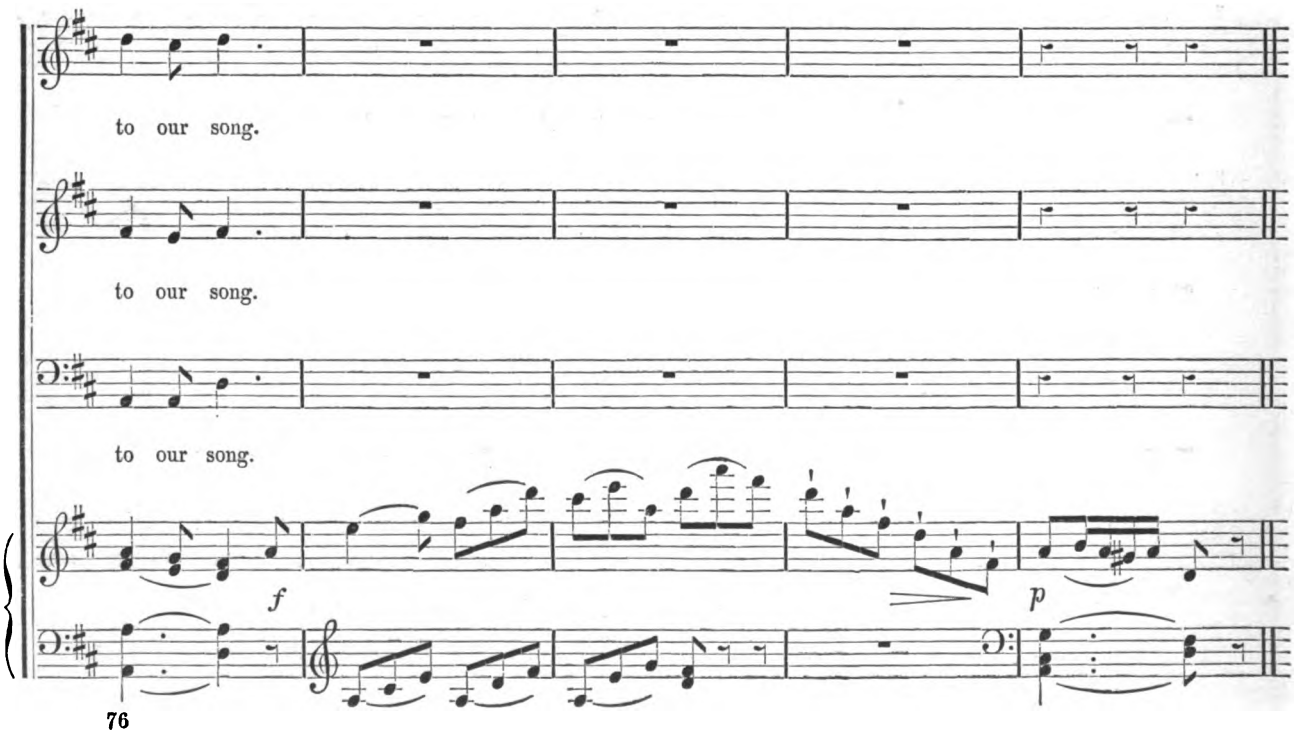

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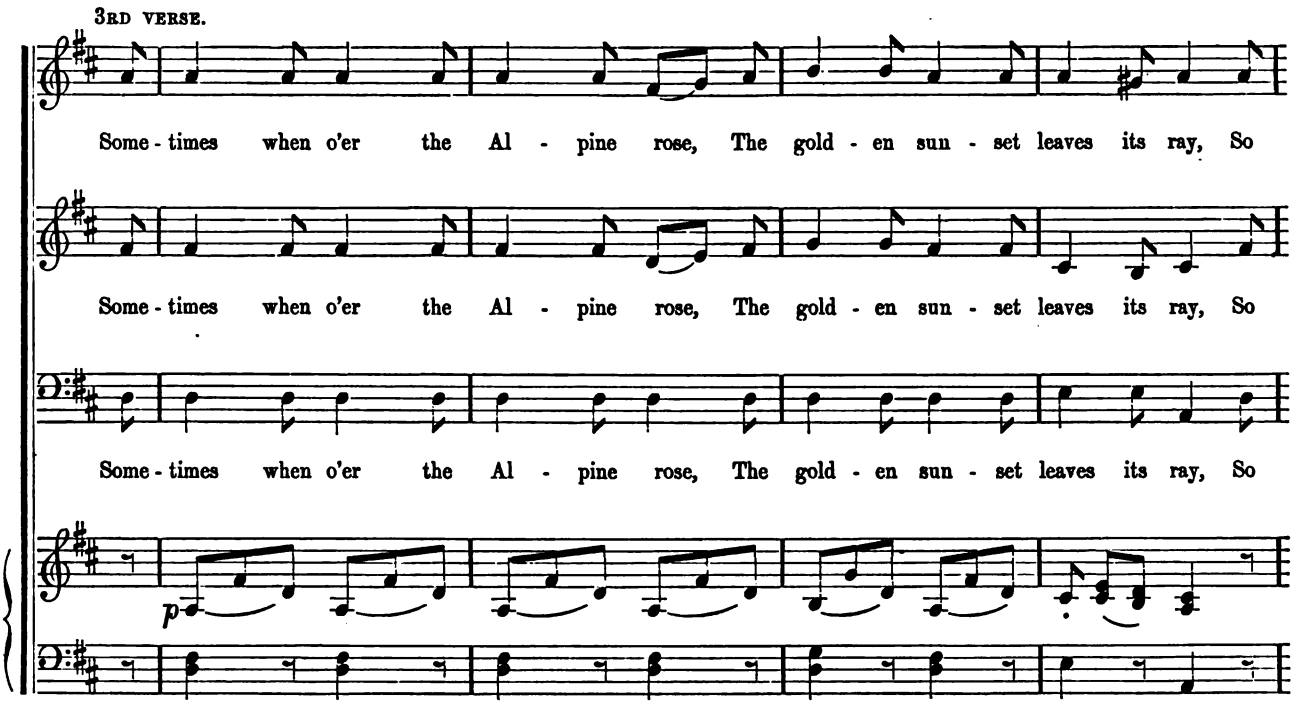

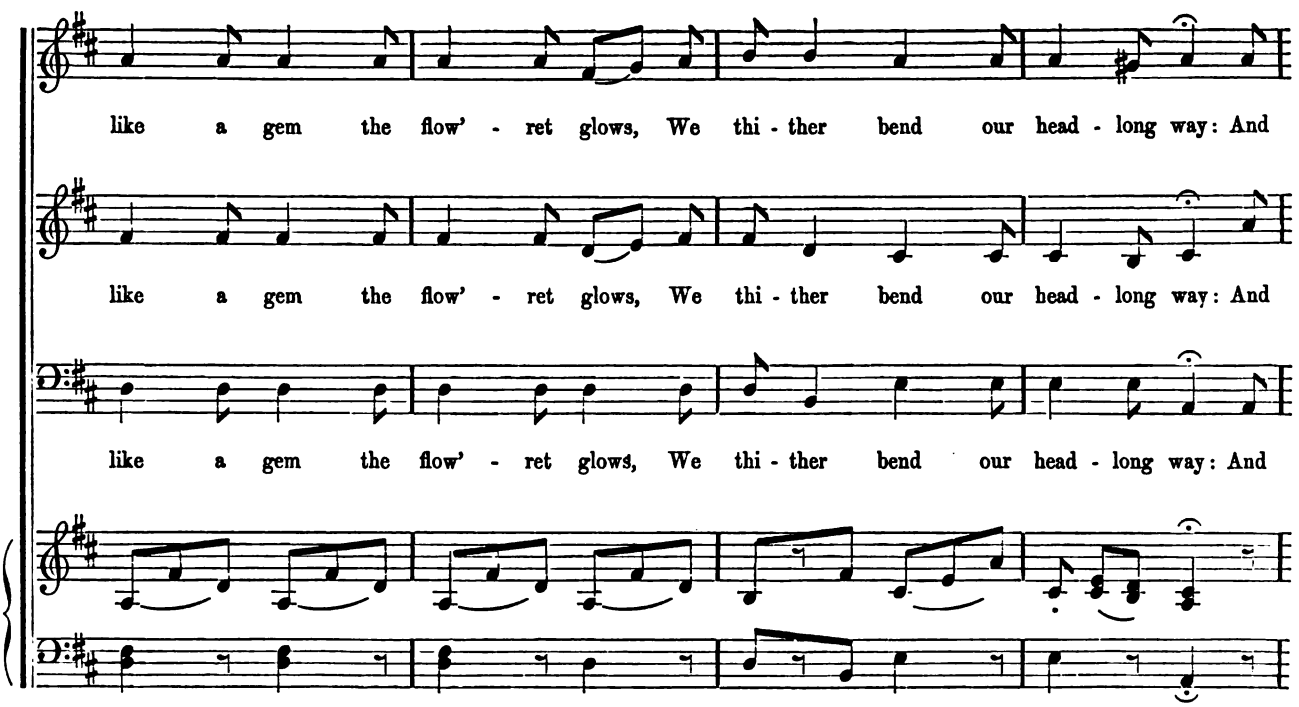

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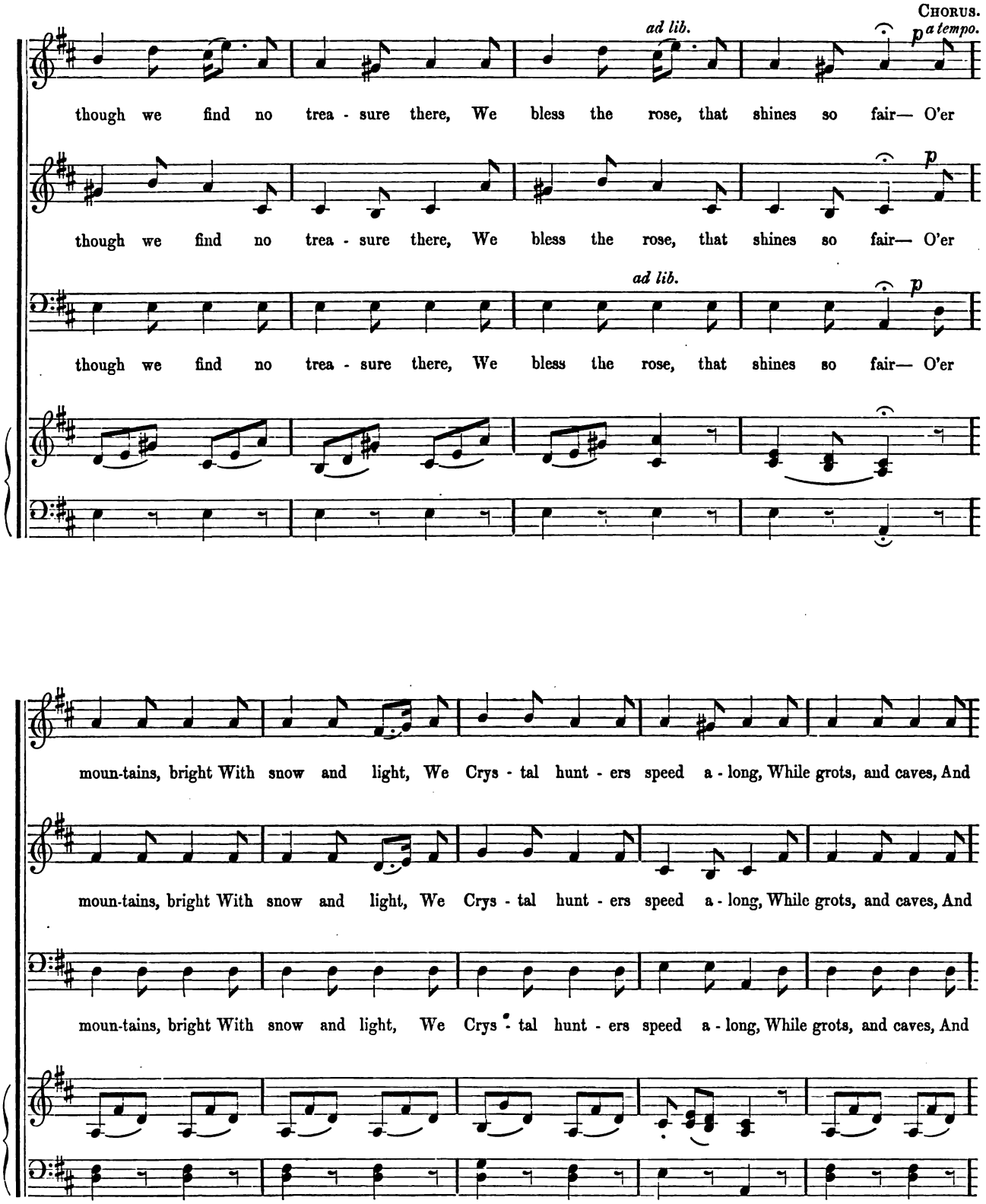

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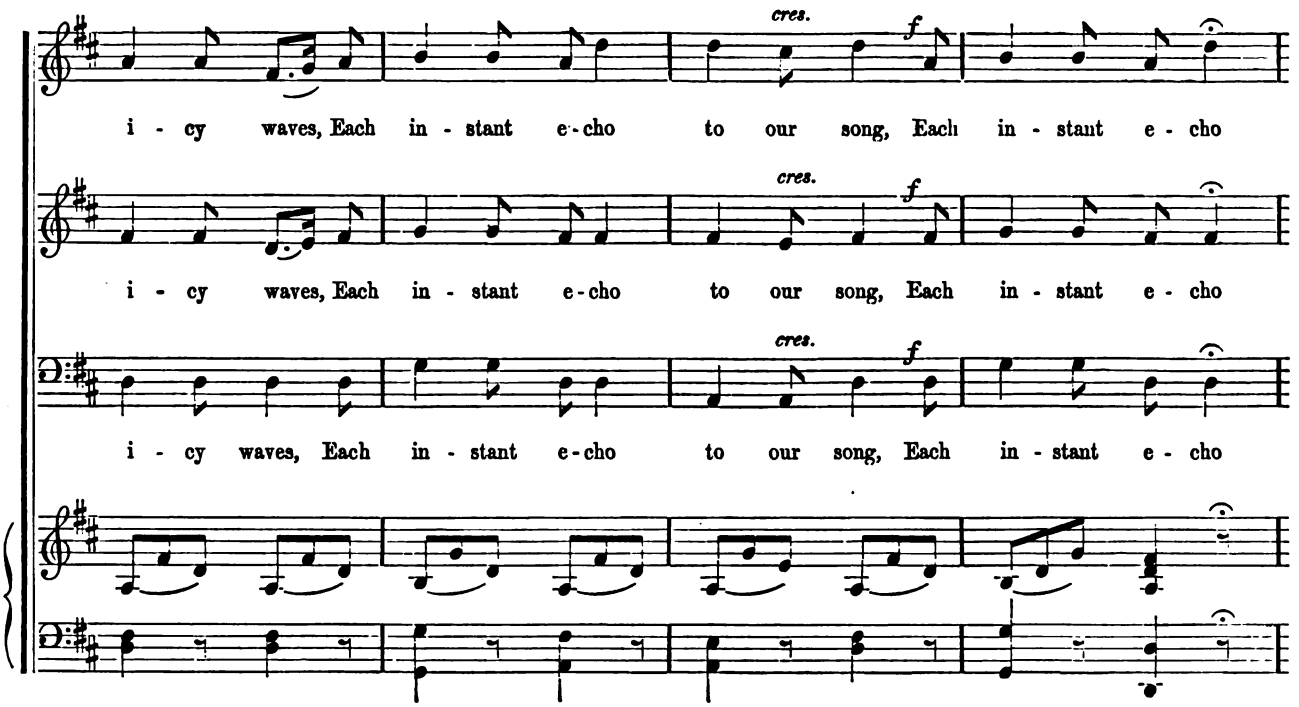

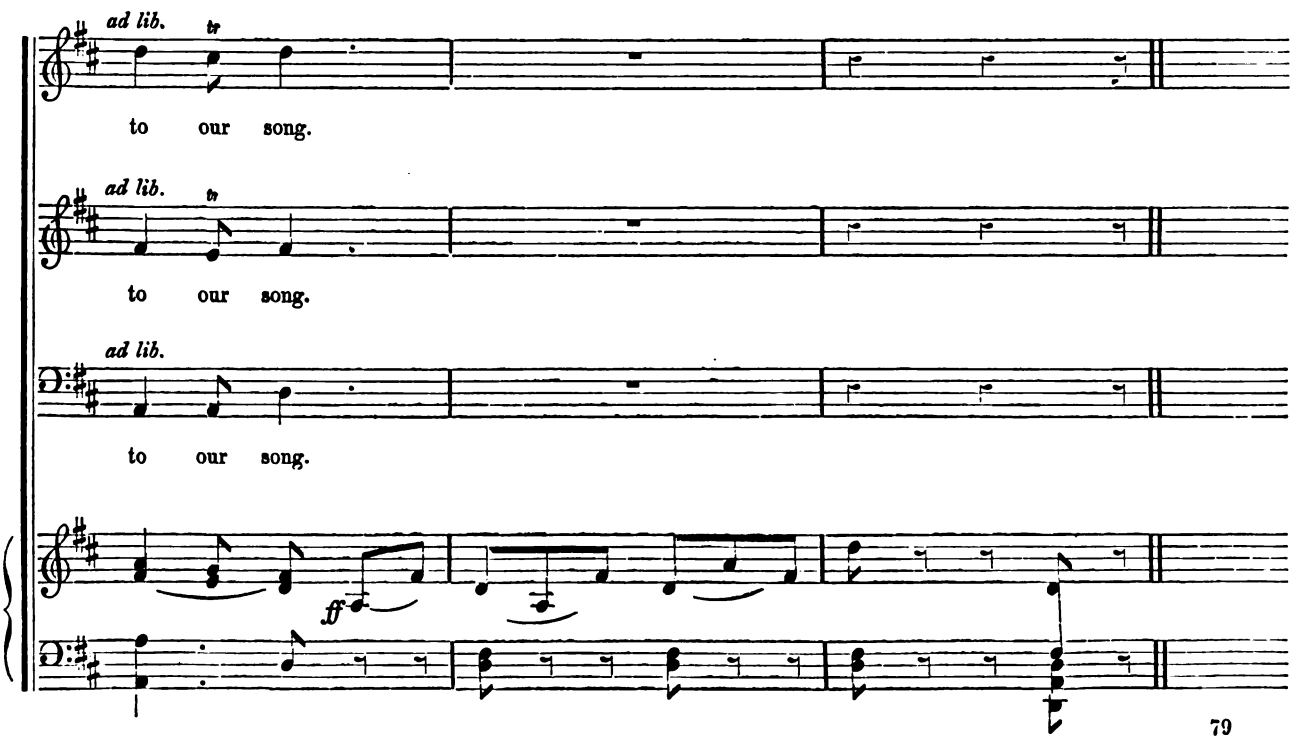

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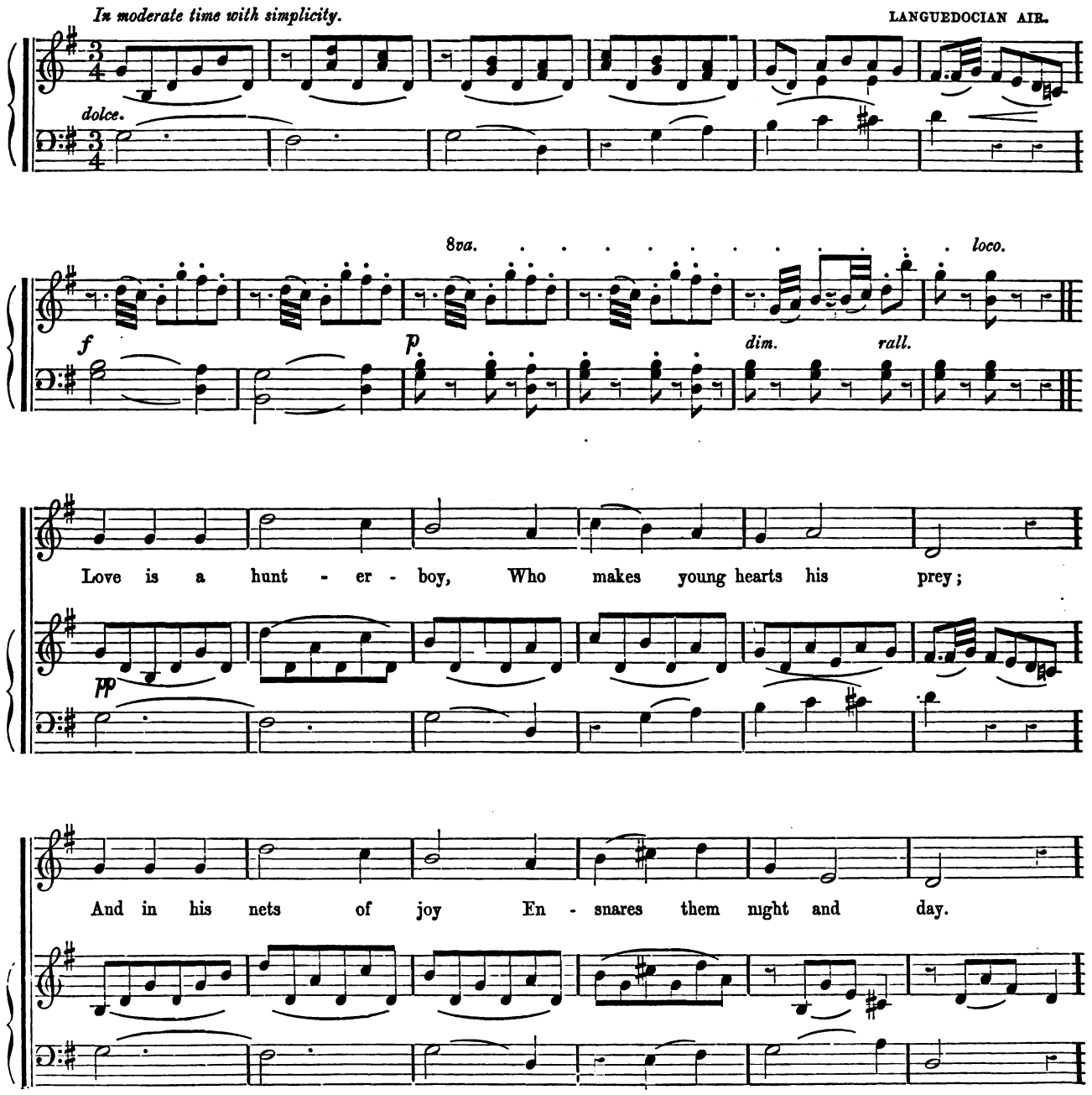
LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY.



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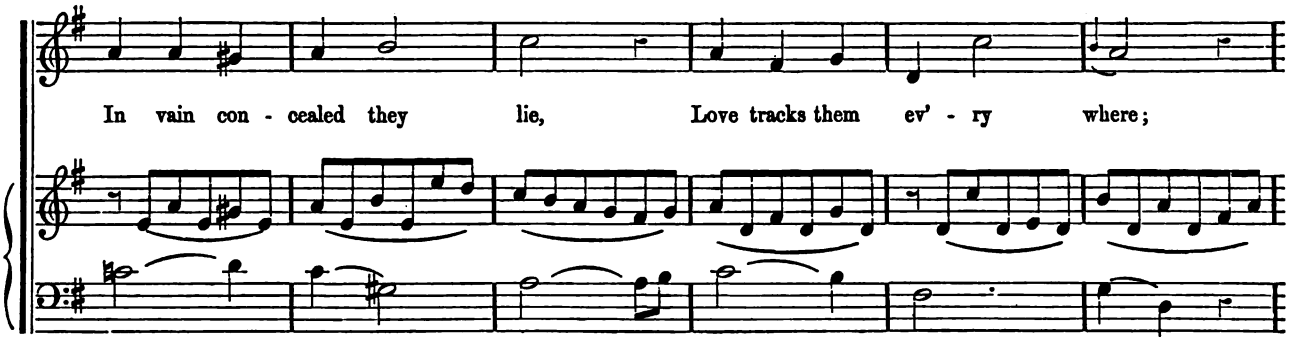

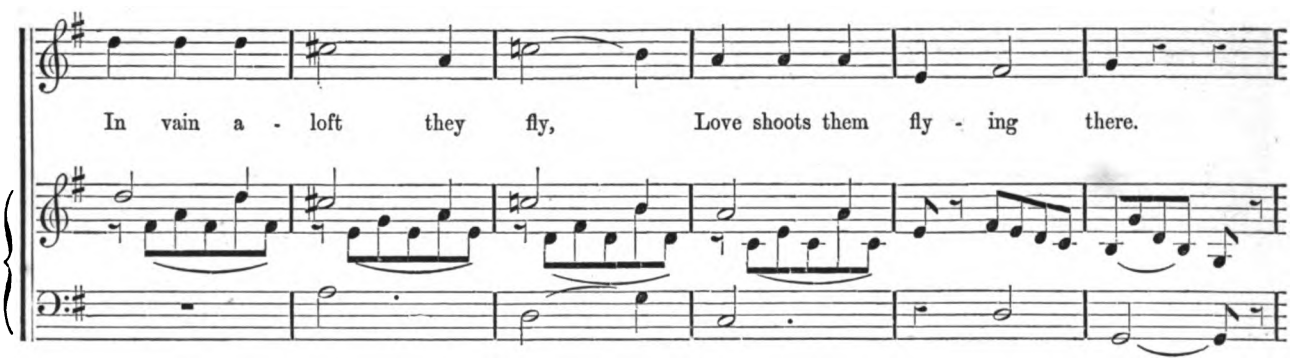

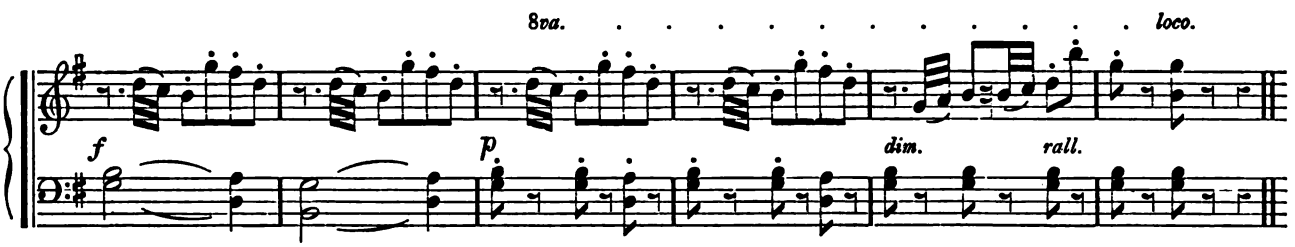

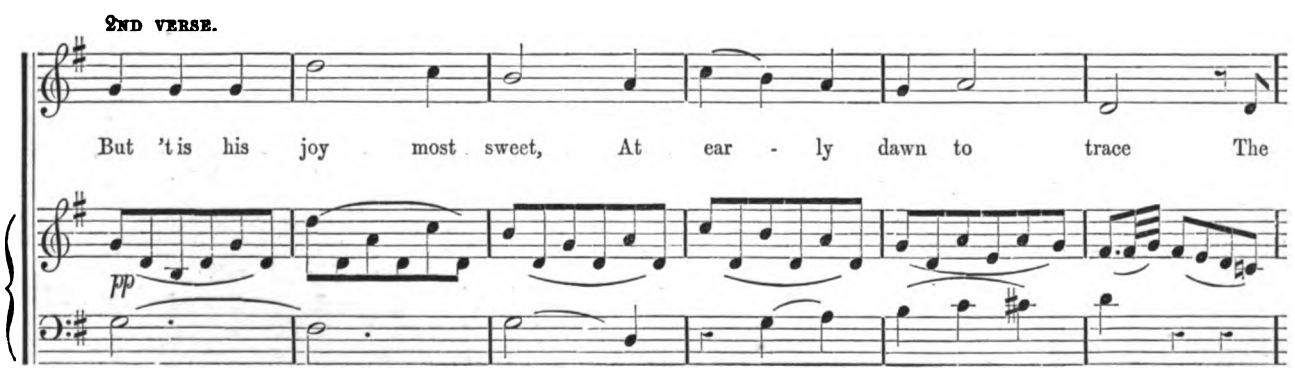

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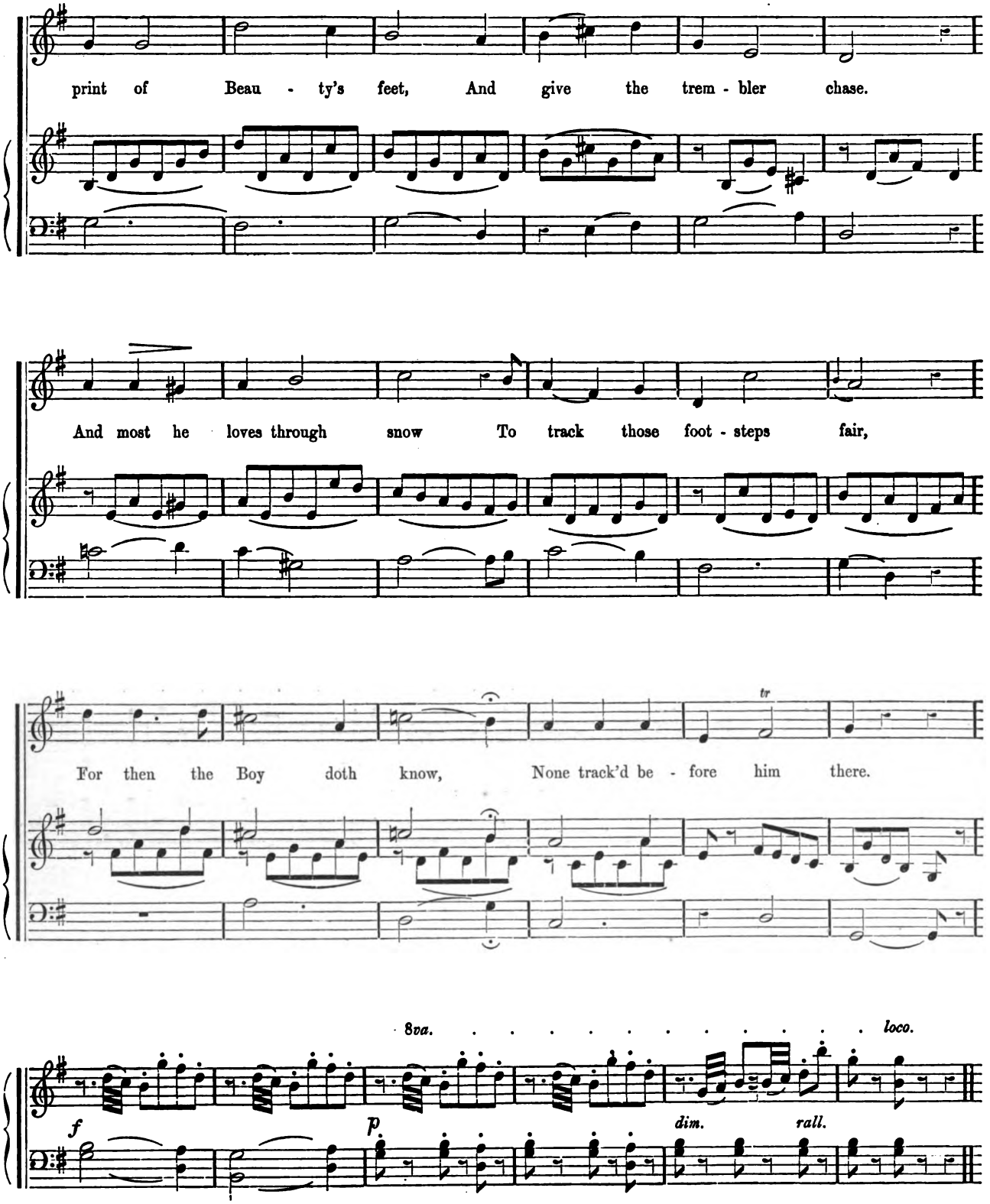

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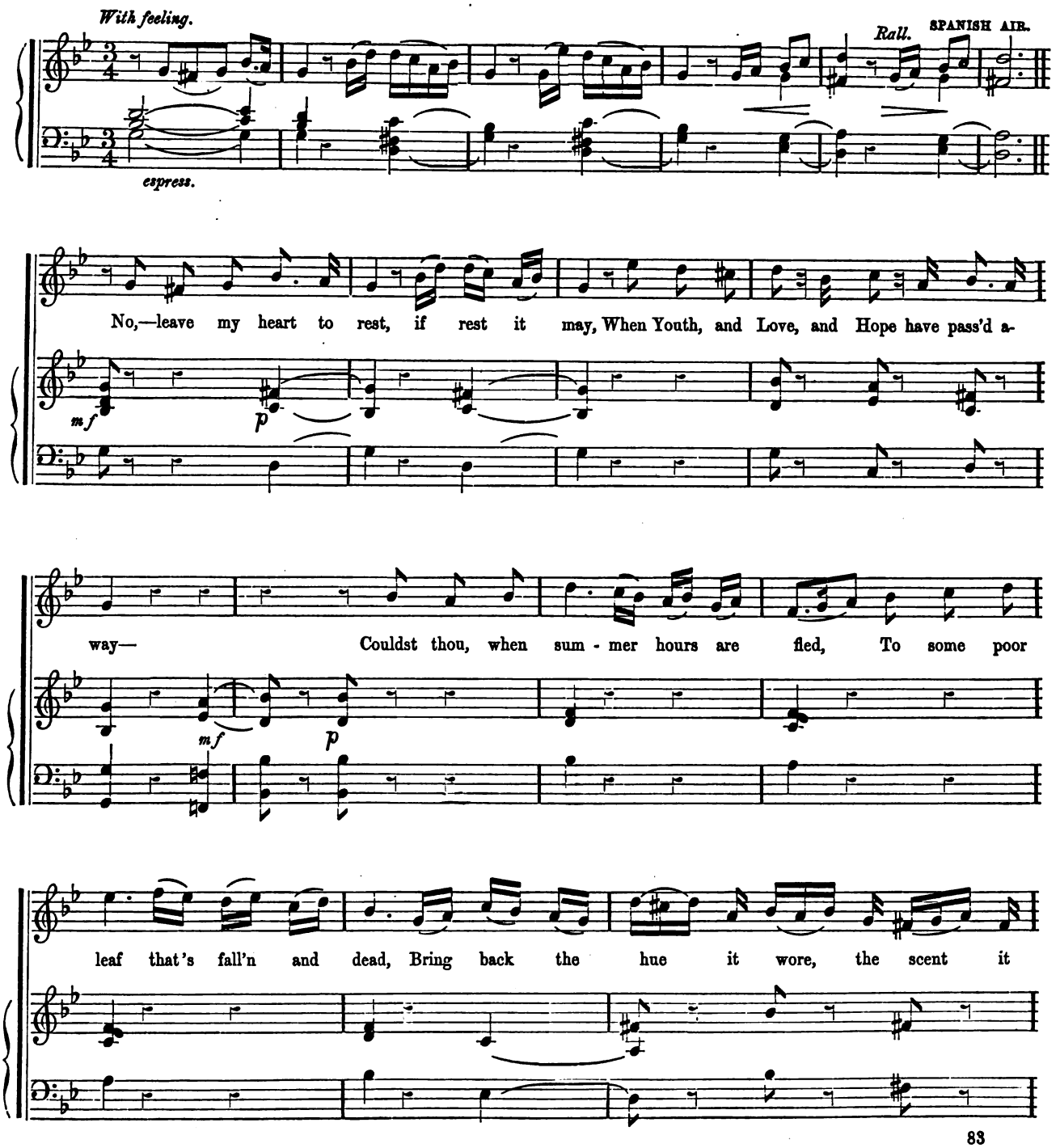
NO,—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.



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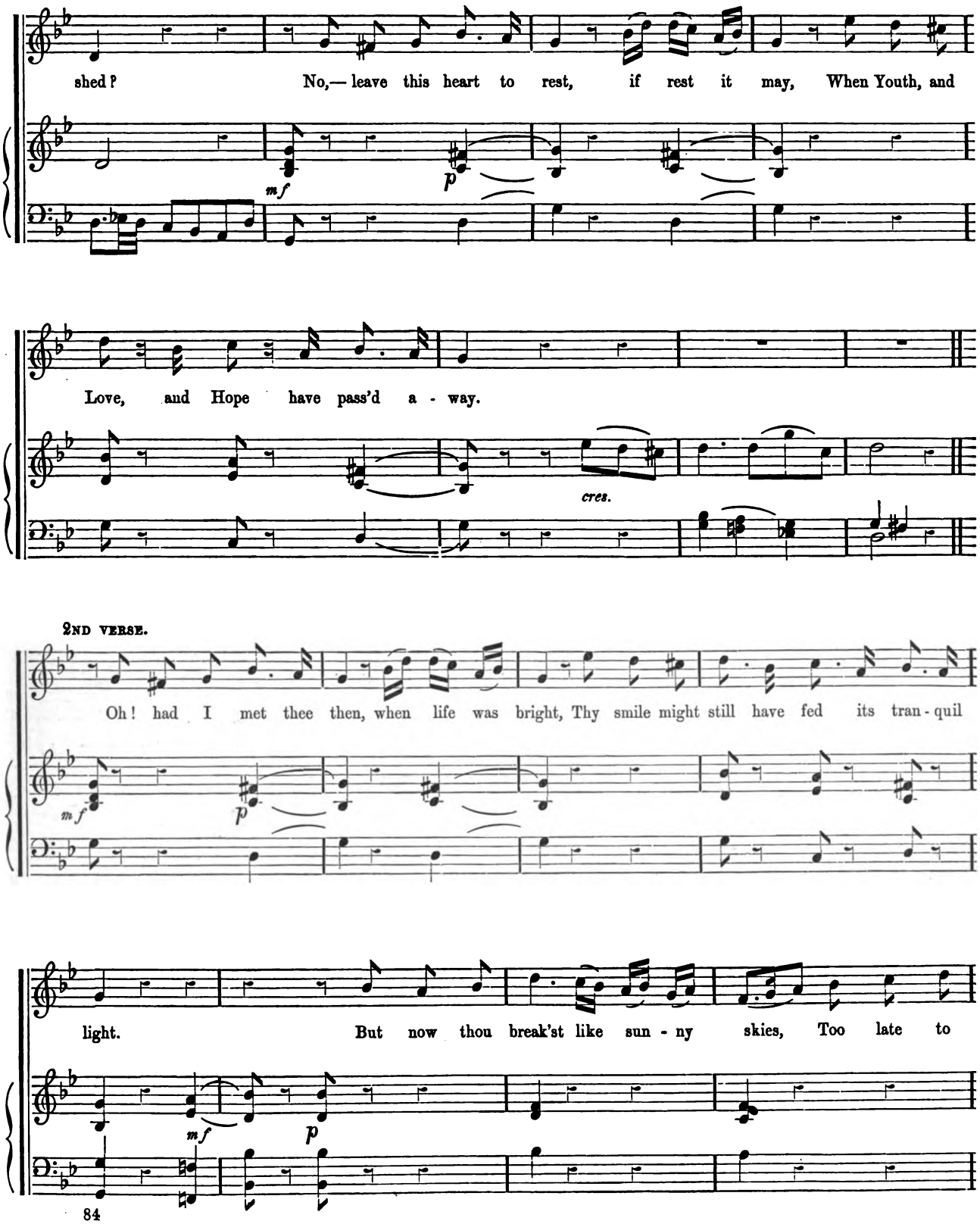

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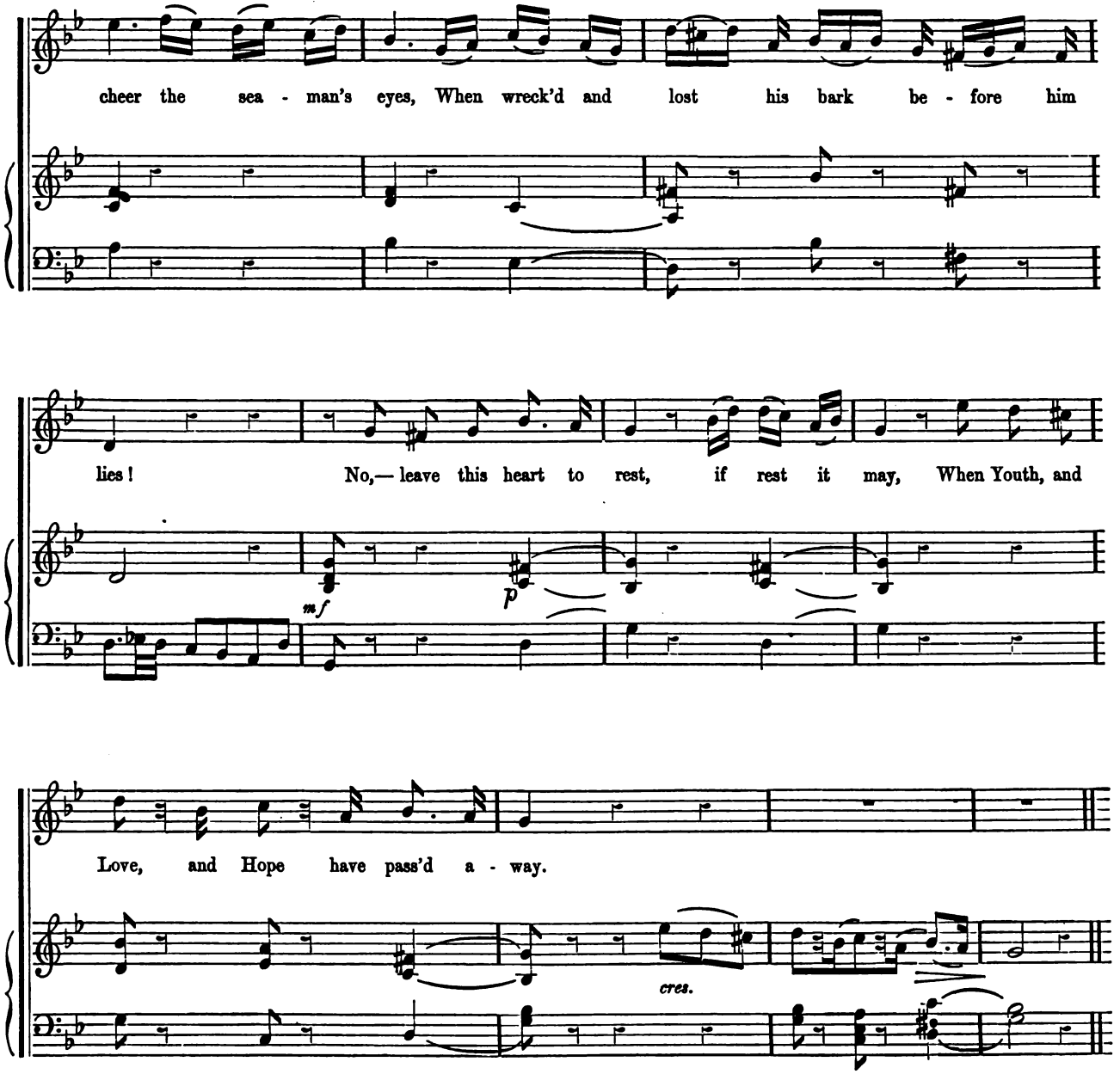

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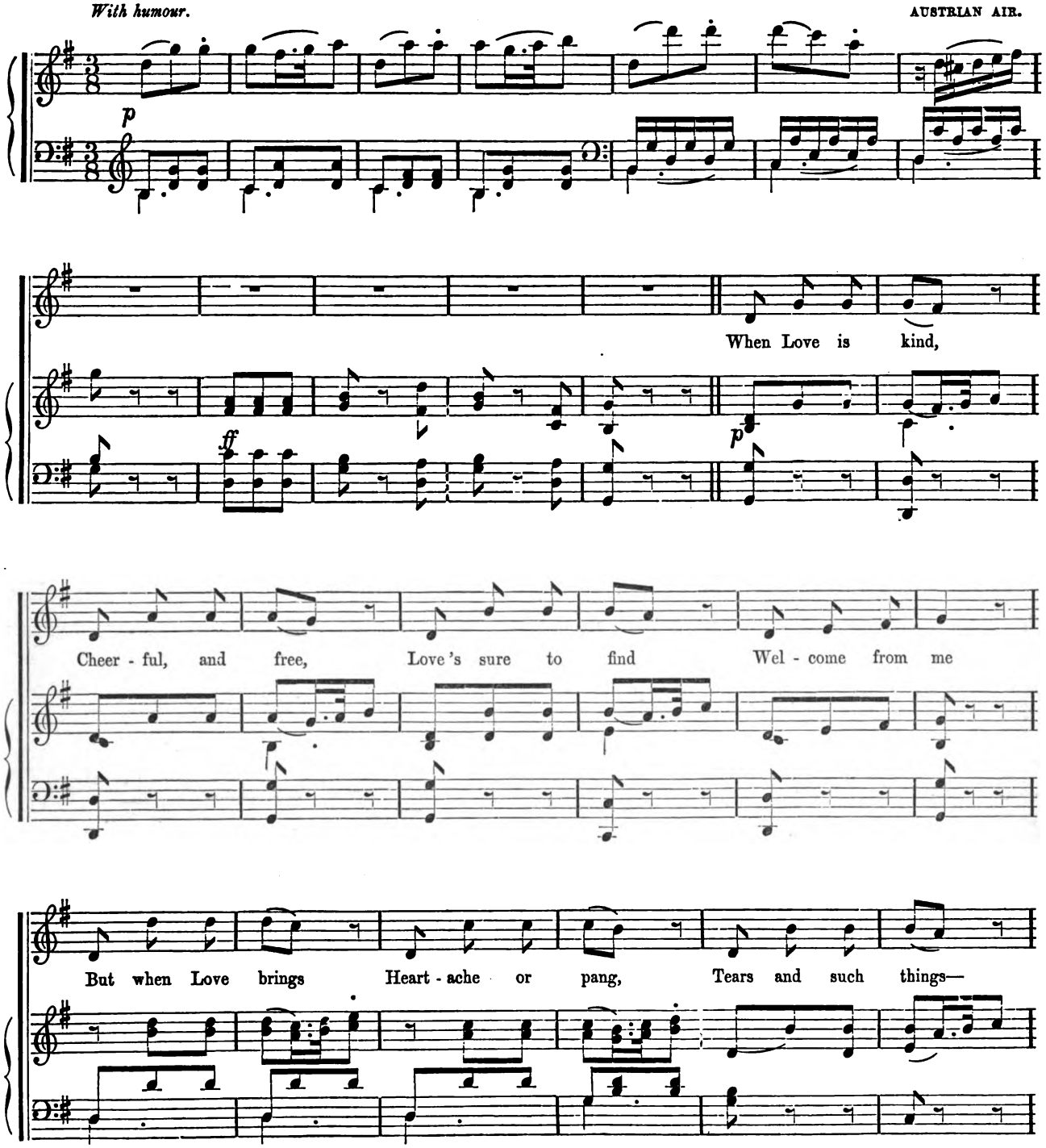
WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

With humour. AUSTRIAN AIR.



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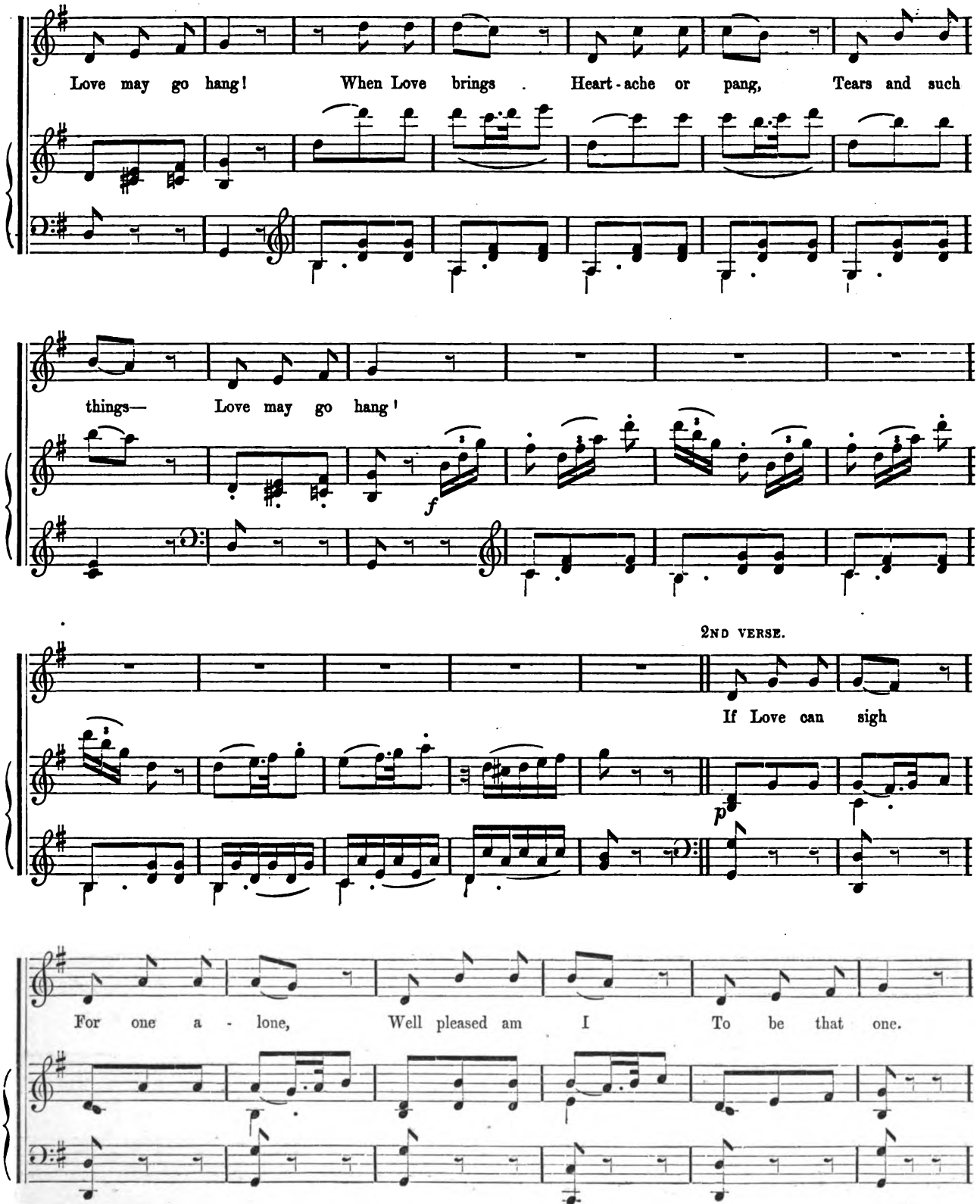

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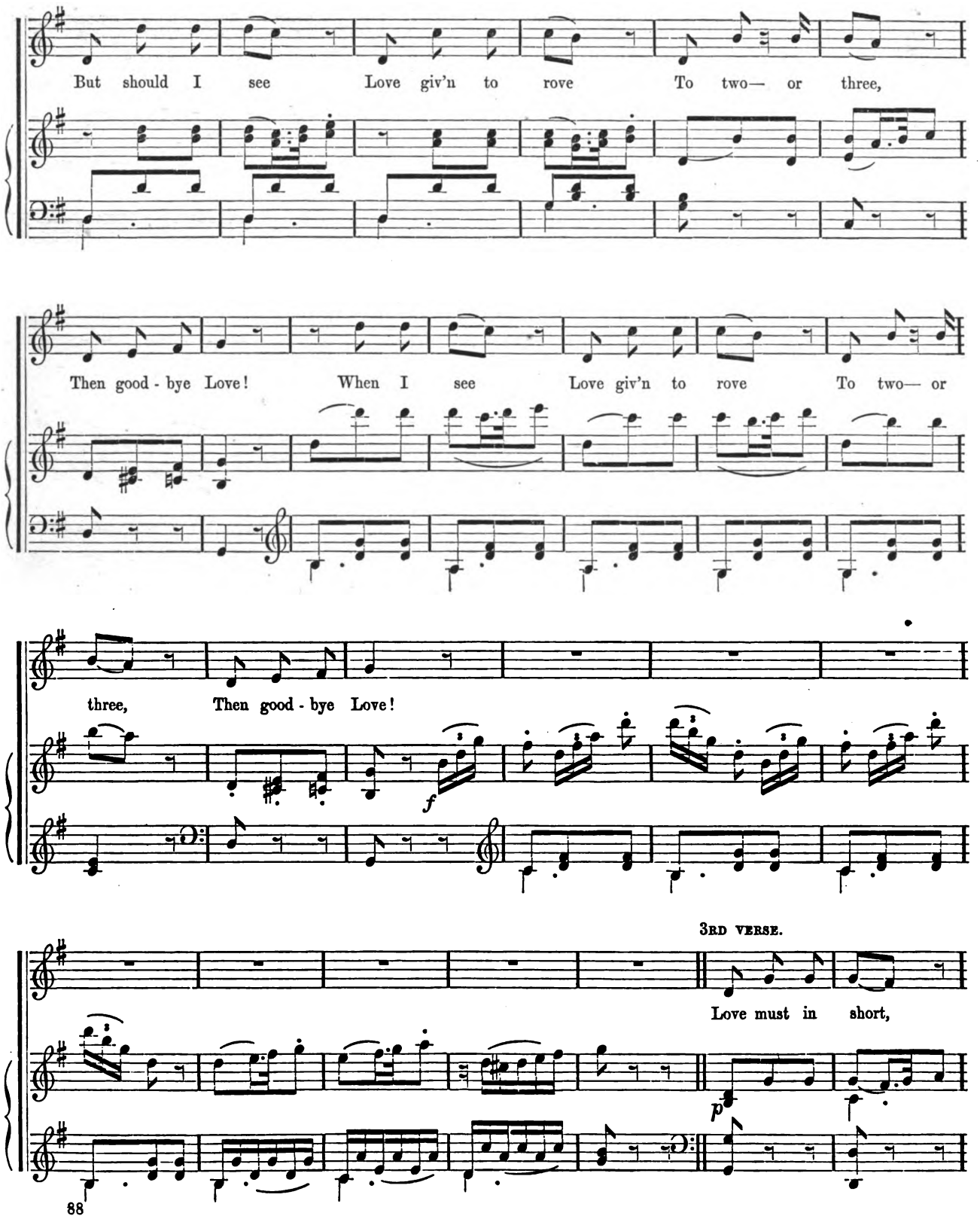
WHEN LOVE IS KIND.



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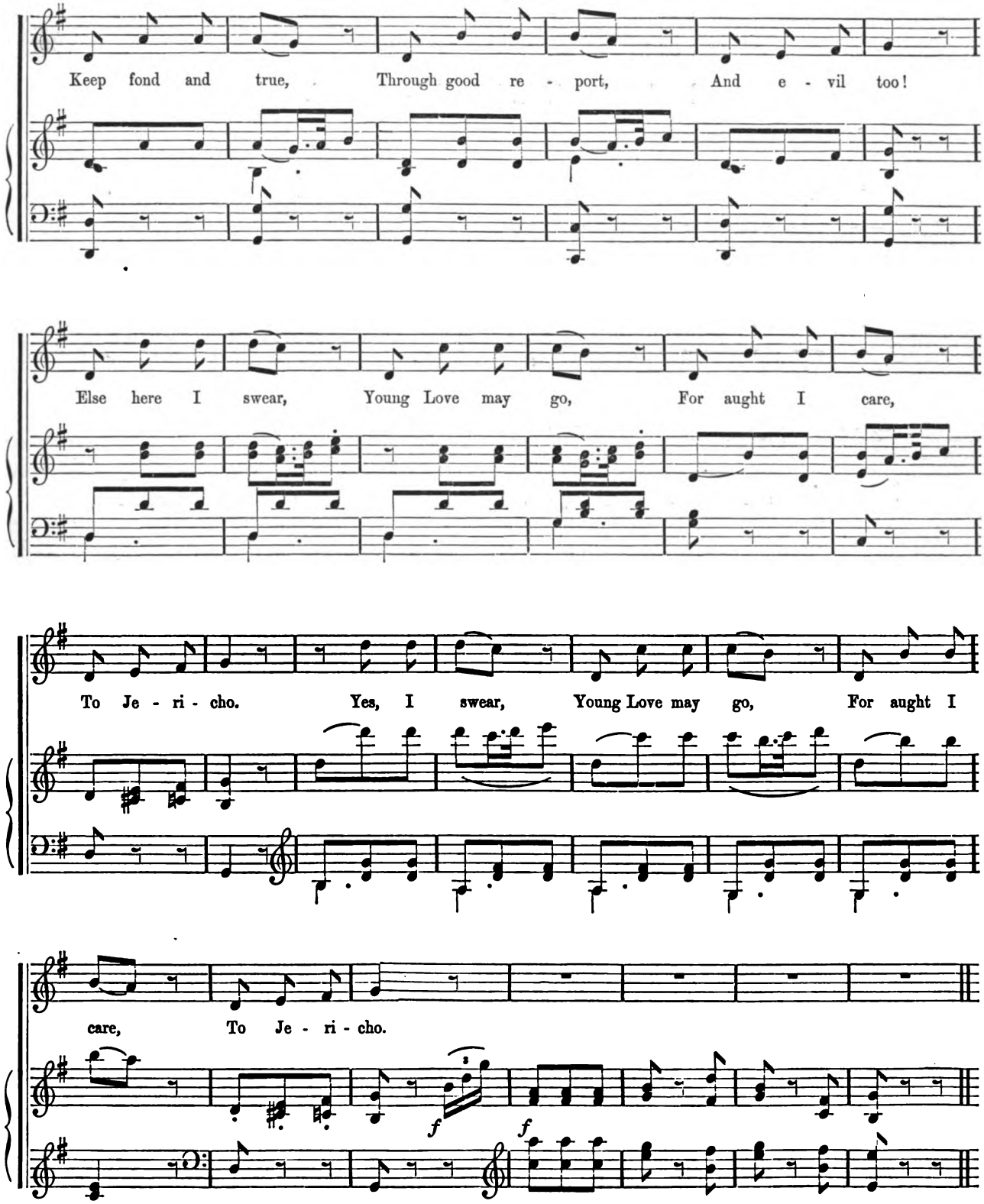

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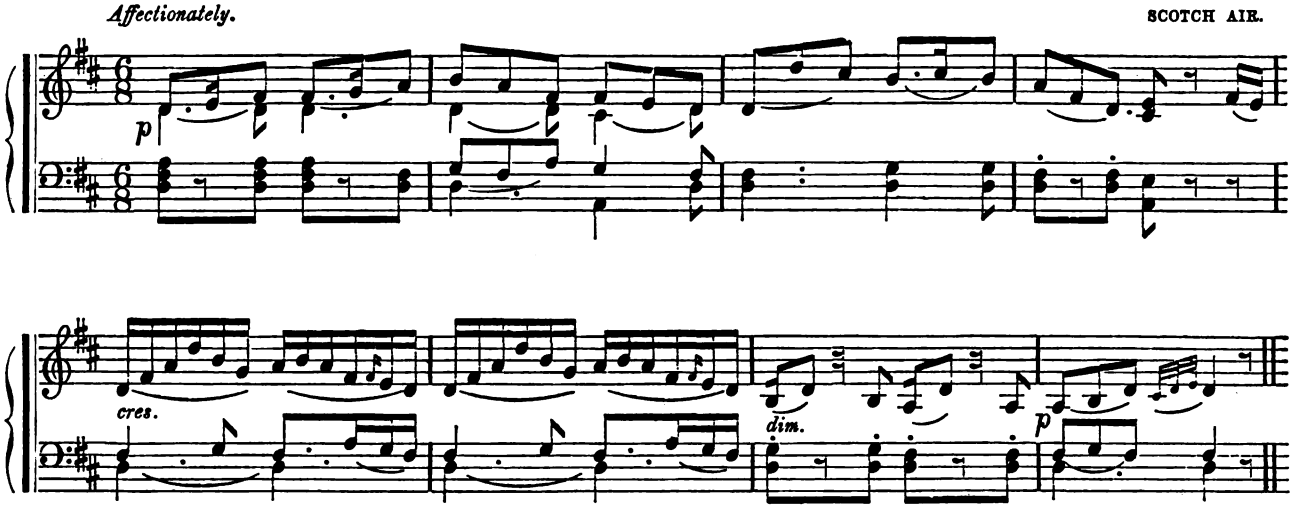
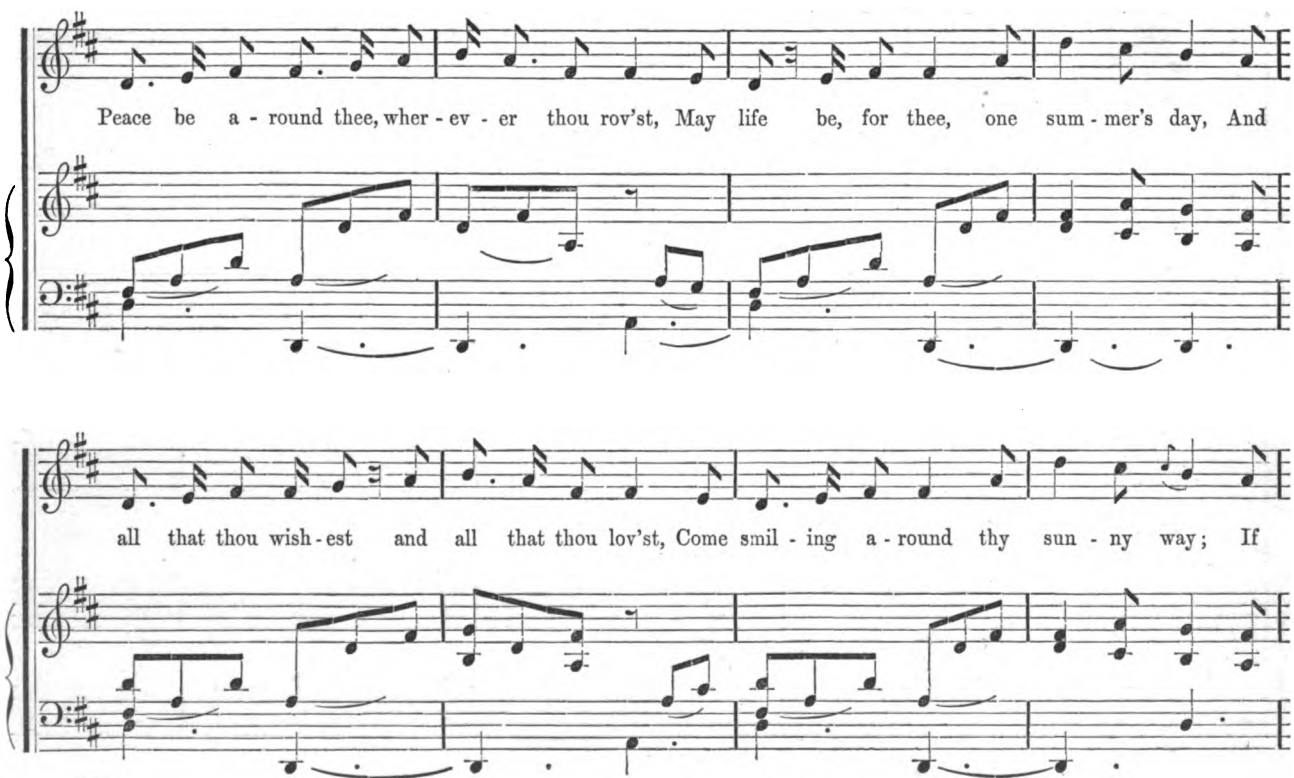
PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Affectionately. SCOTCH AIR.





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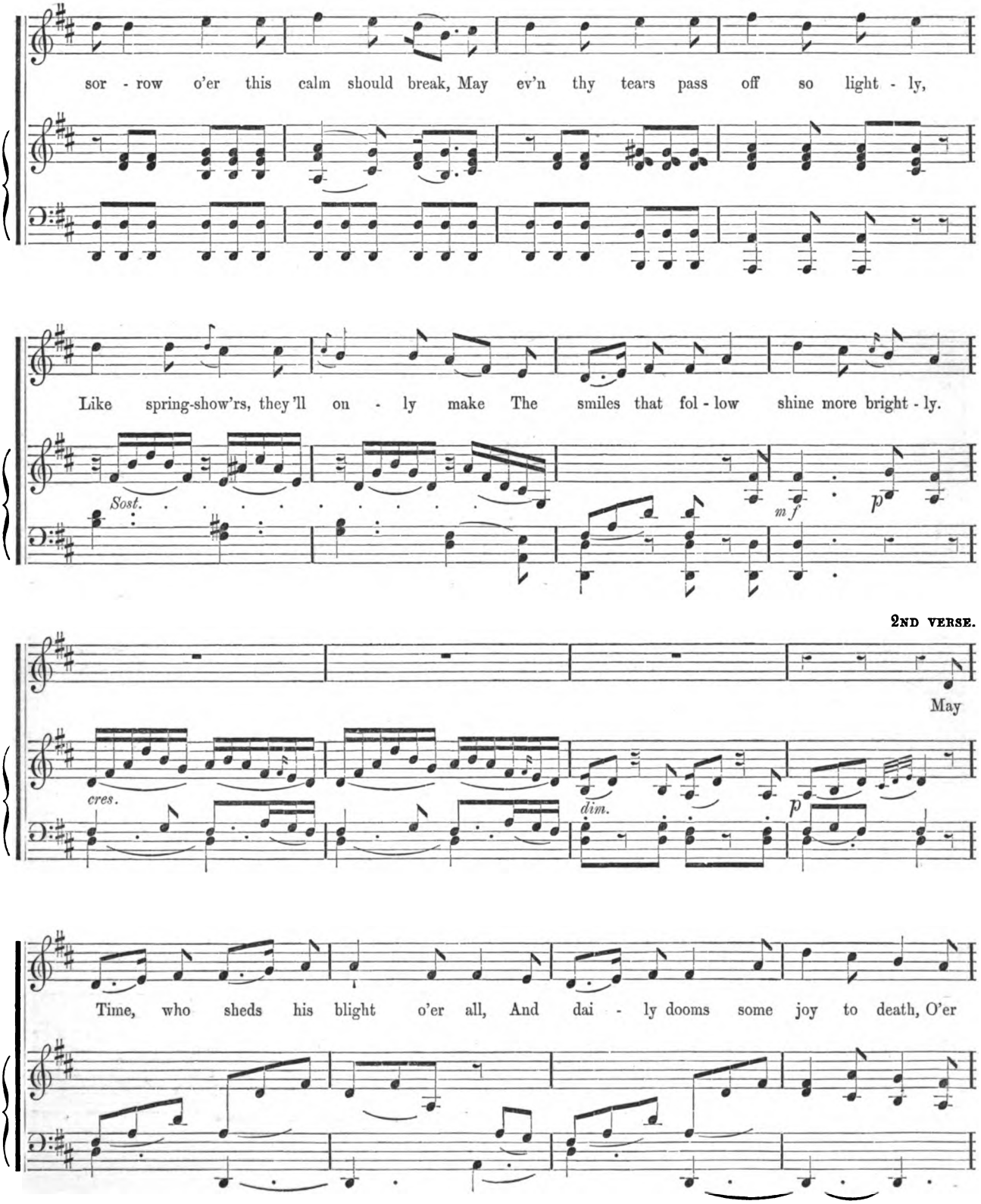

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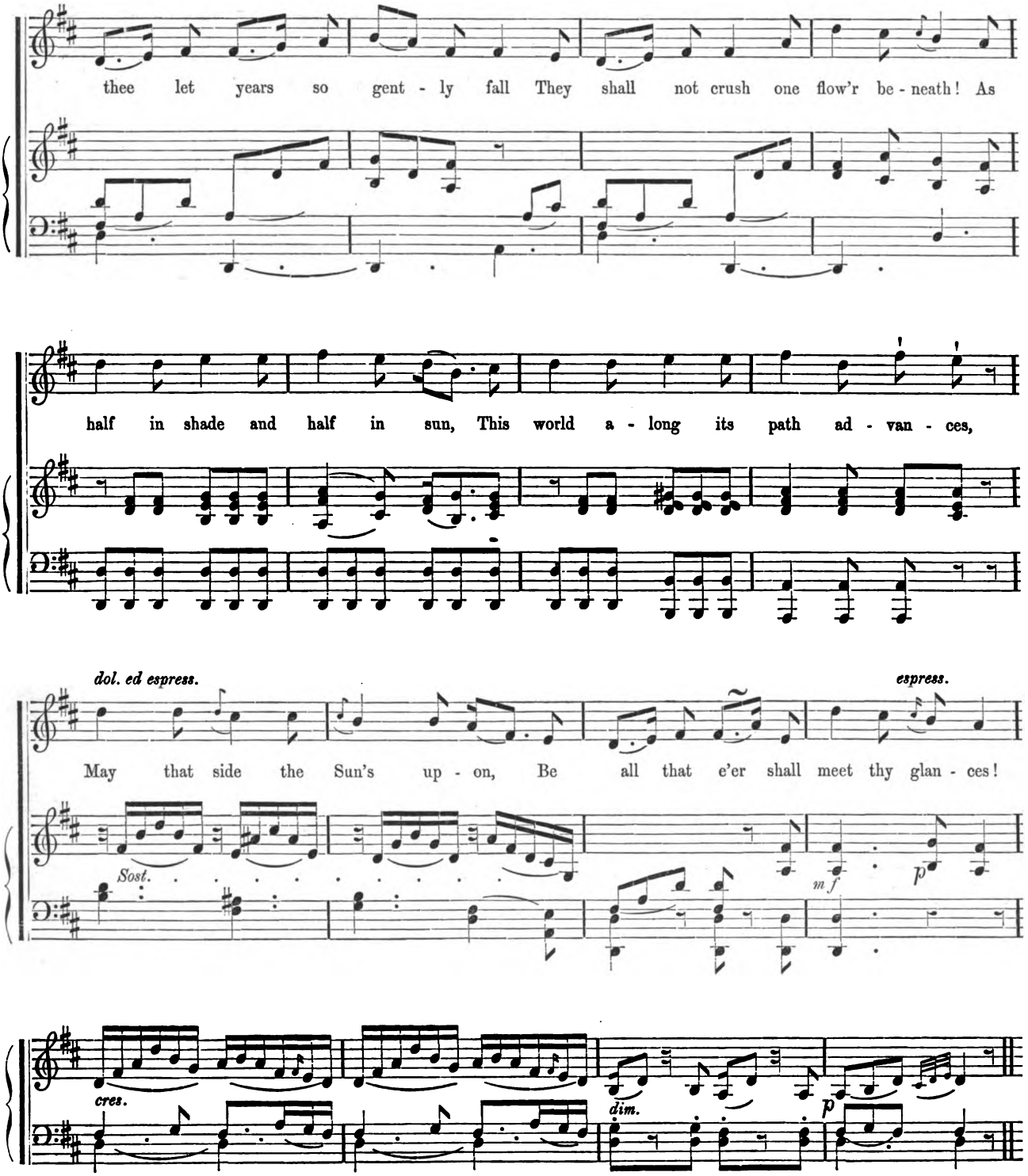

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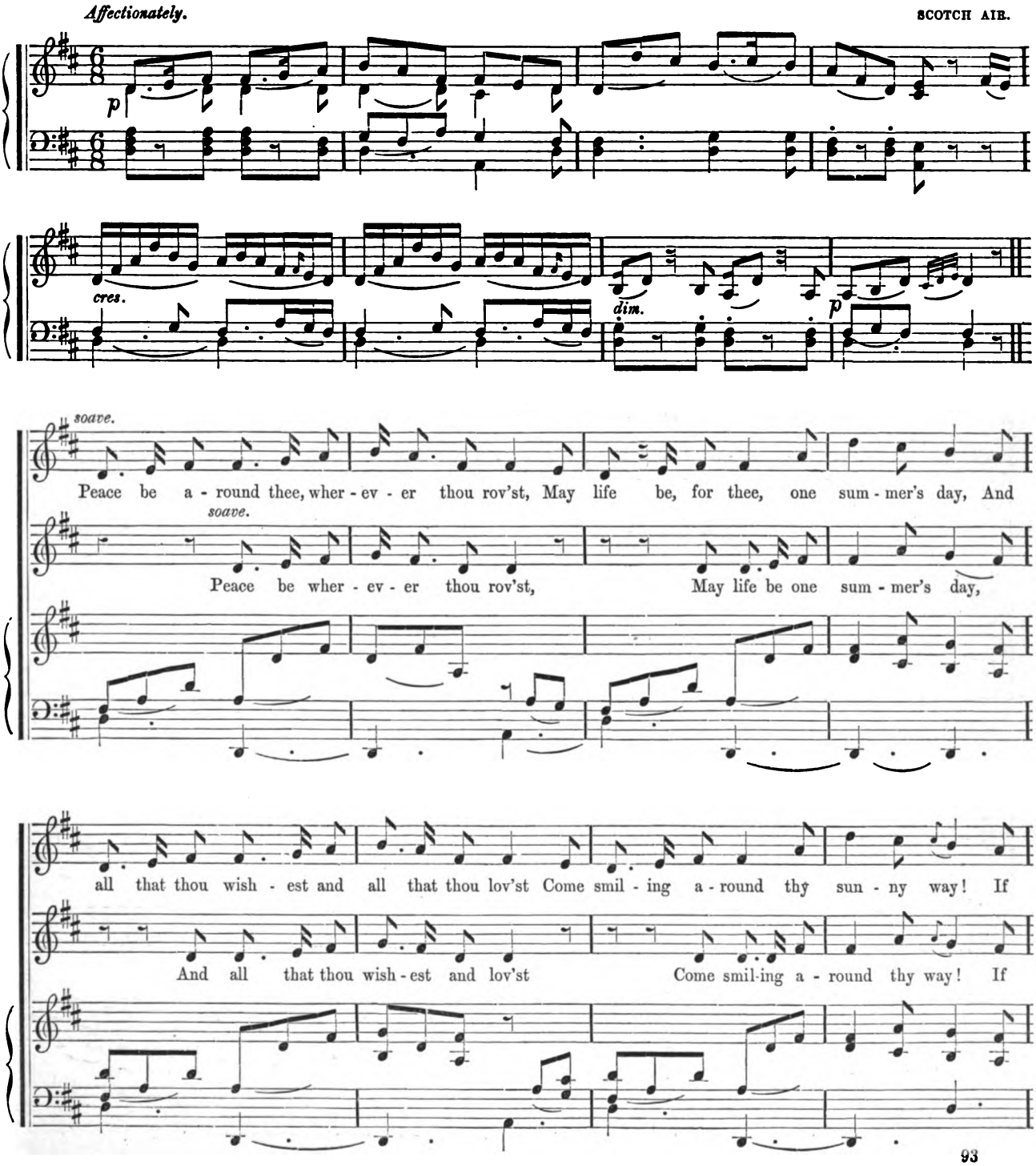
PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Affectionately. SCOTCH AIR.



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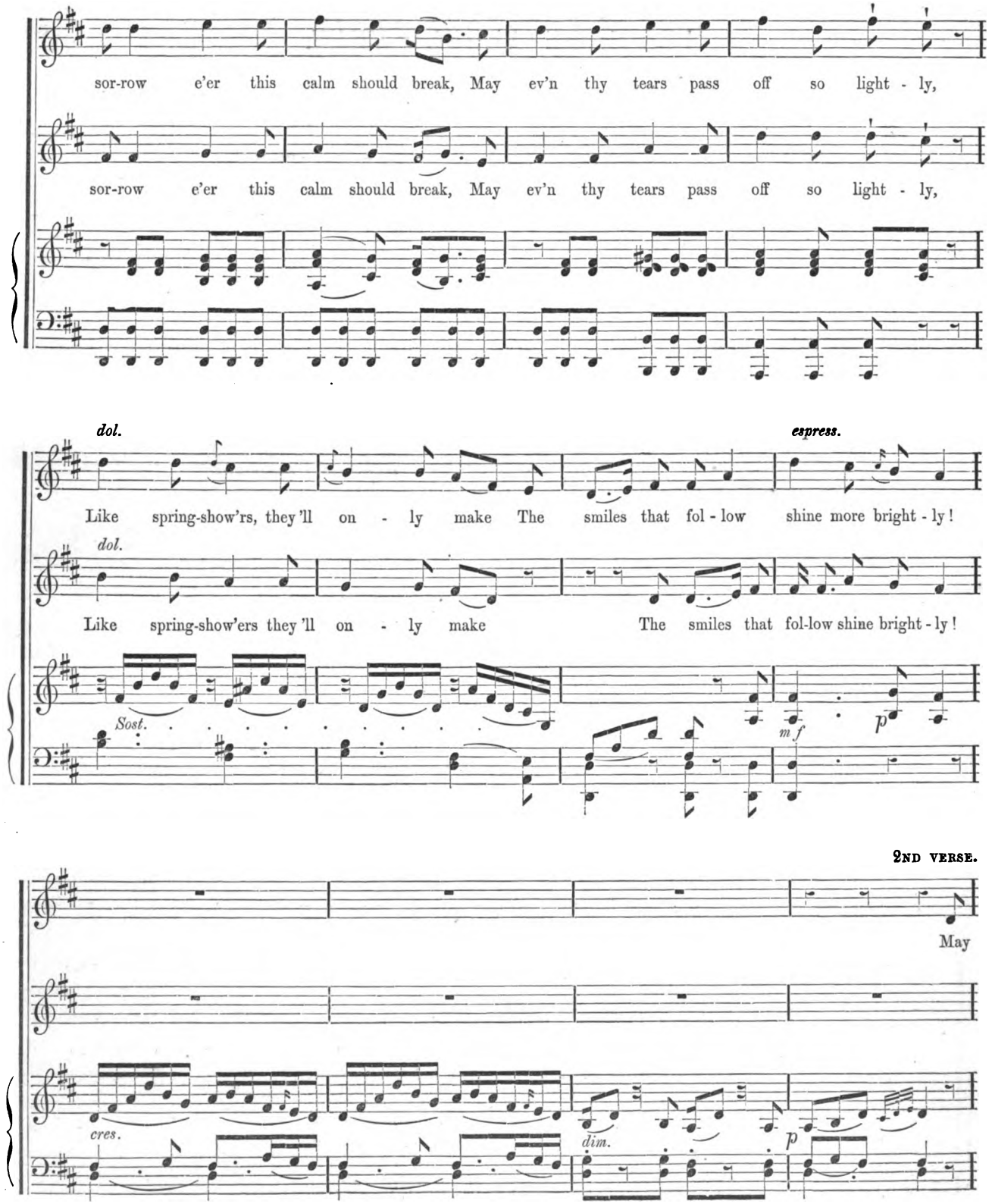

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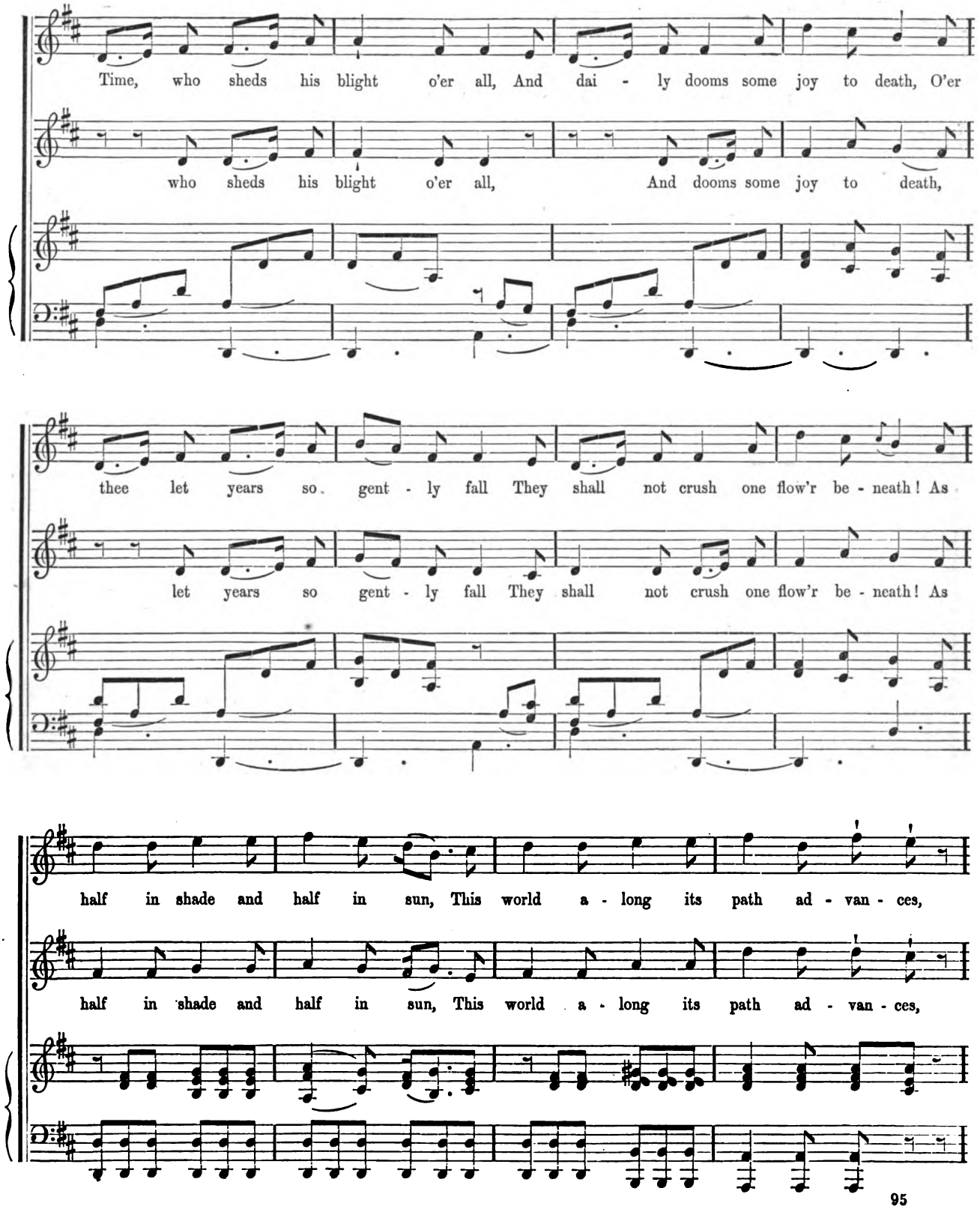
PEACE BE AROUND THEE.



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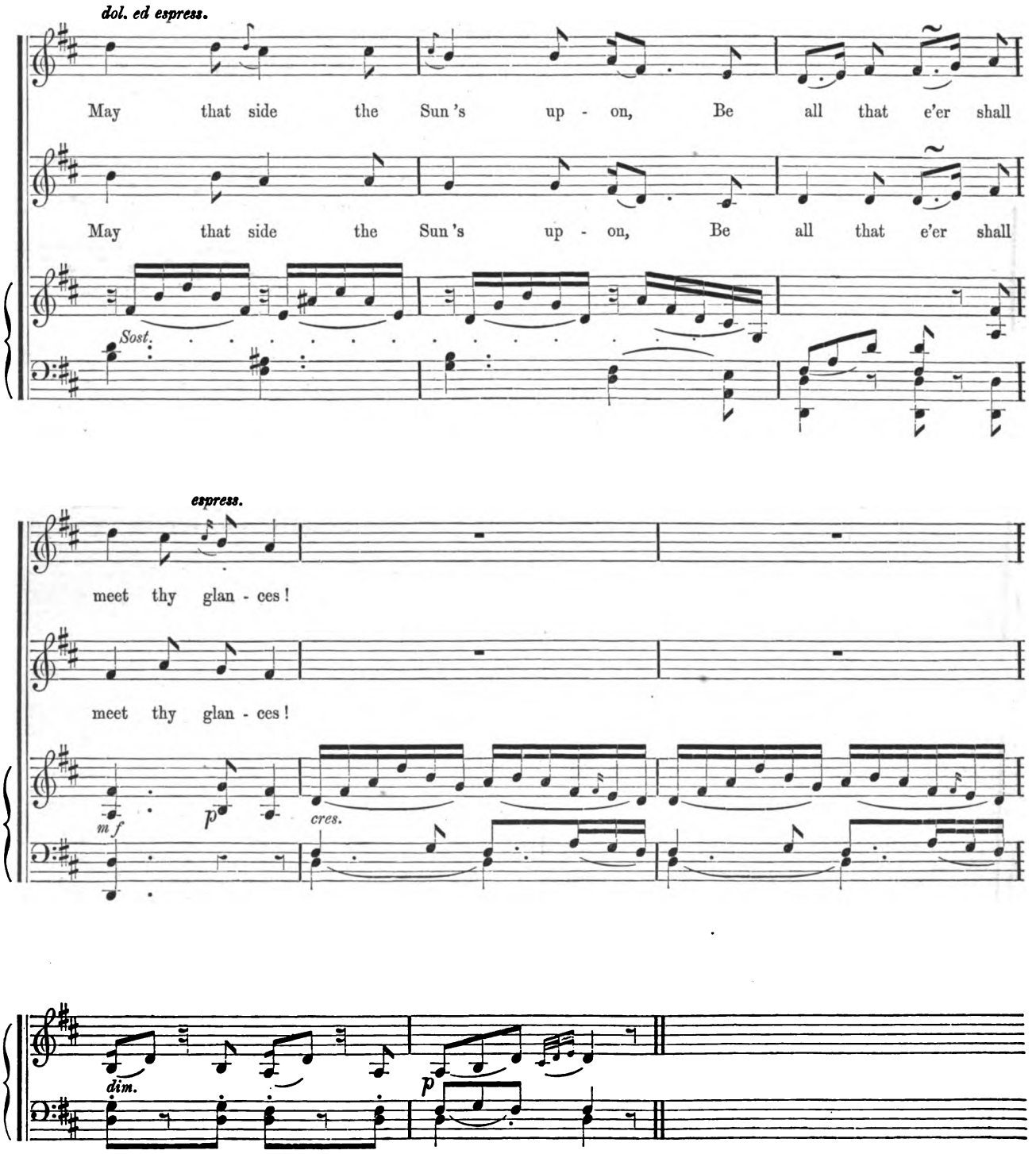

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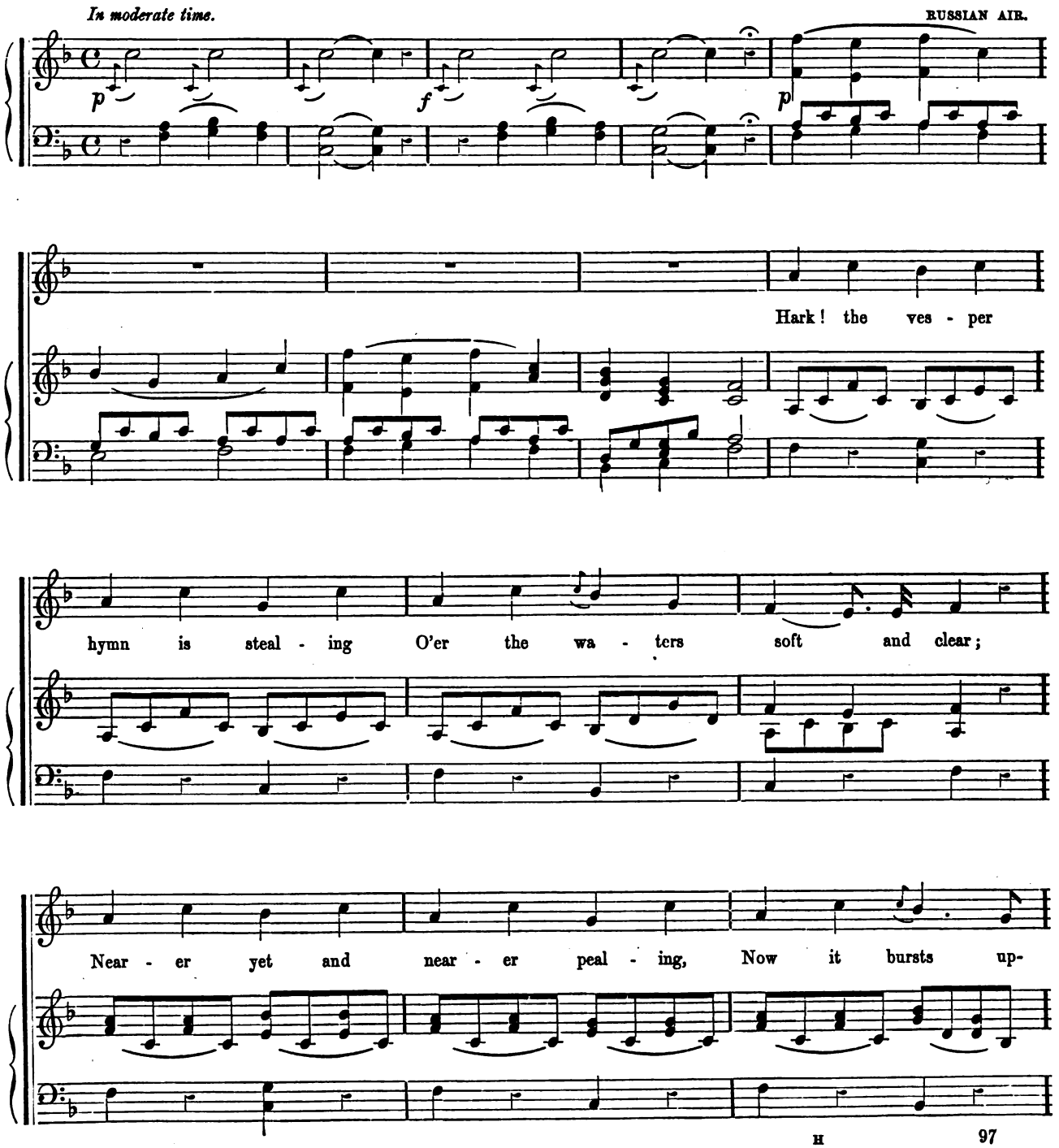
HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.



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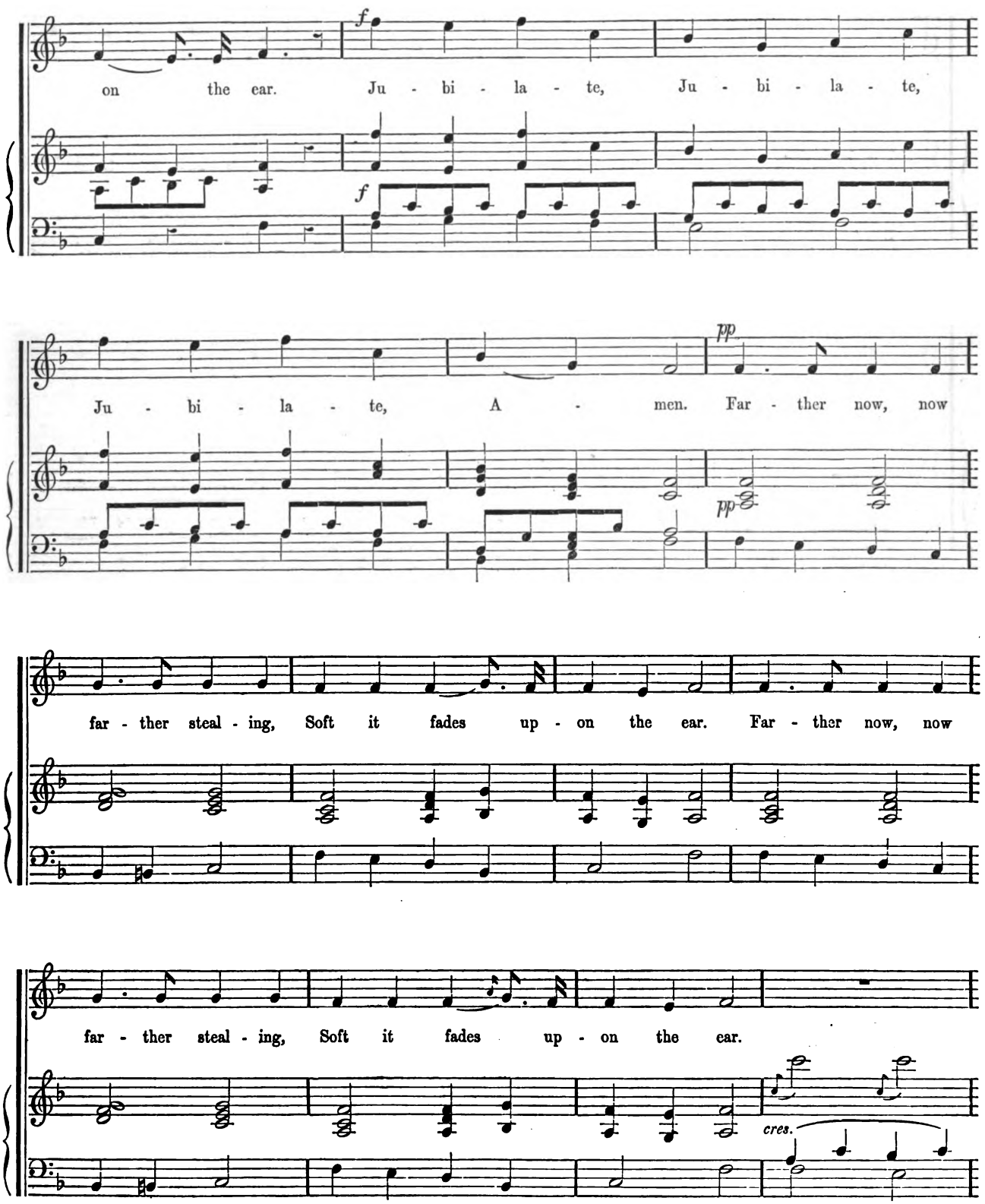

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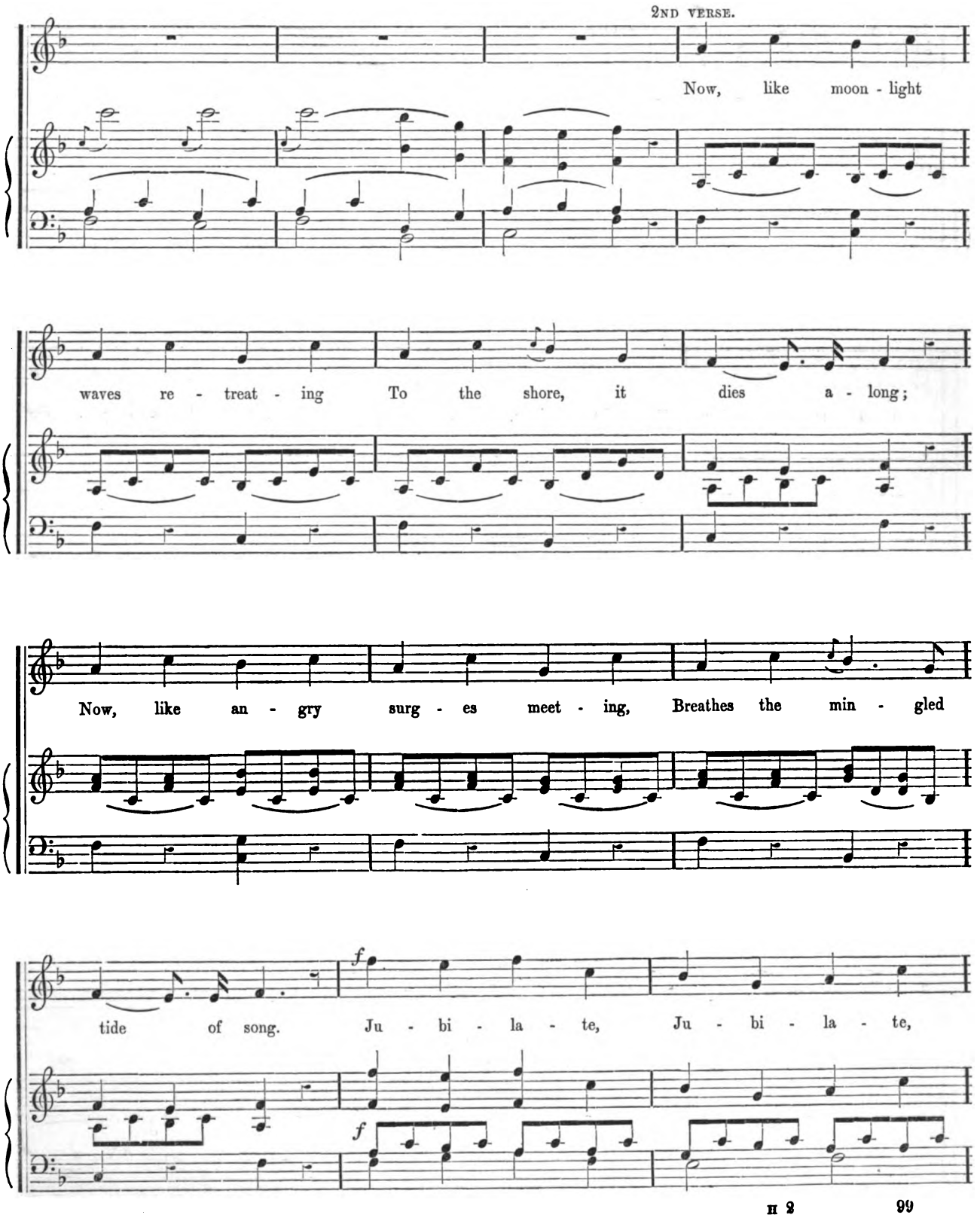

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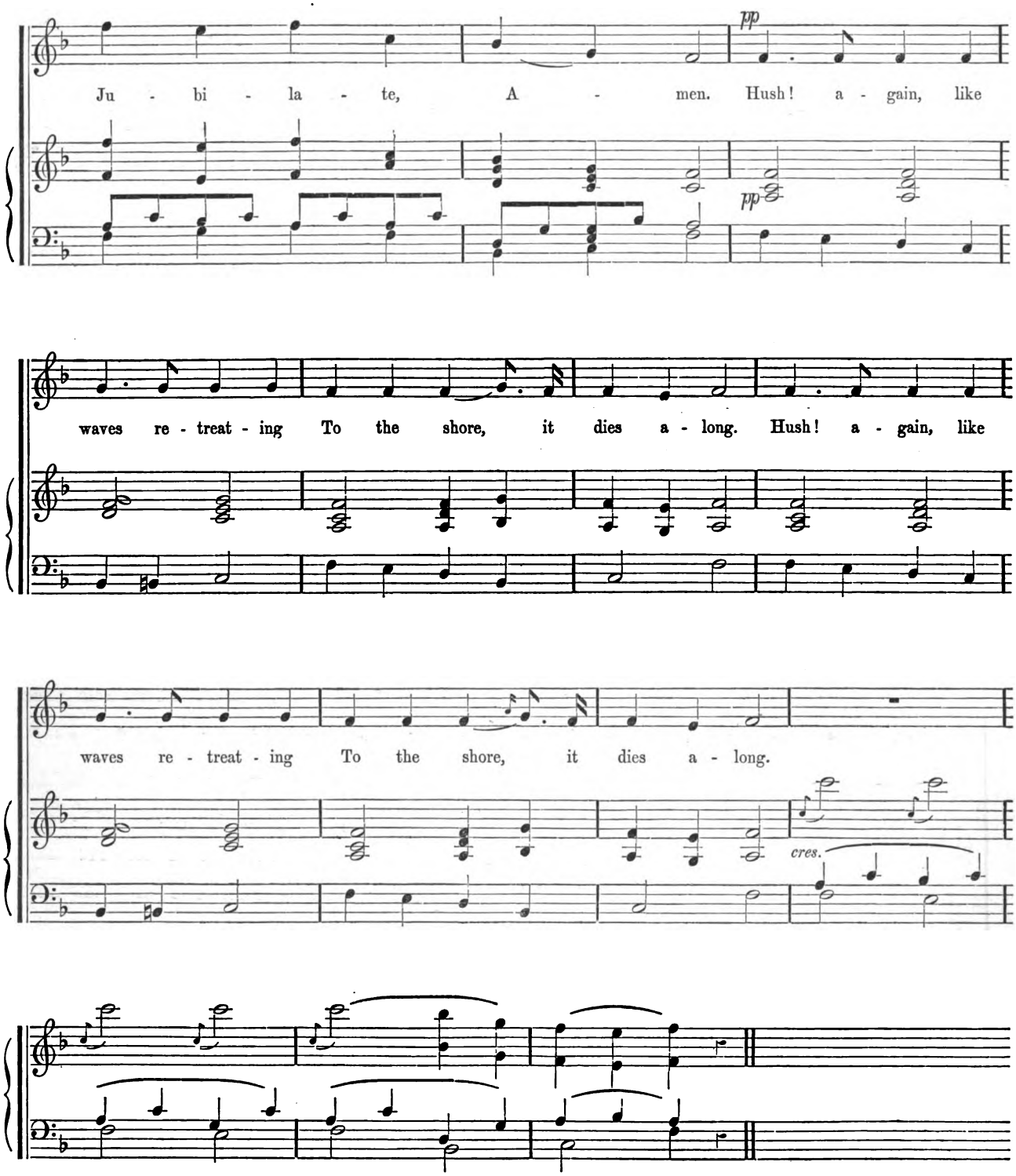

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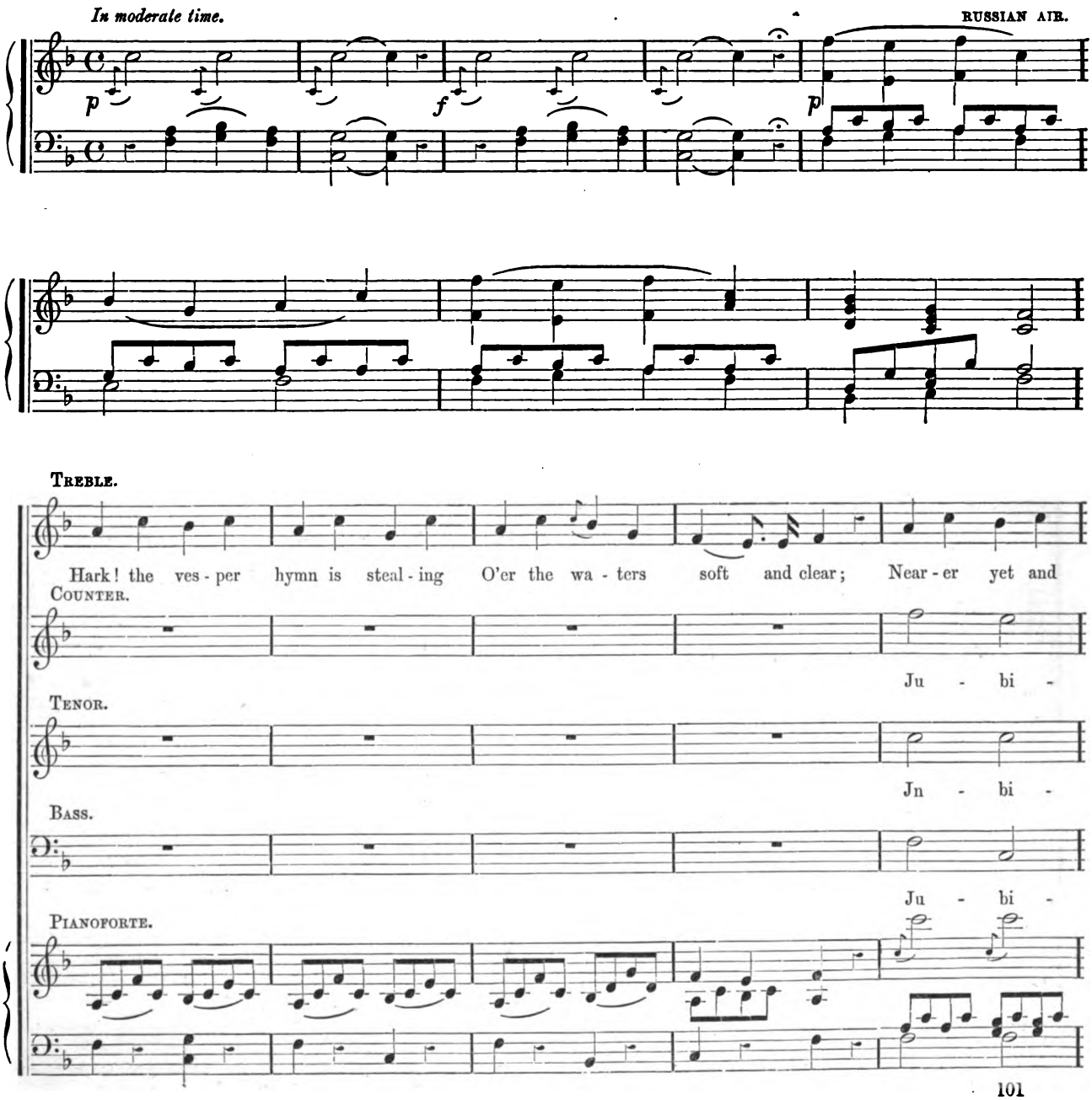
HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

GLEE.



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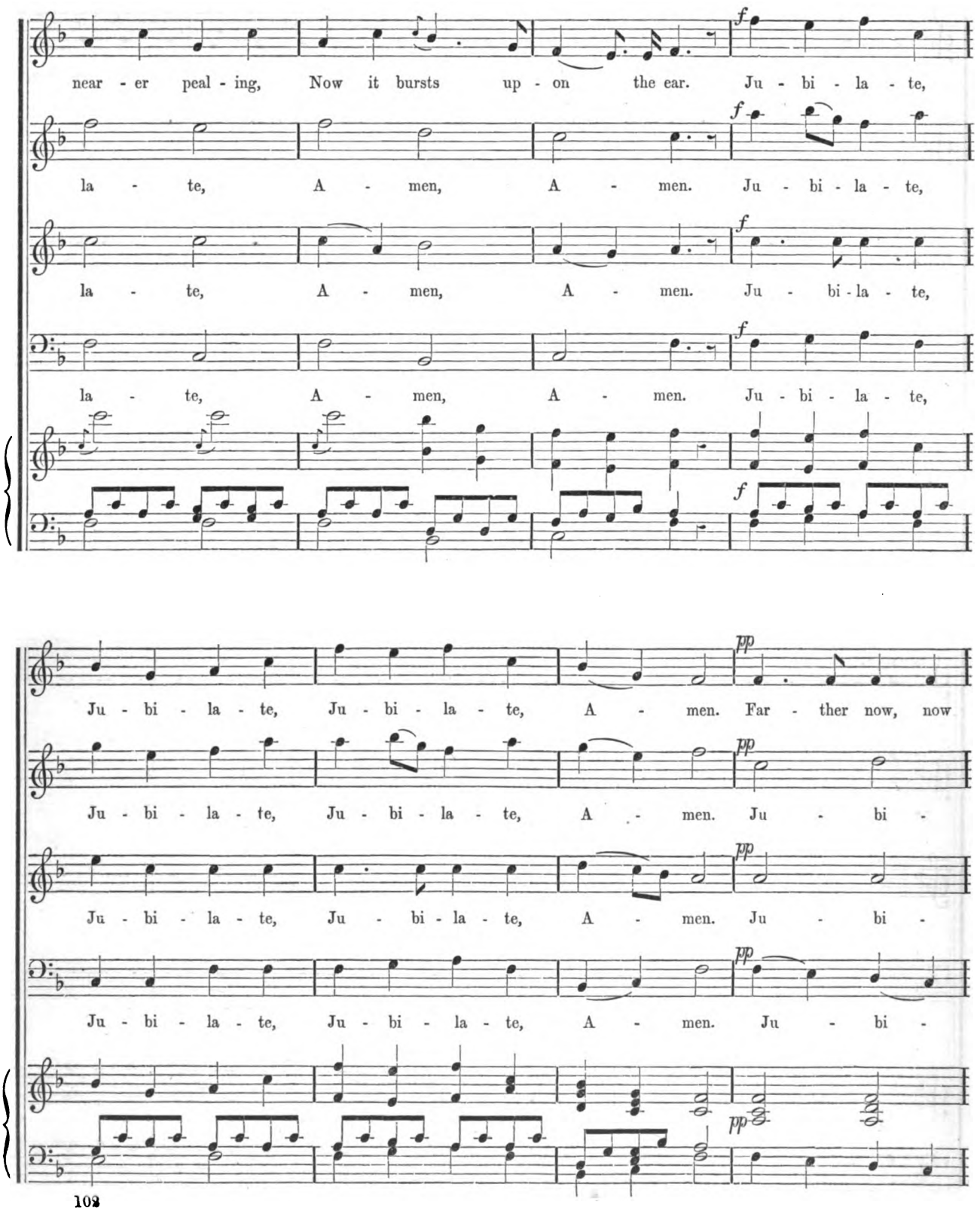

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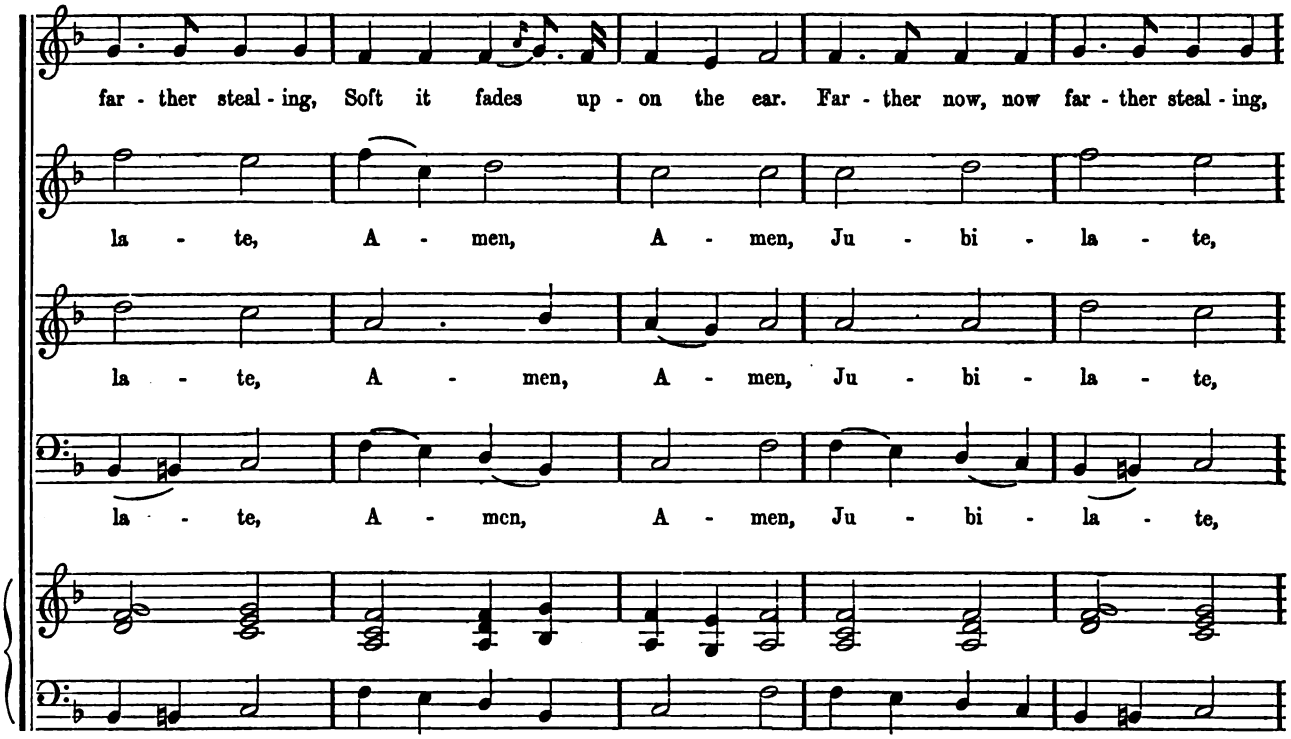

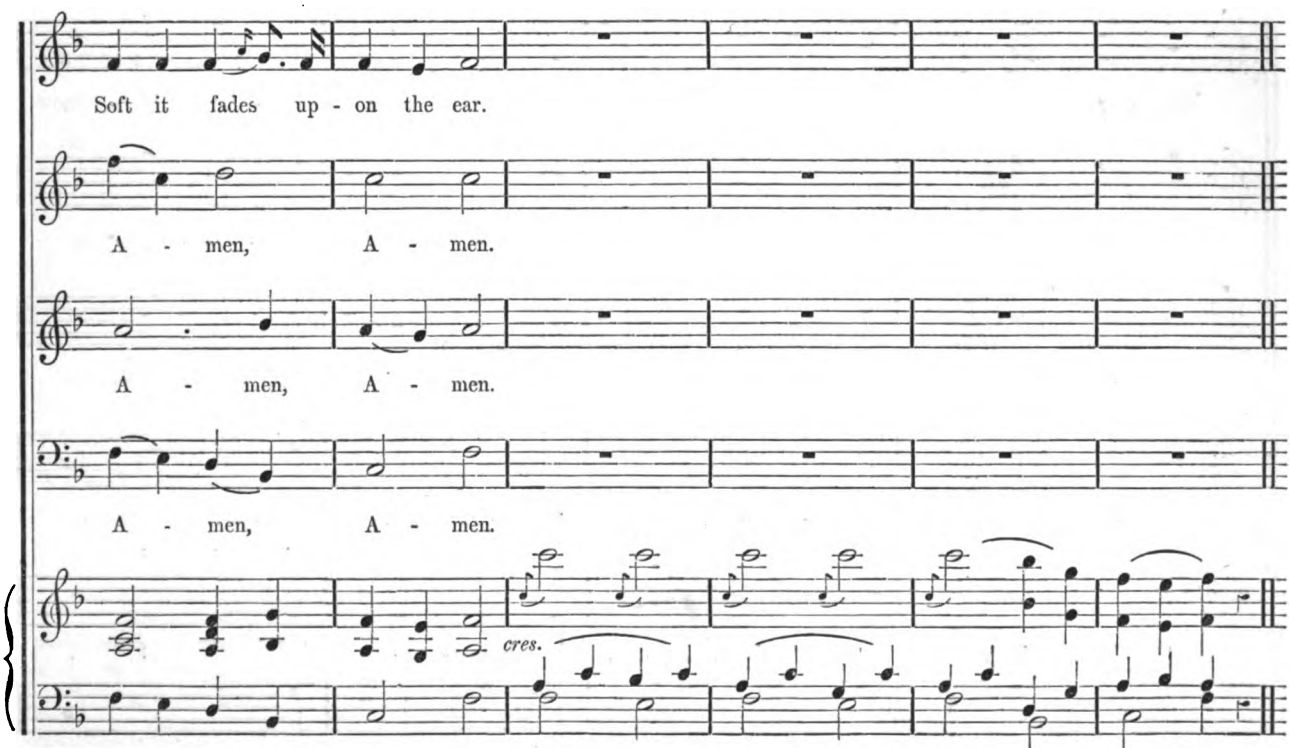

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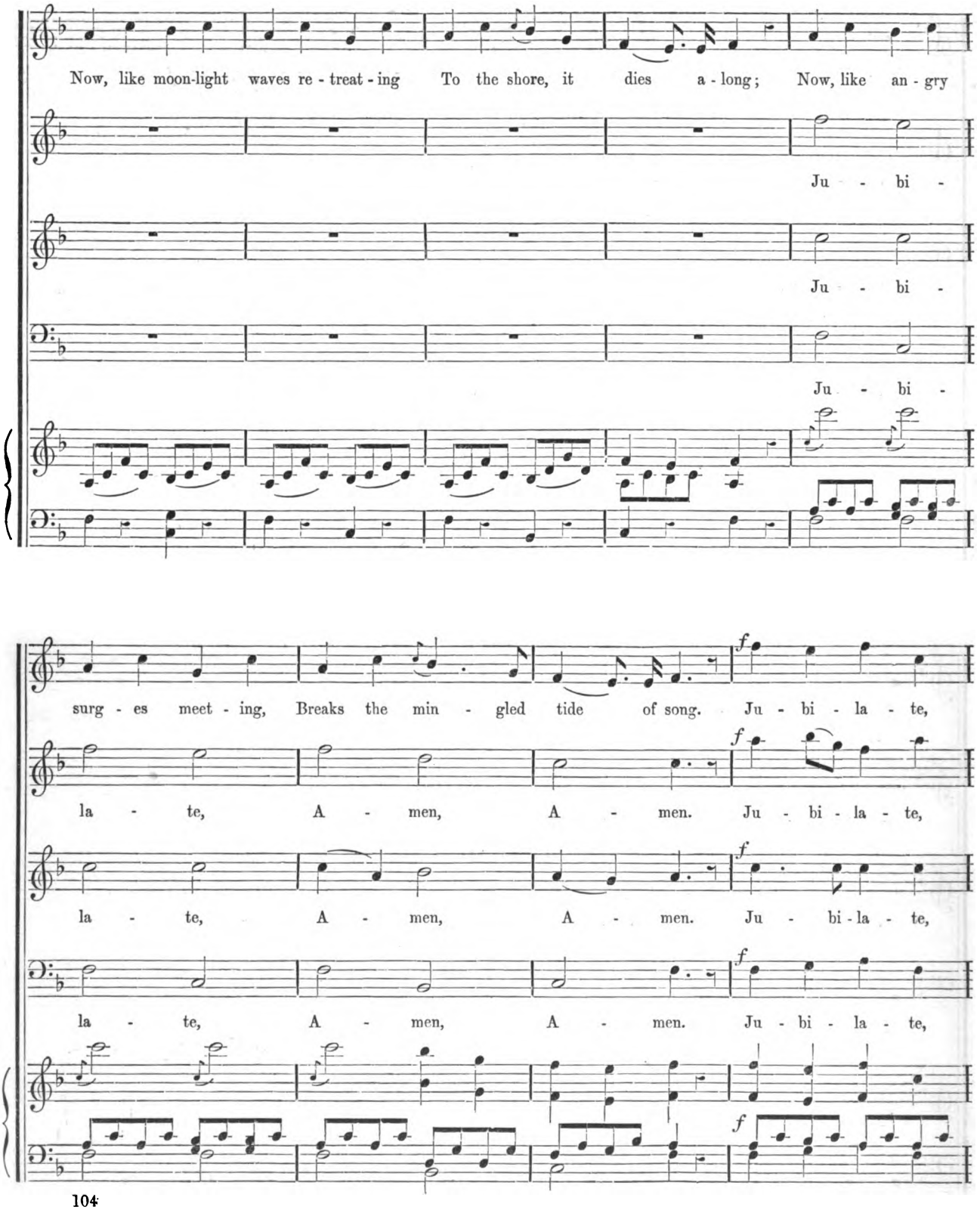
HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

2ND VERSE.



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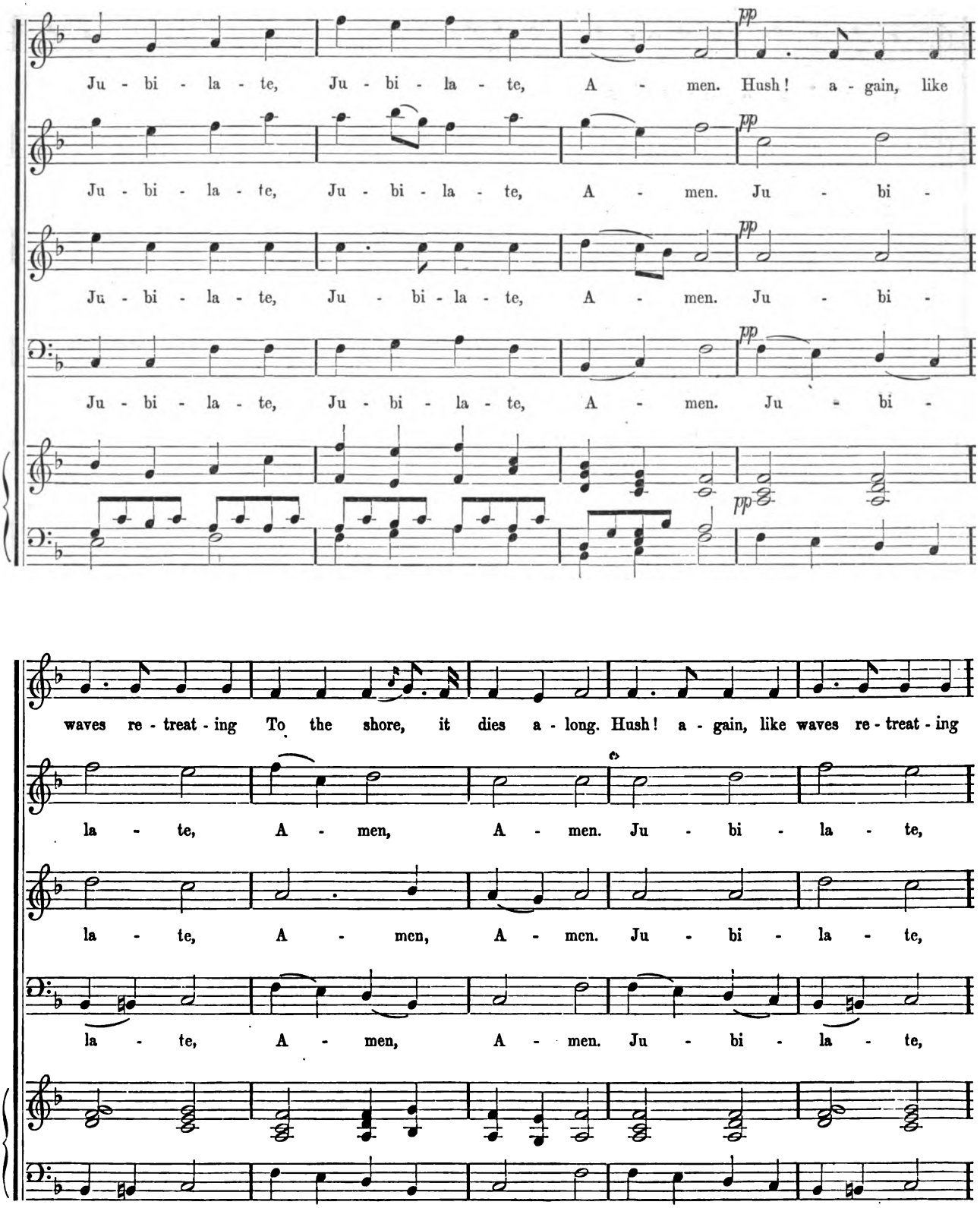

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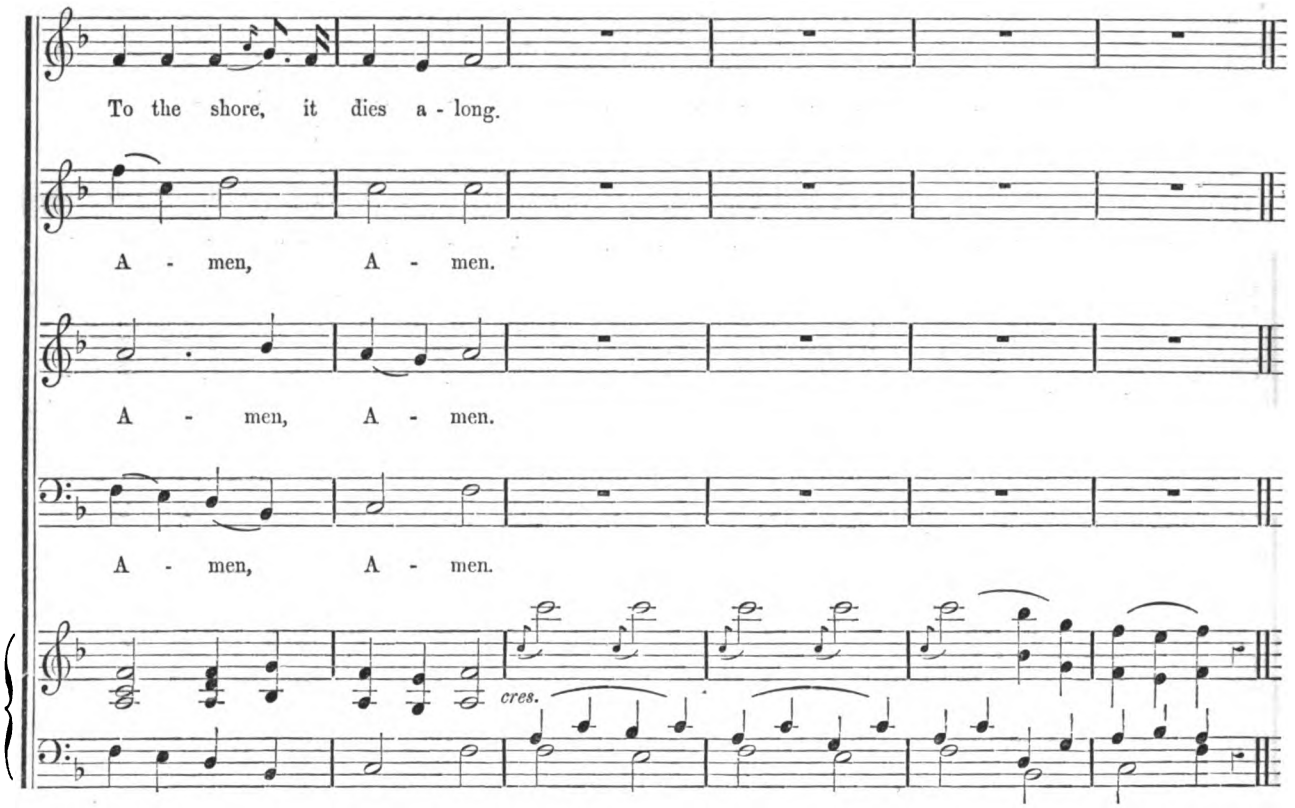
HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.



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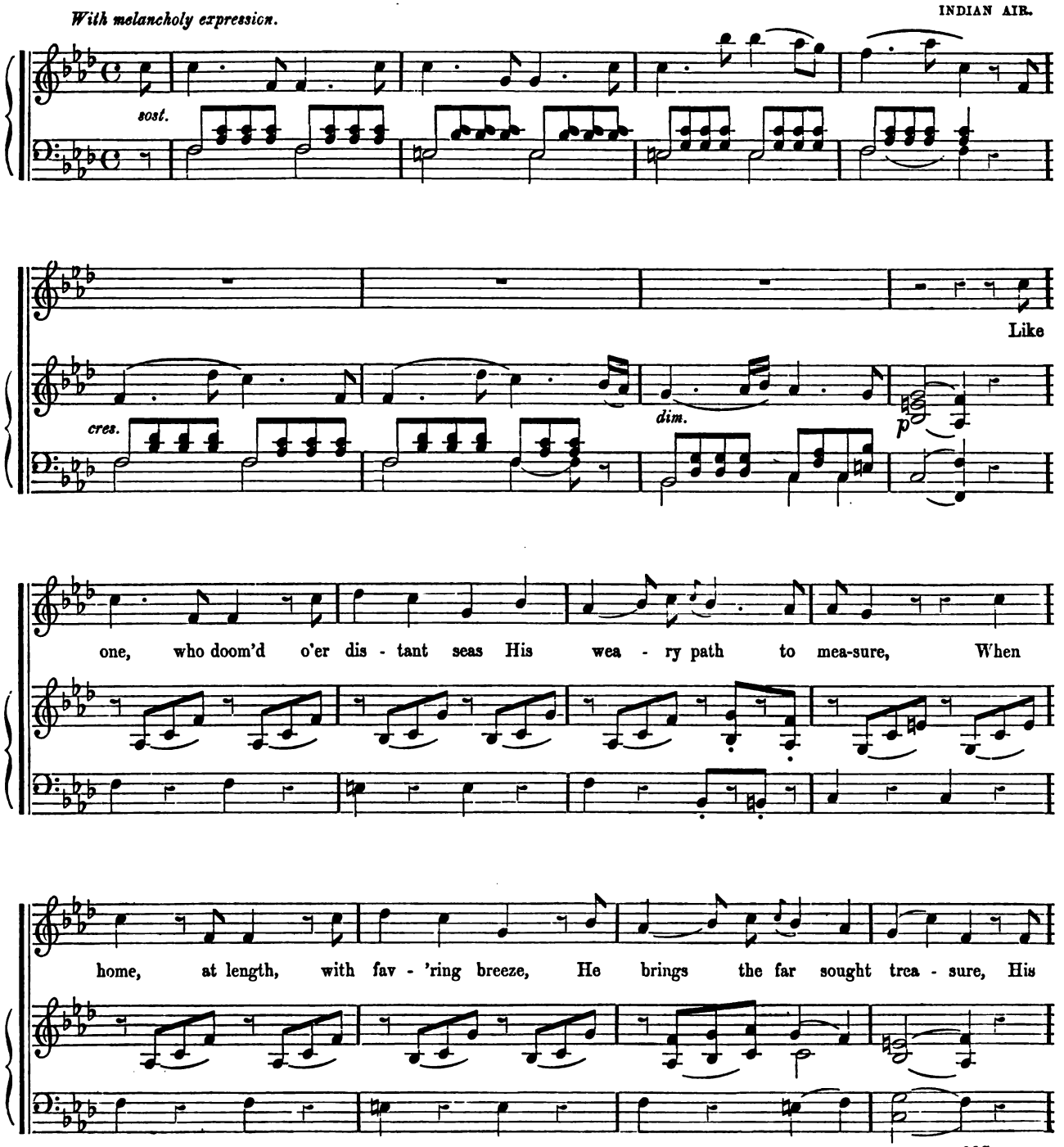
LIKE ONE, WHO DOOM'D.

With melancholy expression.

INDIAN AIR.



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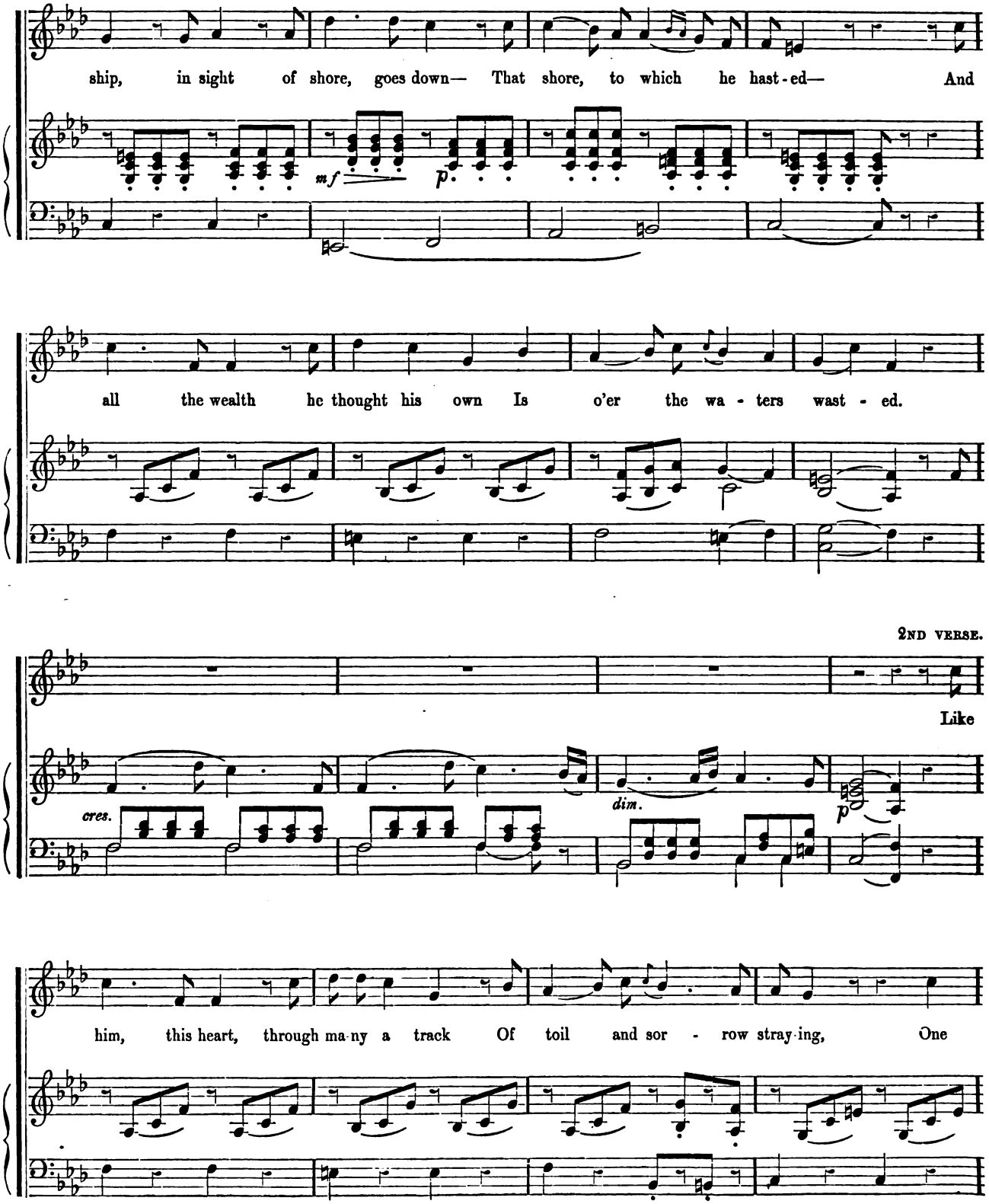

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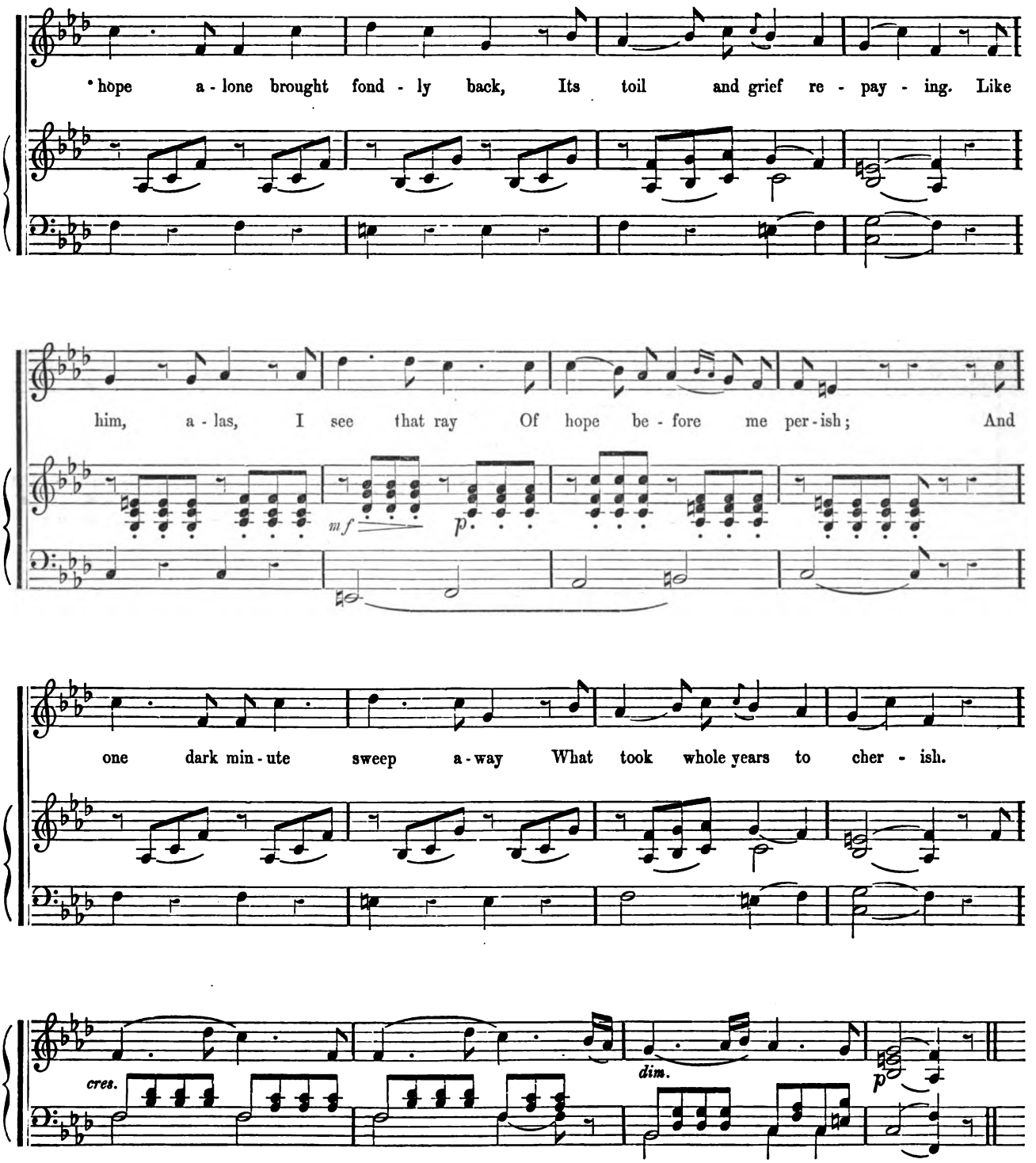

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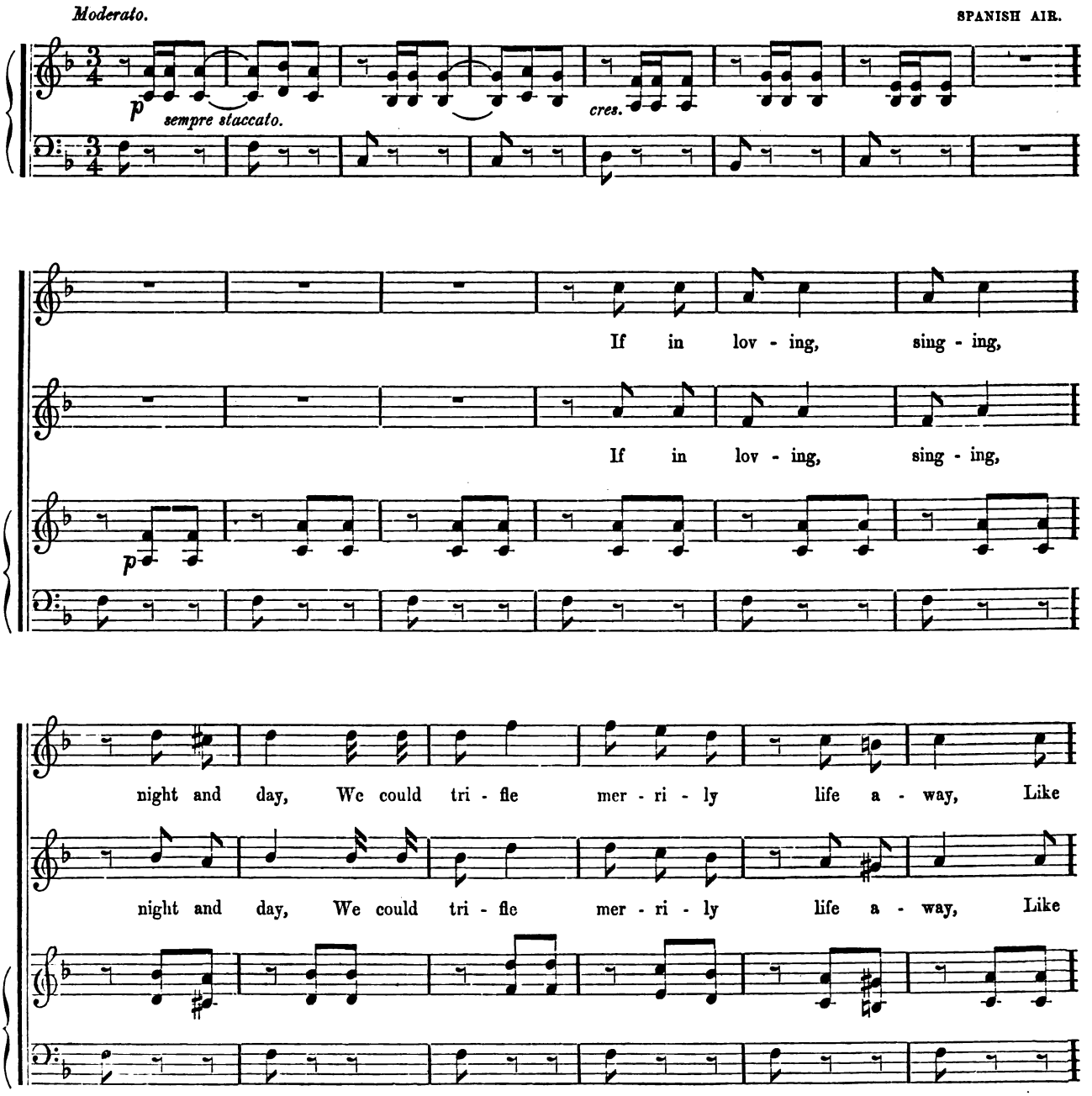
IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Moderato. SPANISH AIR.



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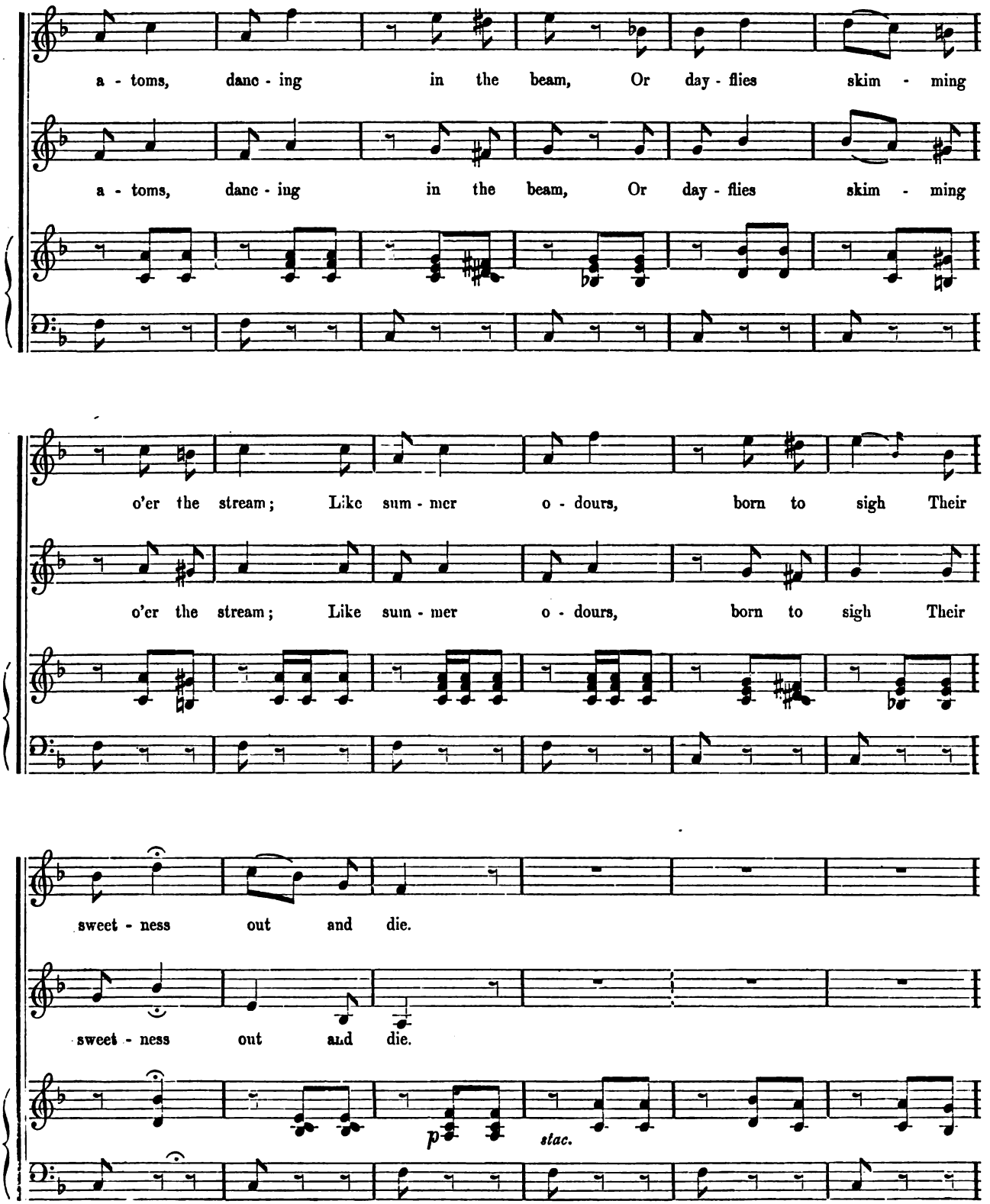

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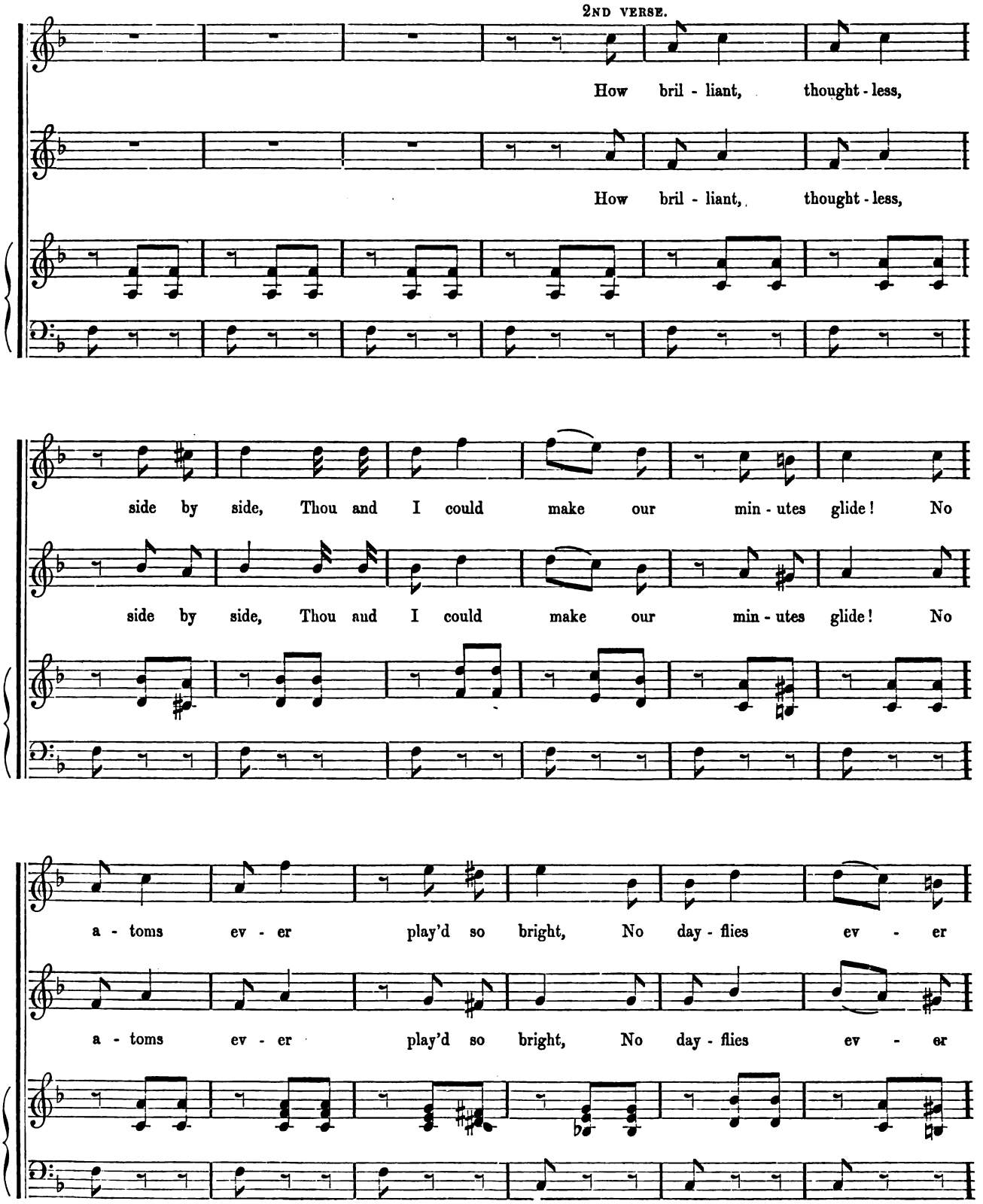

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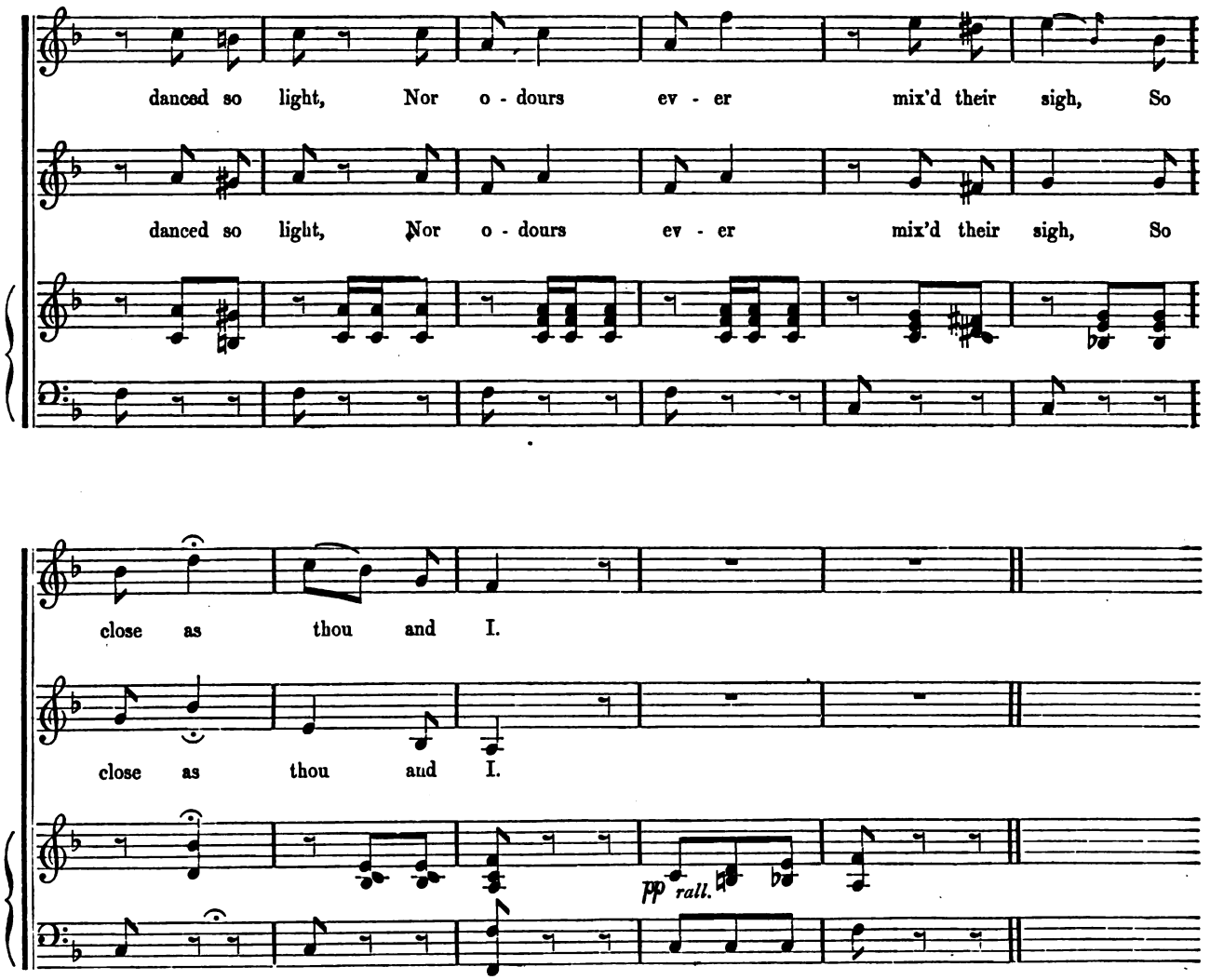

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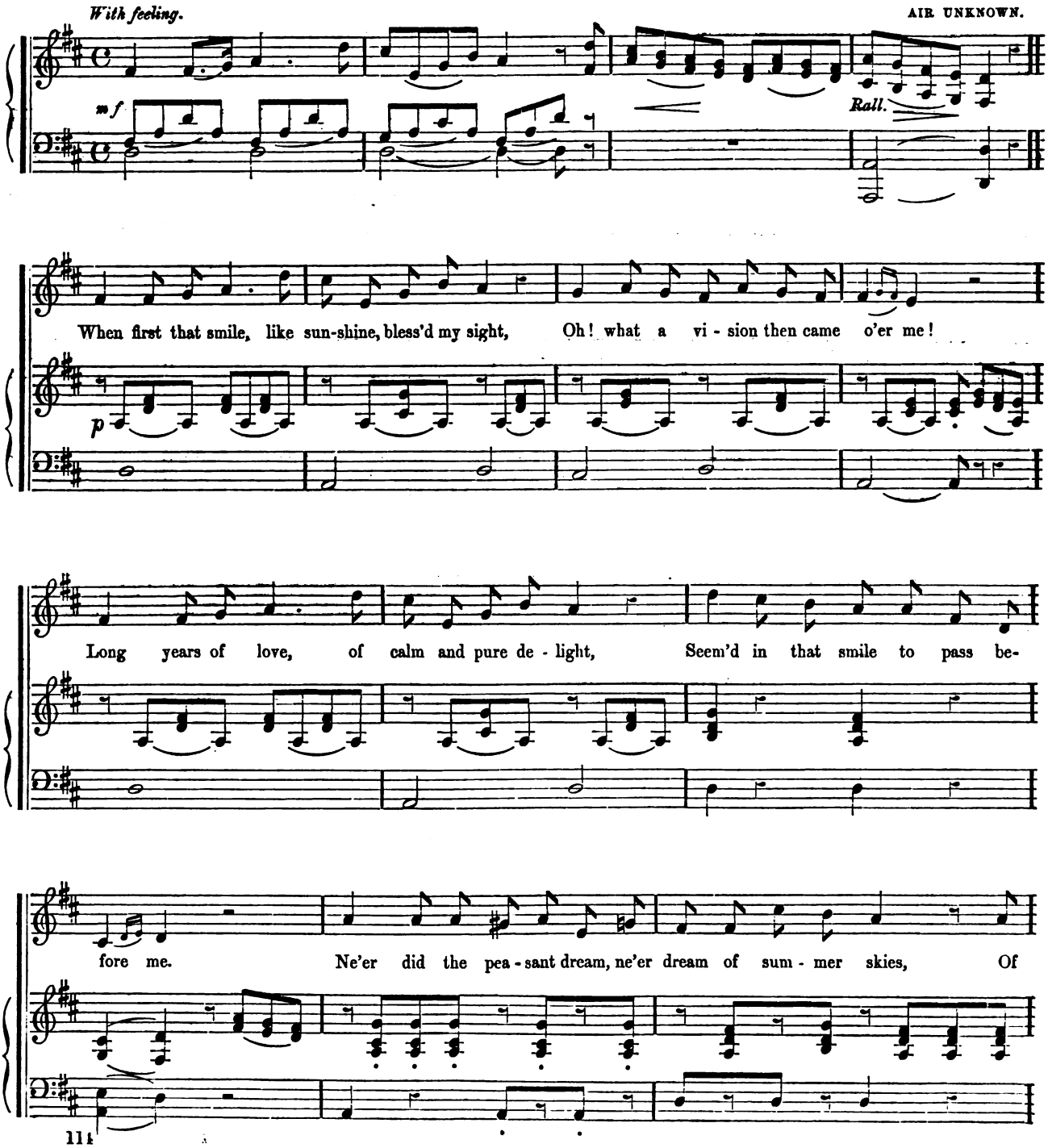
WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.



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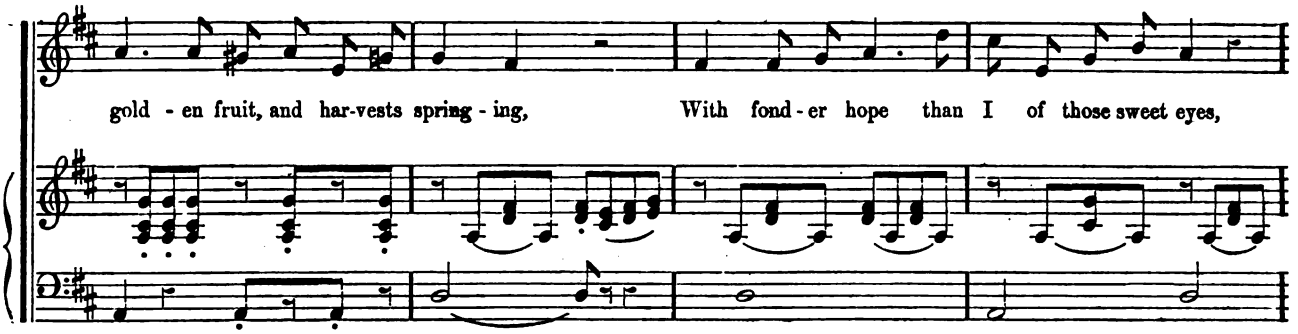

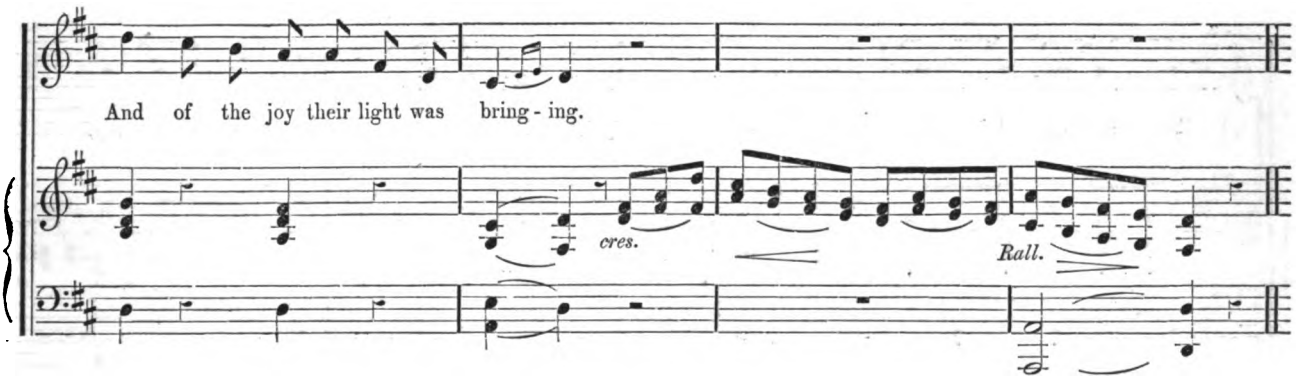

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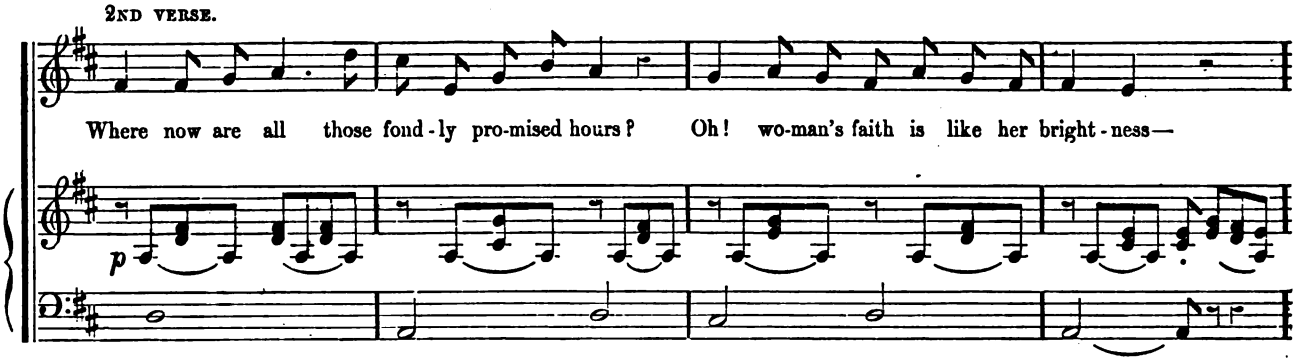

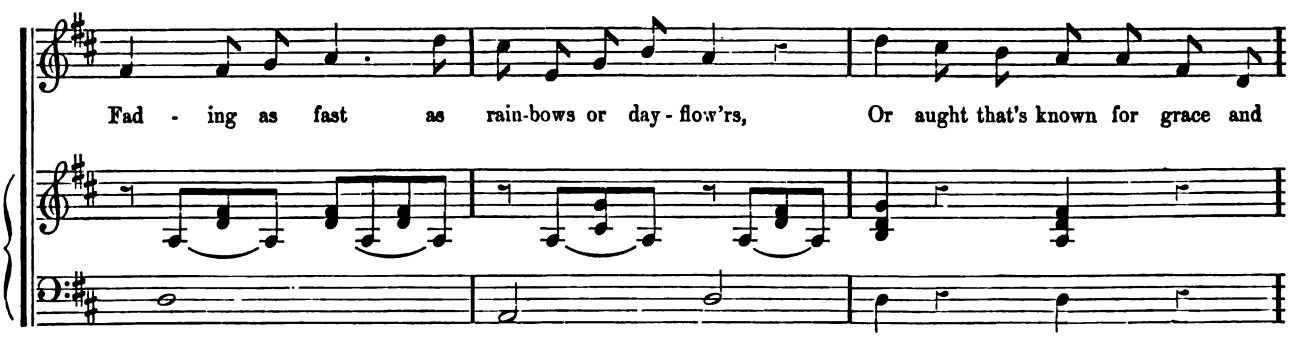

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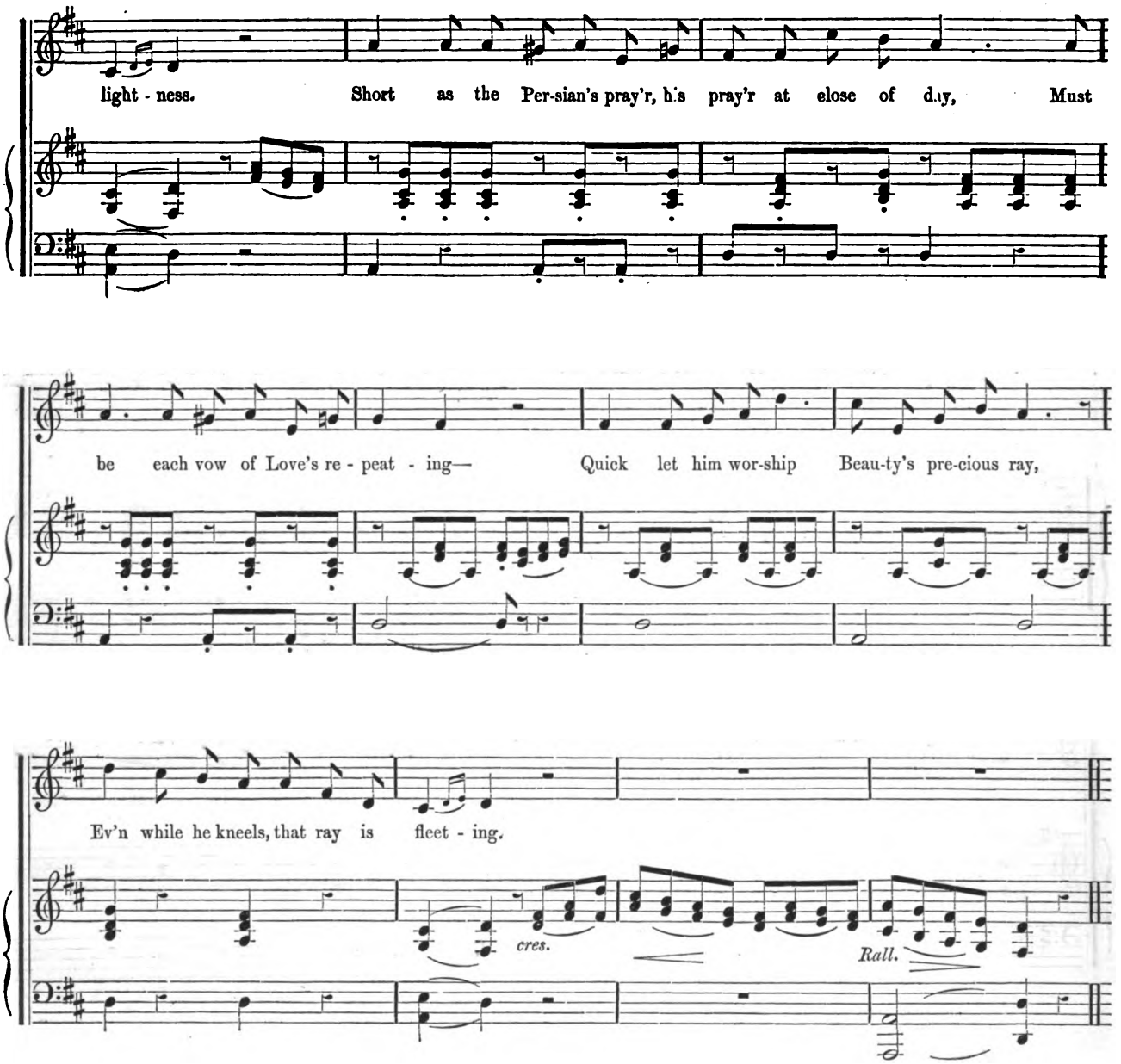

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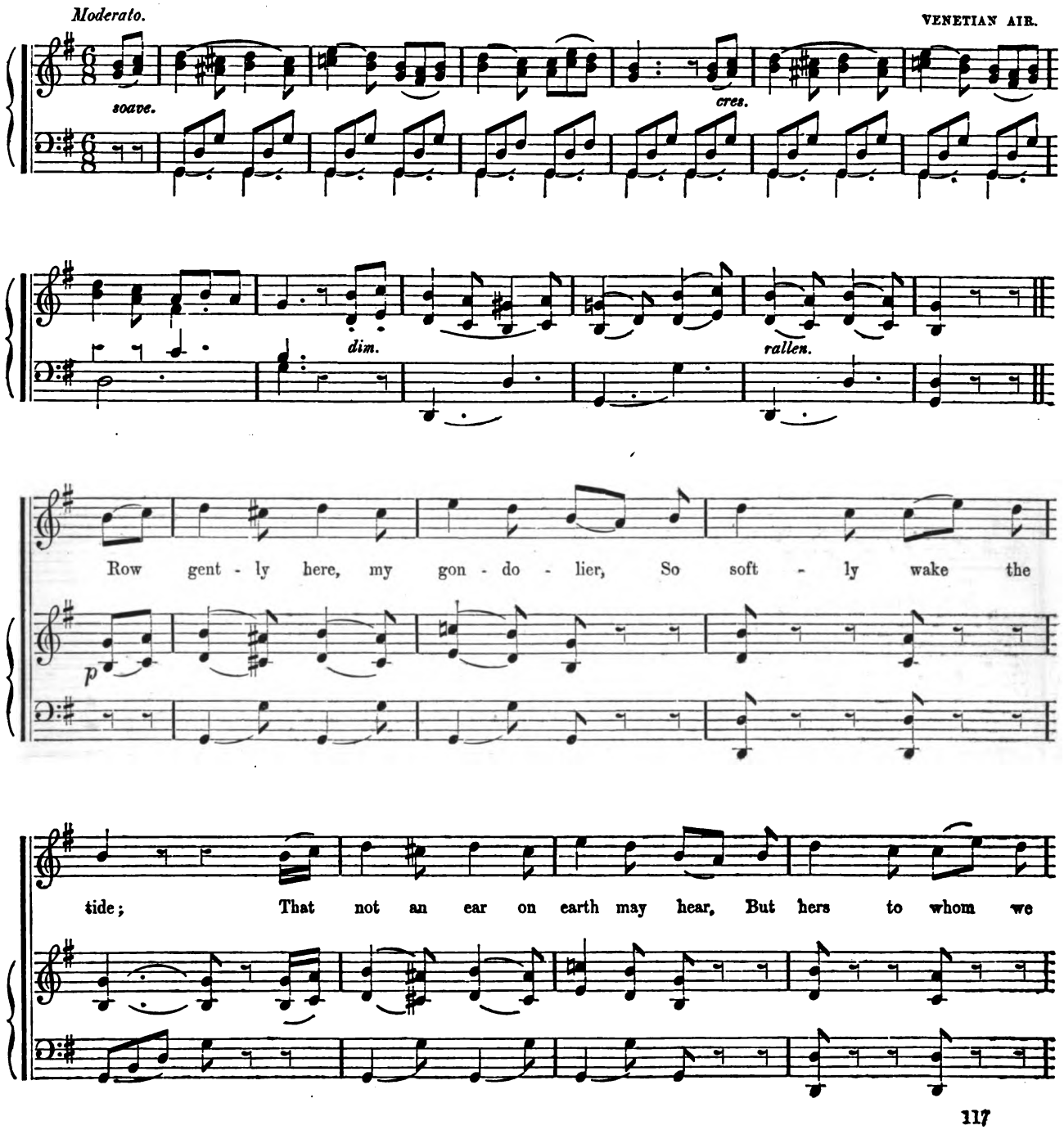
ROW GENTLY HERE.



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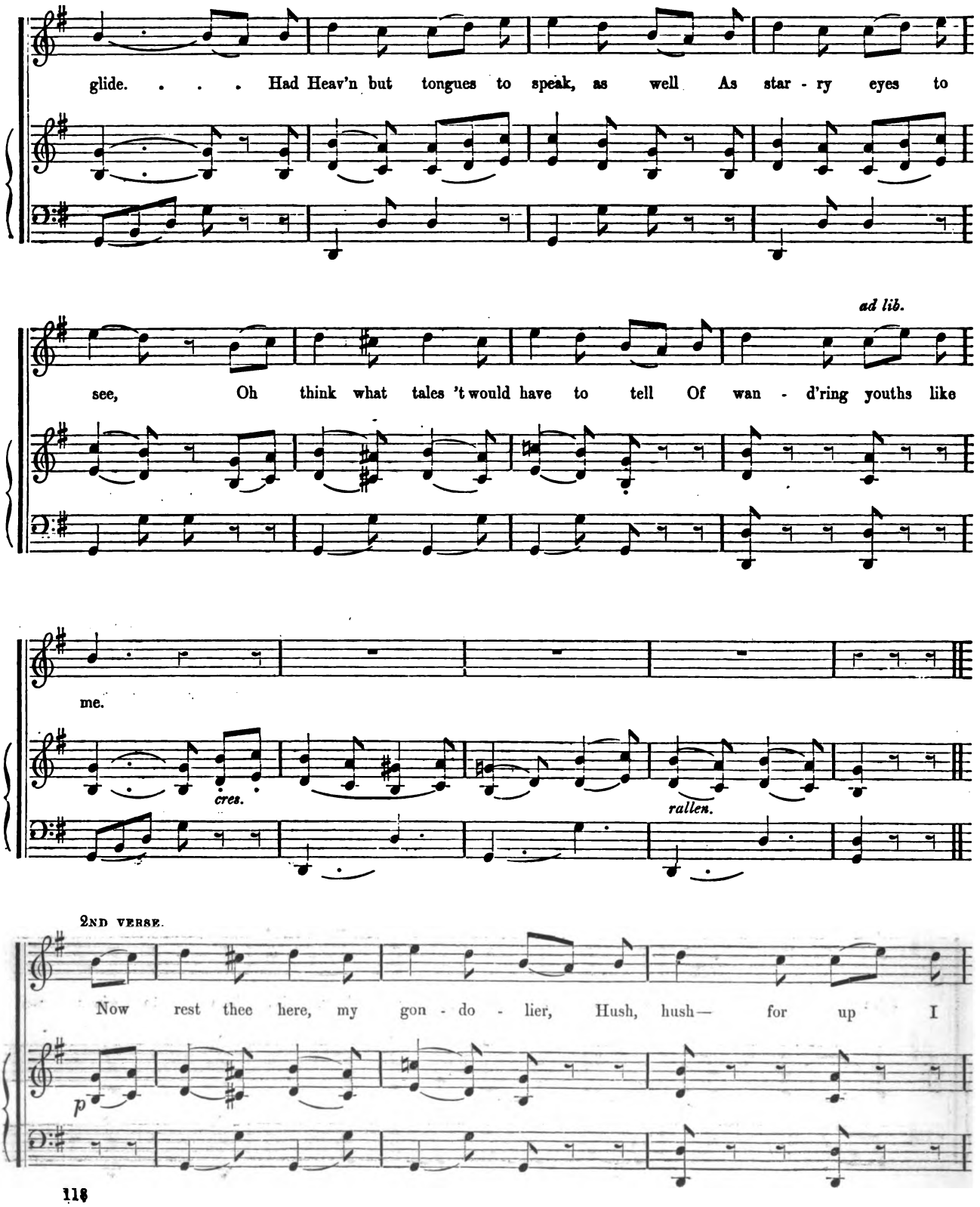

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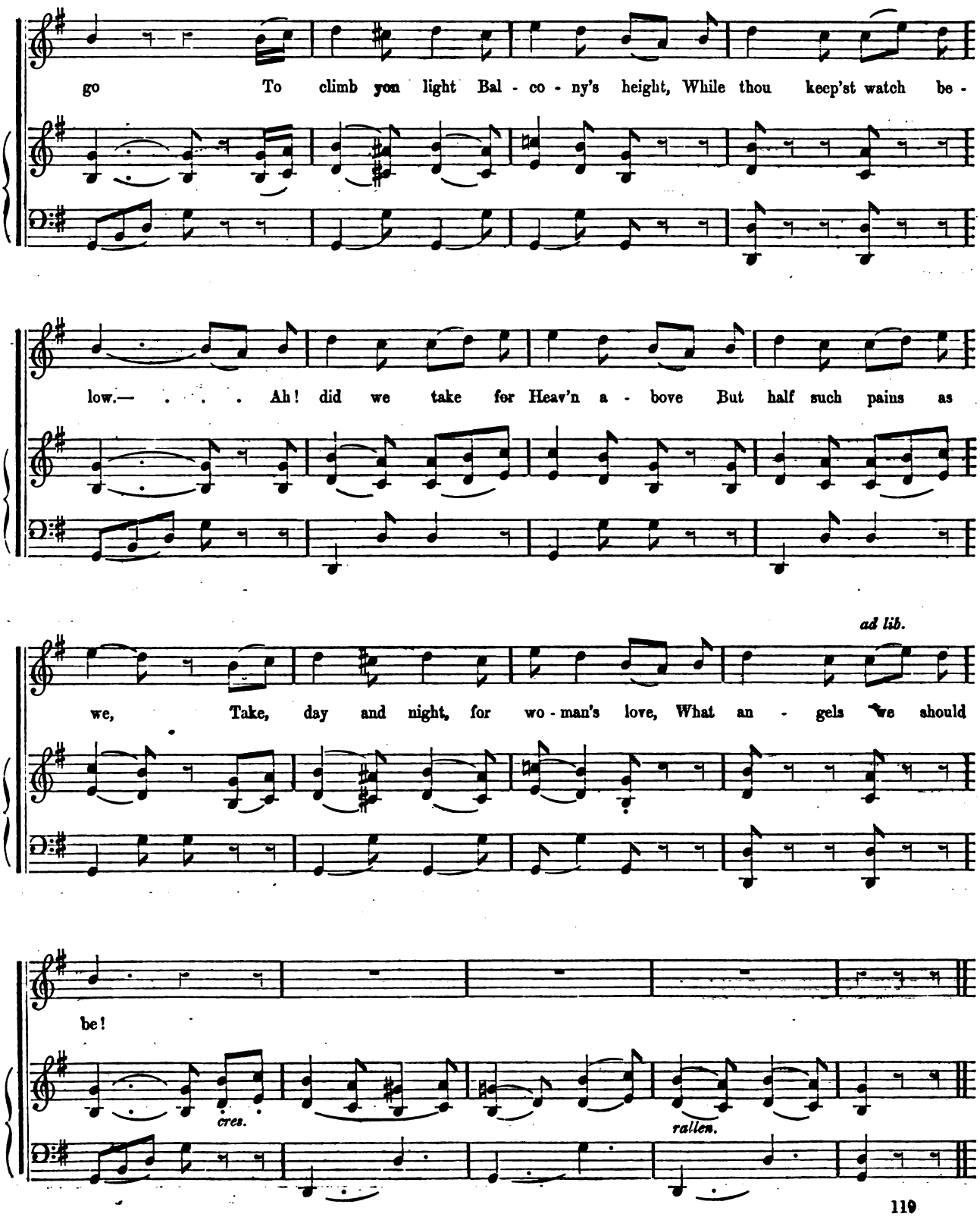

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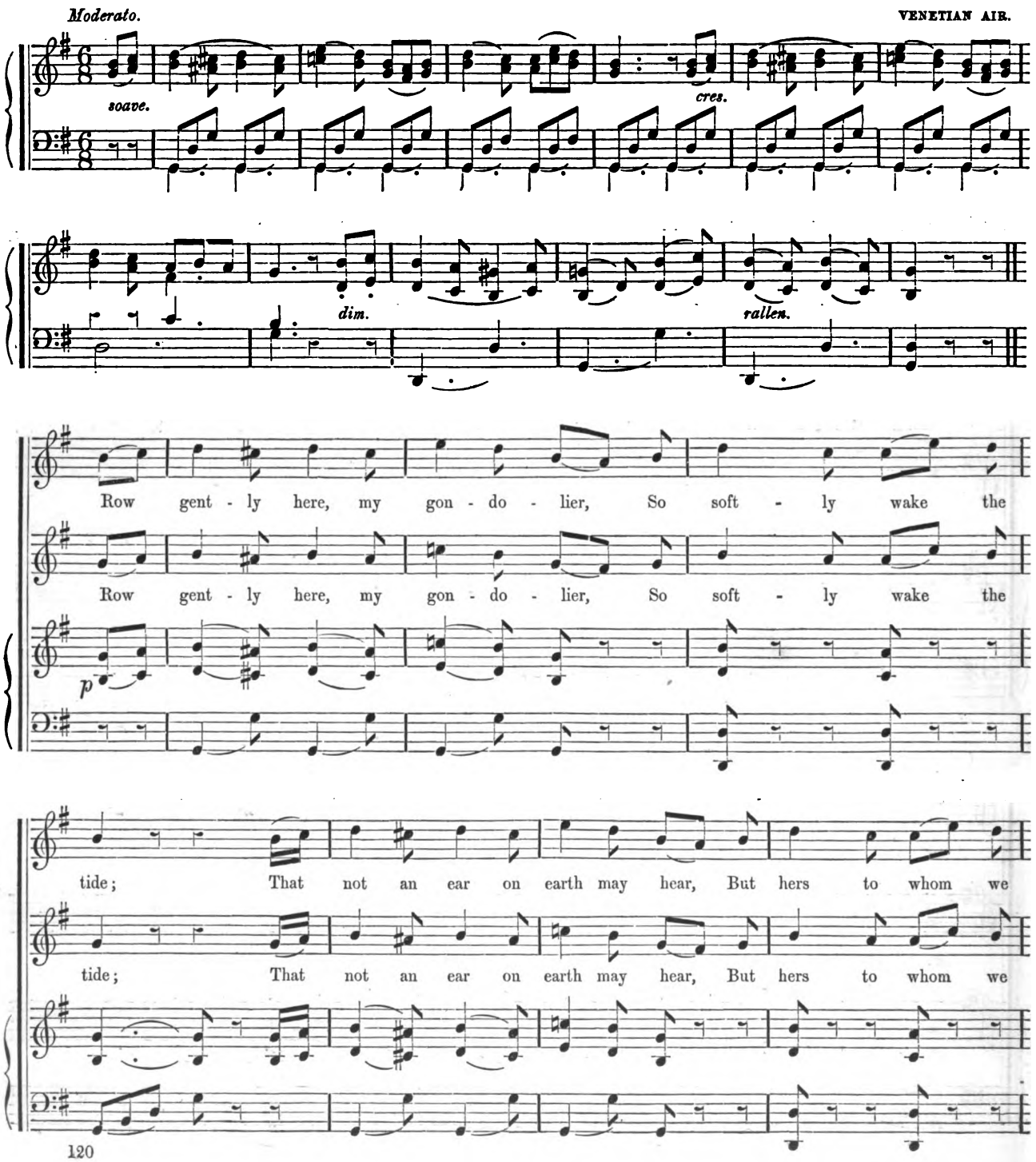
ROW GENTLY HERE.

FOR TWO VOICES.



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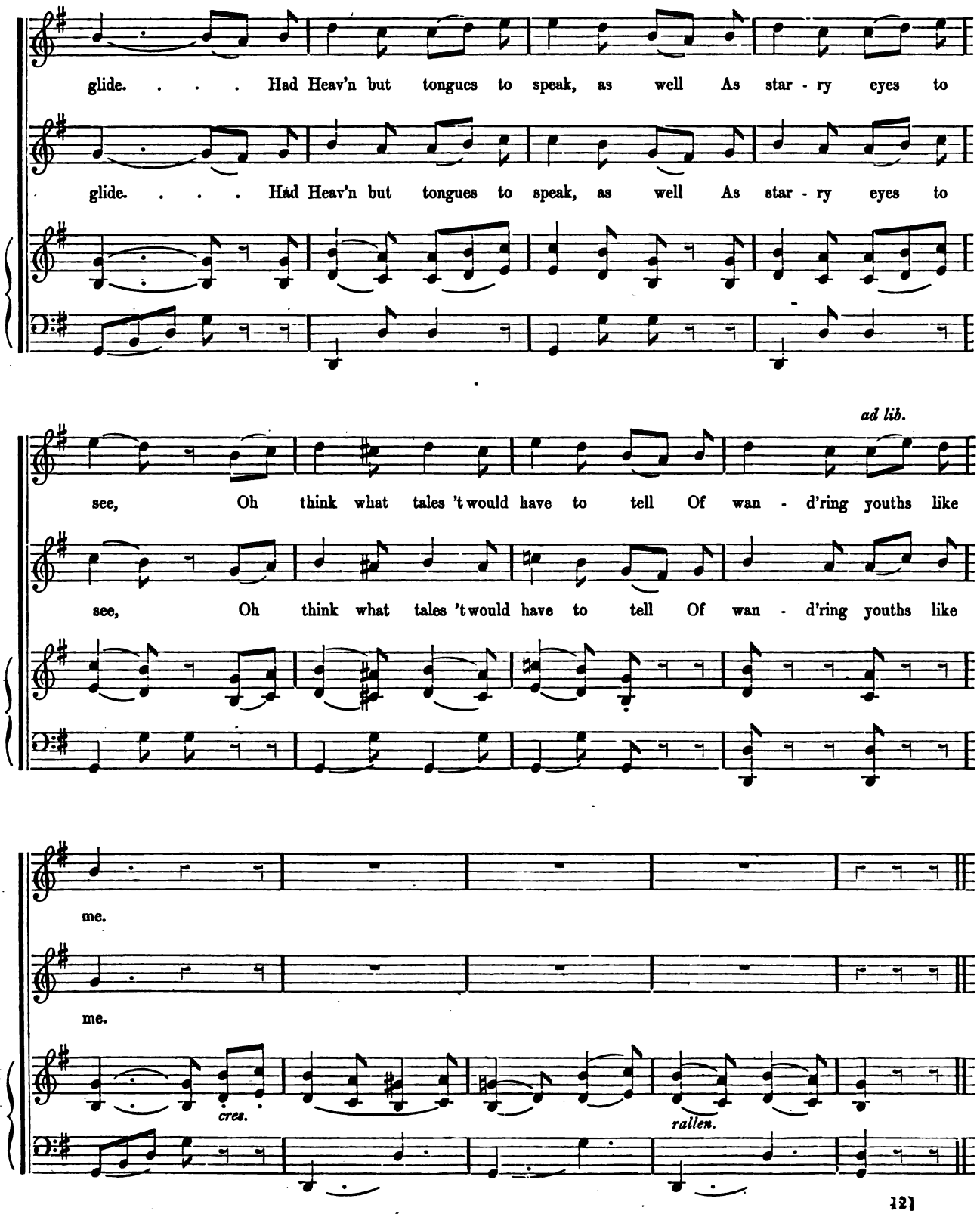

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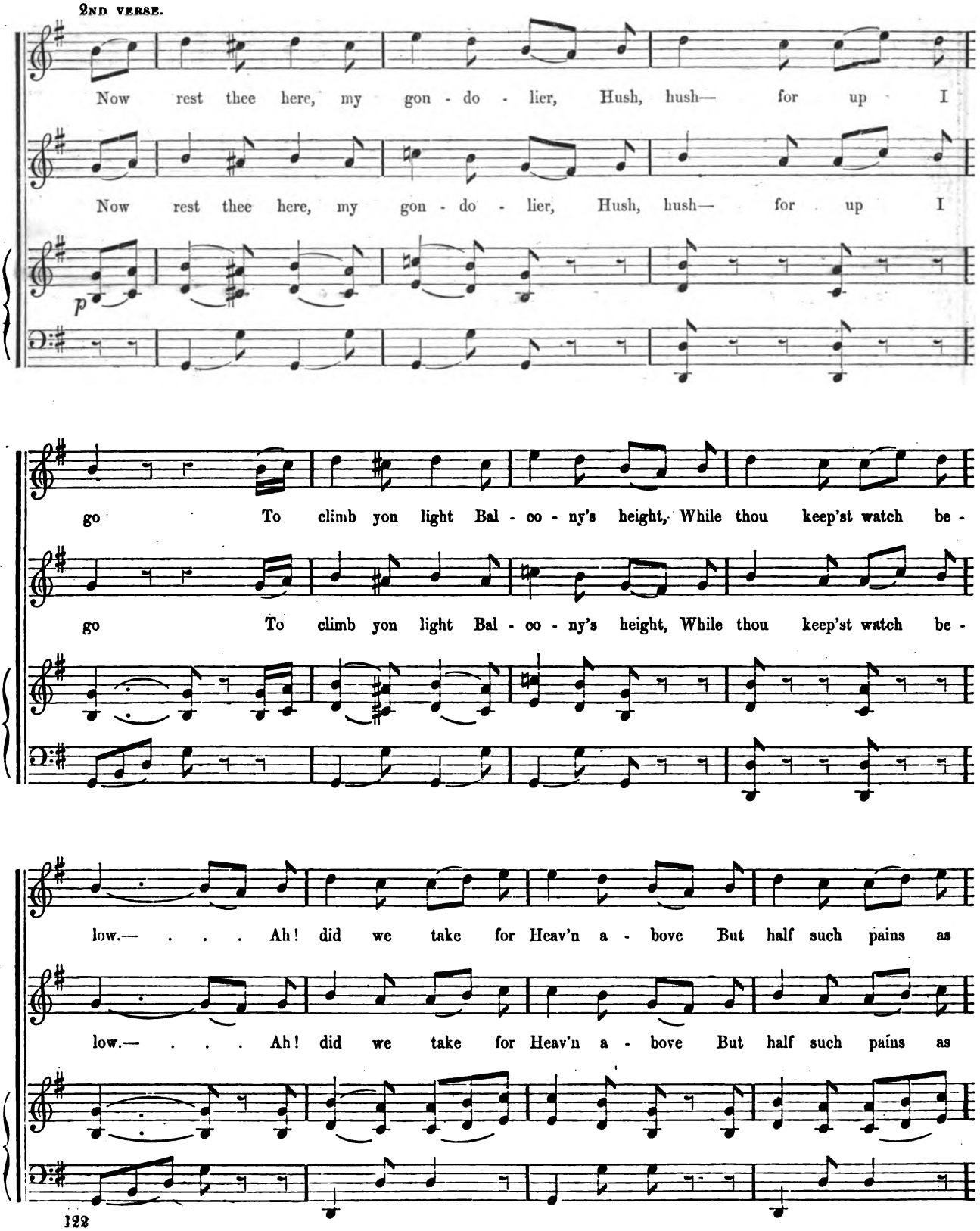
ROW GENTLY HERE.

2ND VERSE.



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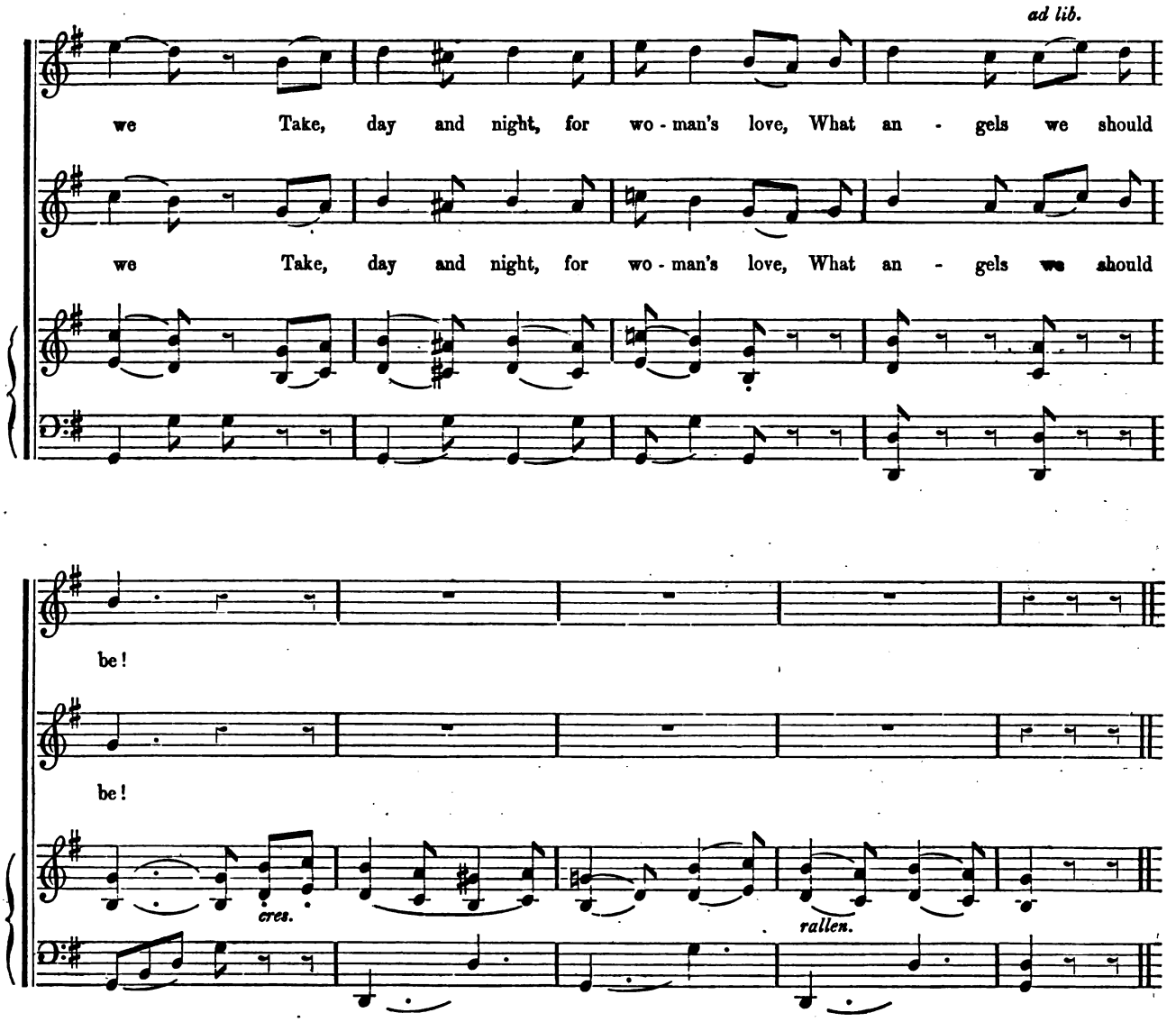

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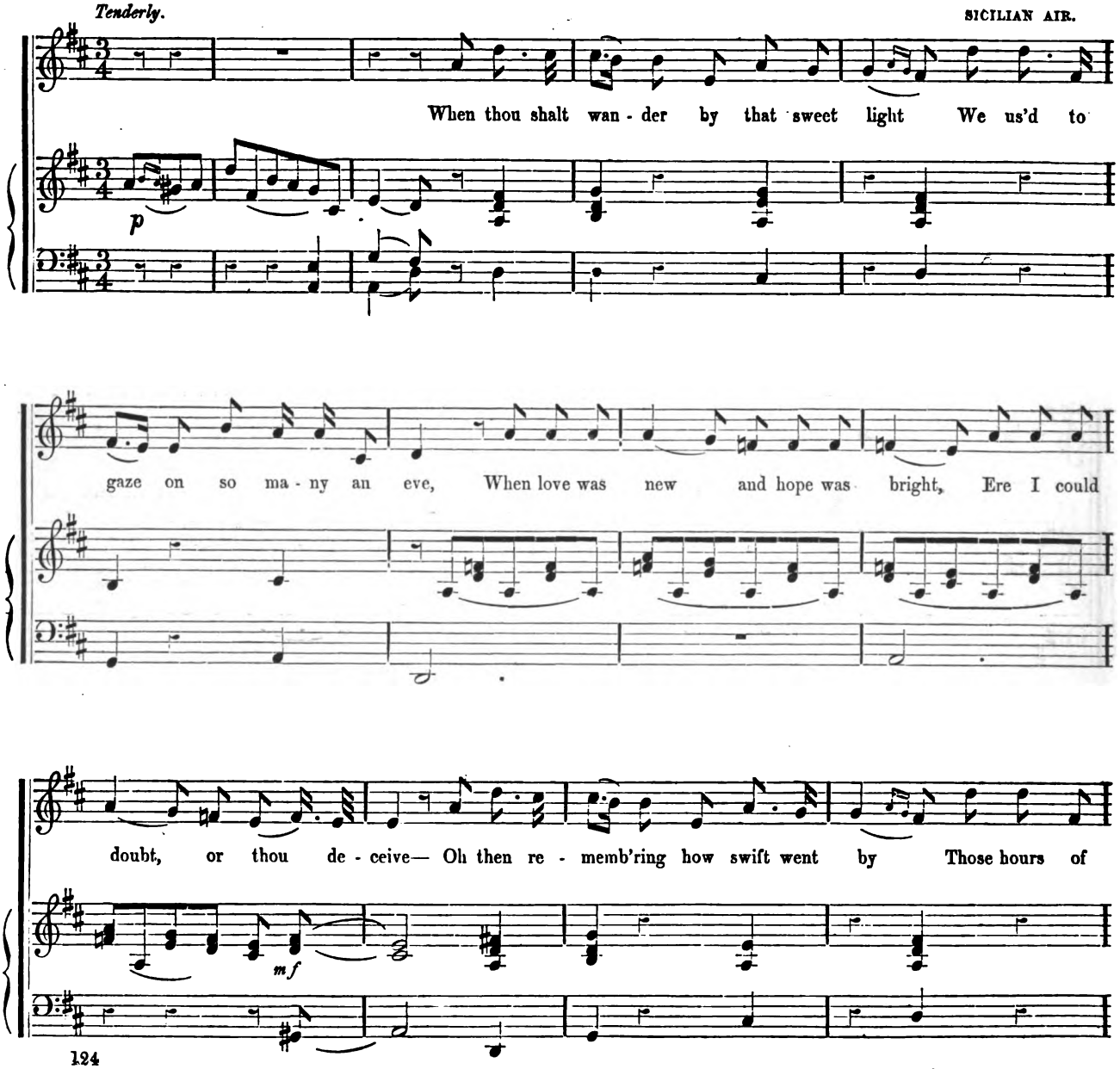
WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Tenderly.

SICILIAN AIR.



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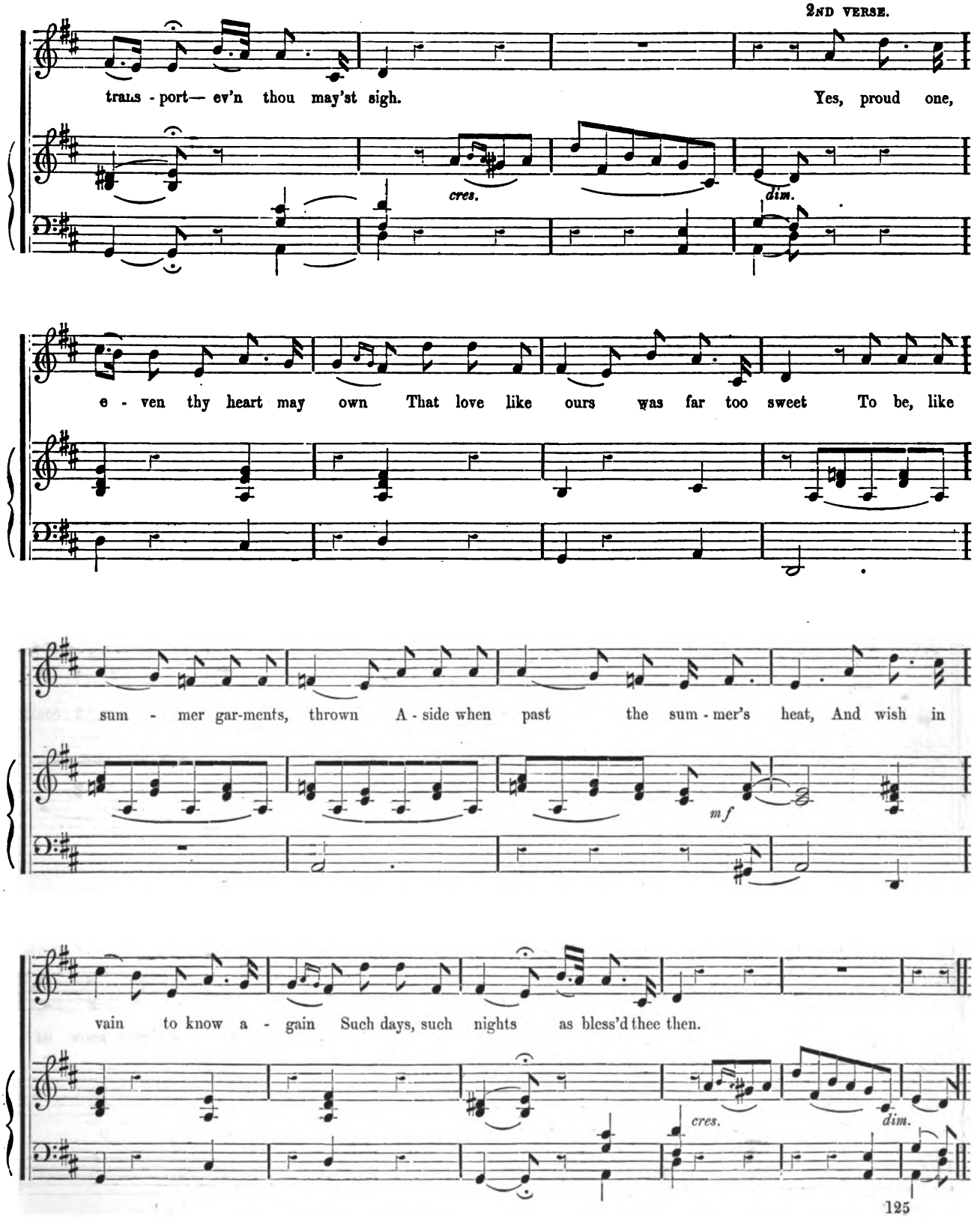

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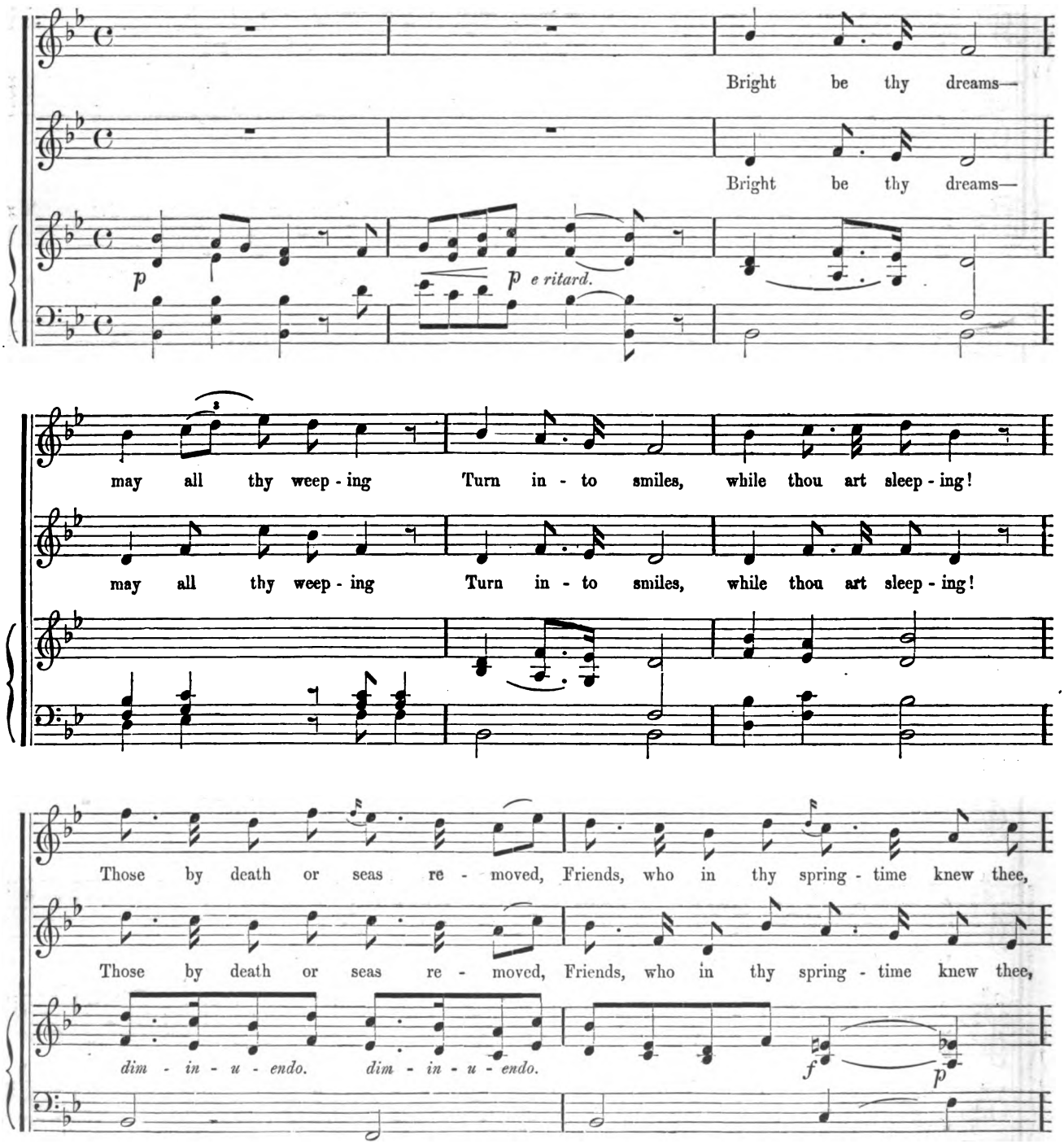
BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

FOR TWO VOICES.

In moderate time. WELSH AIR.



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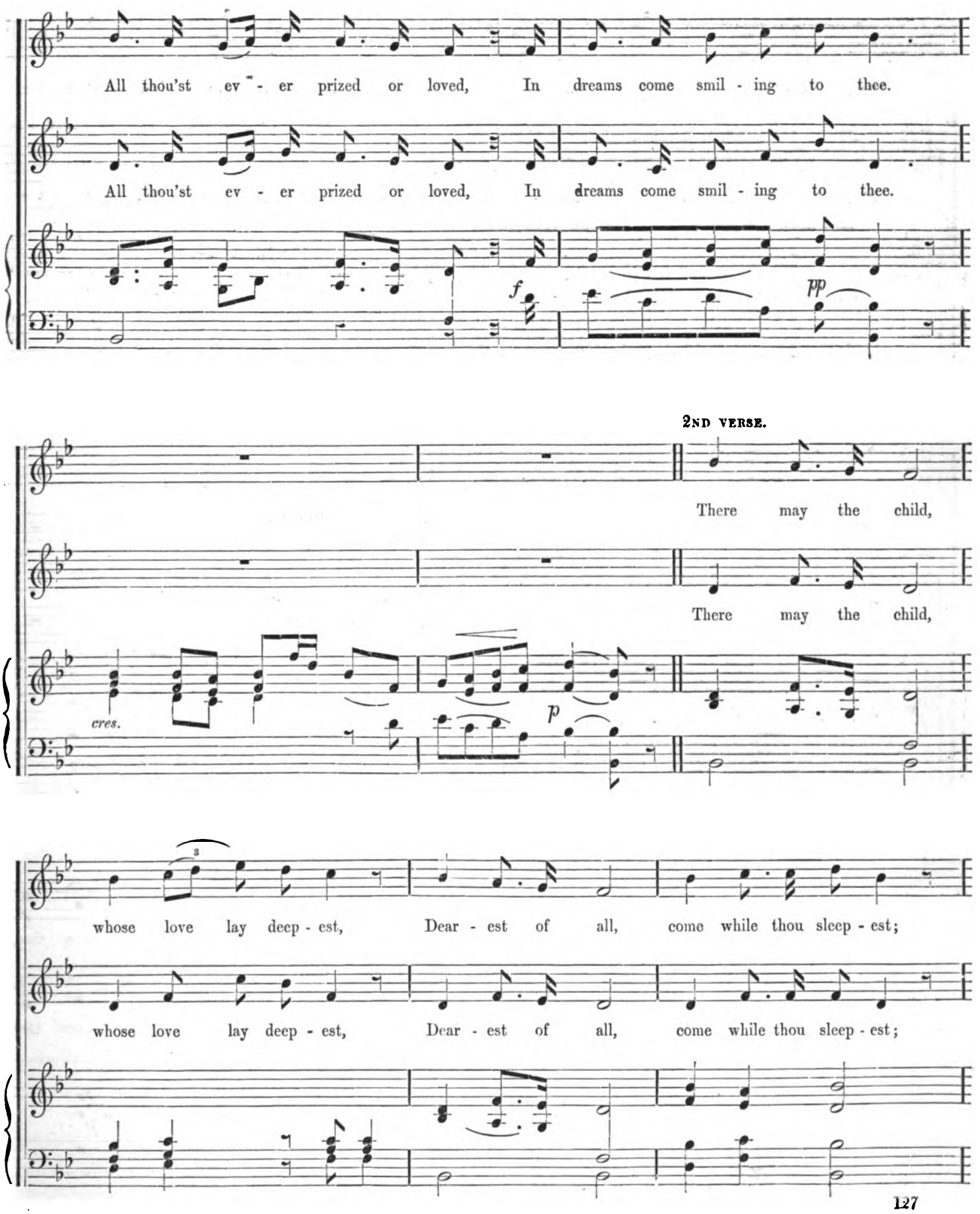

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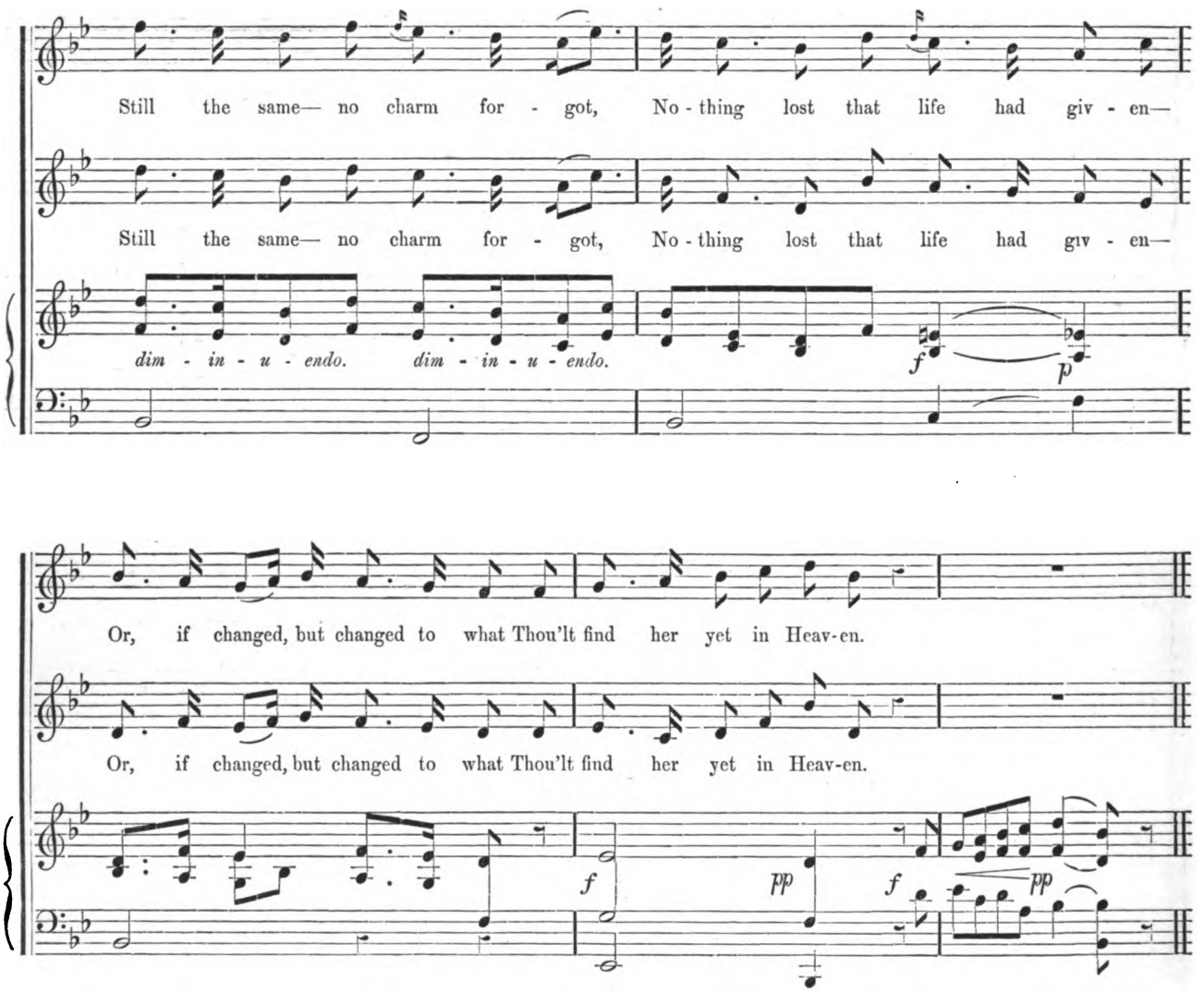

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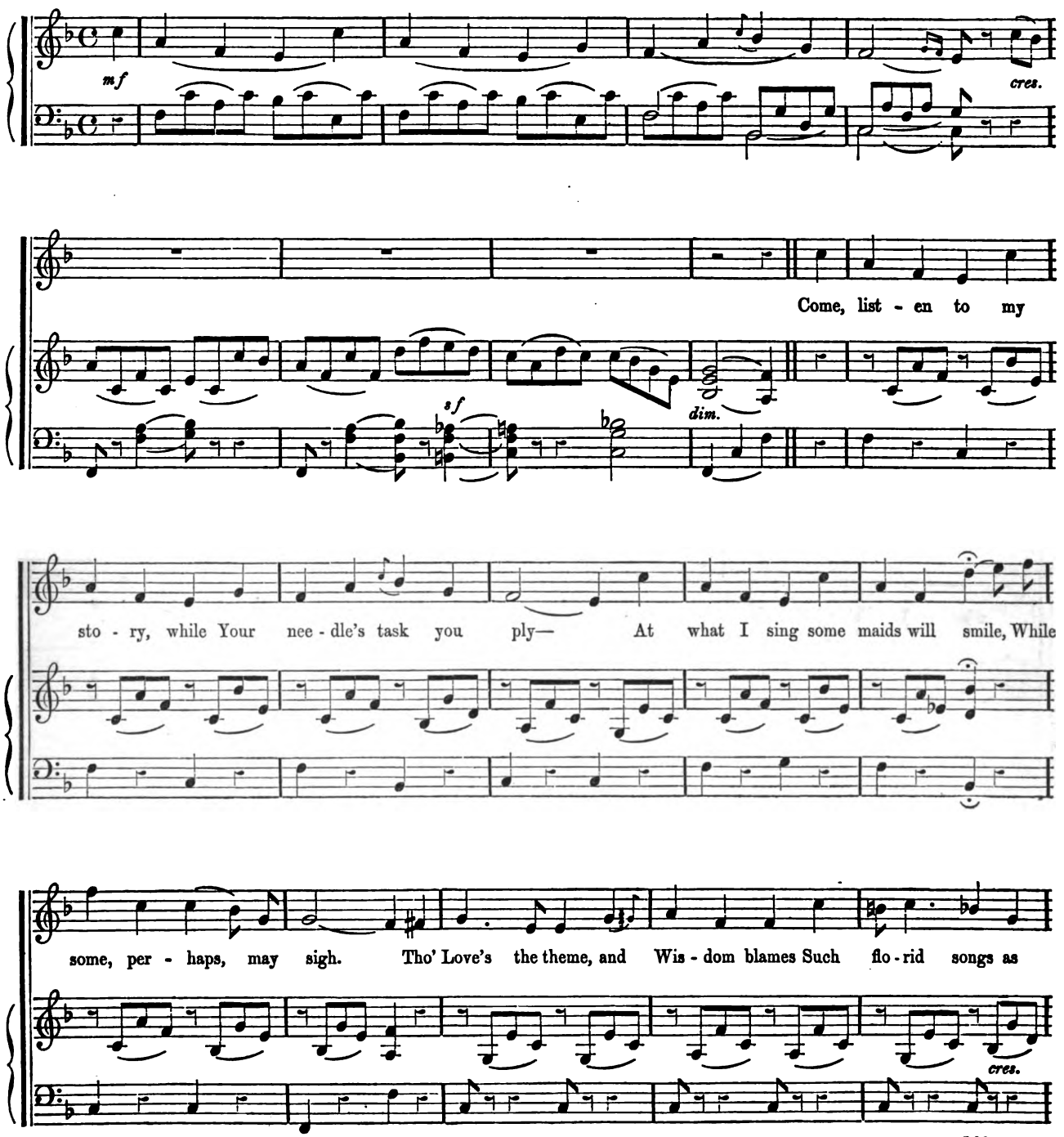
NETS AND CAGES.

Playfully. SWEDISH AIR.



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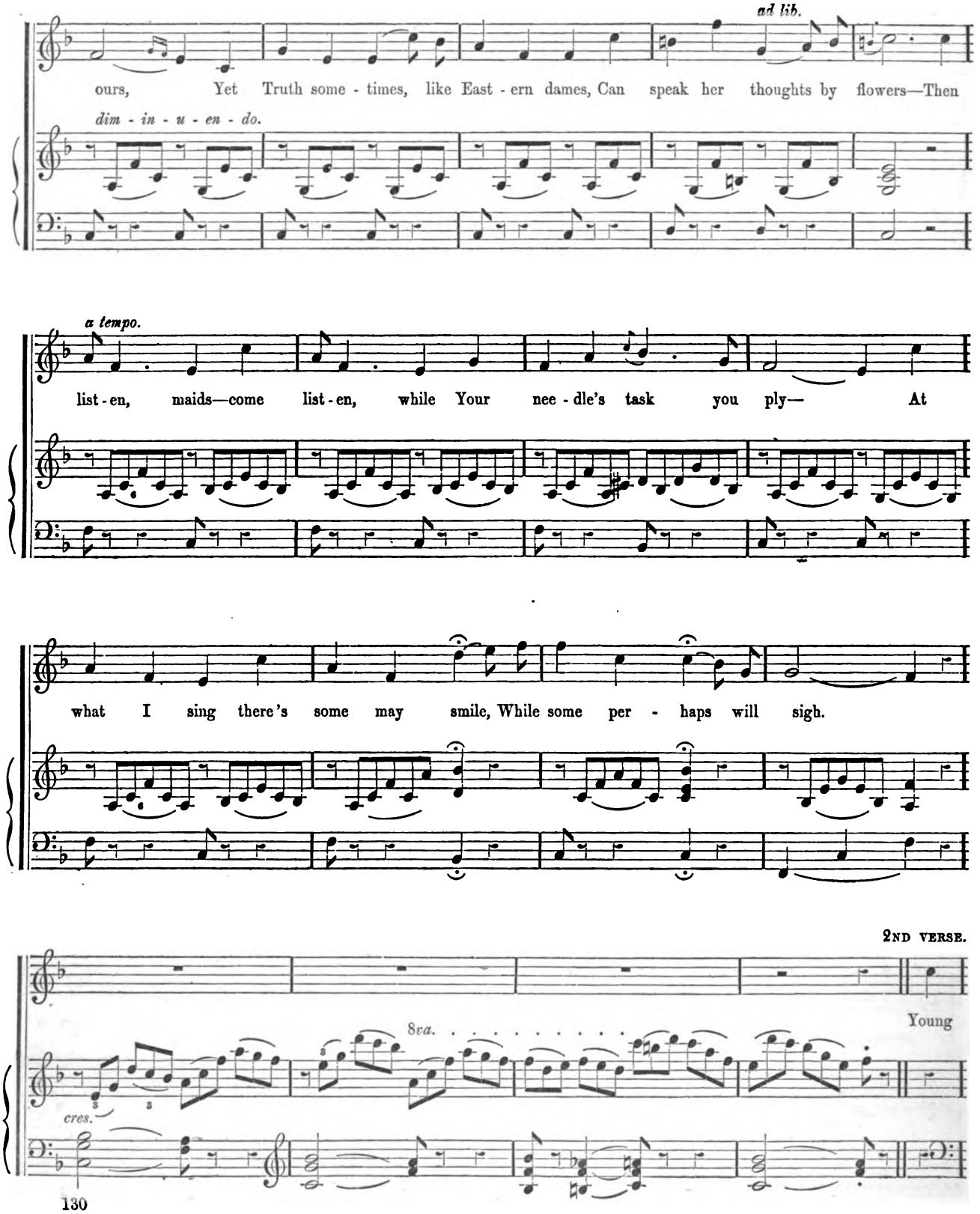

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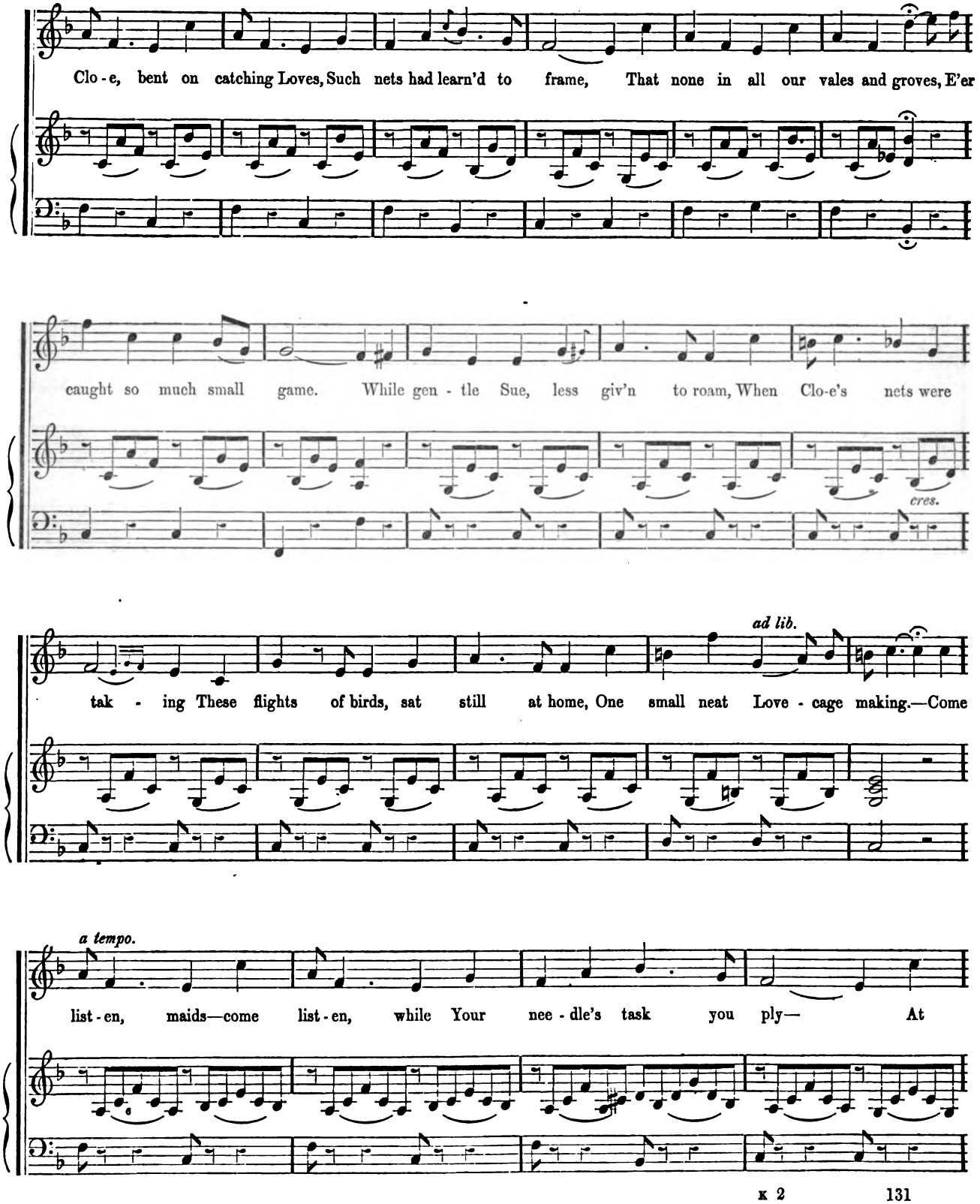

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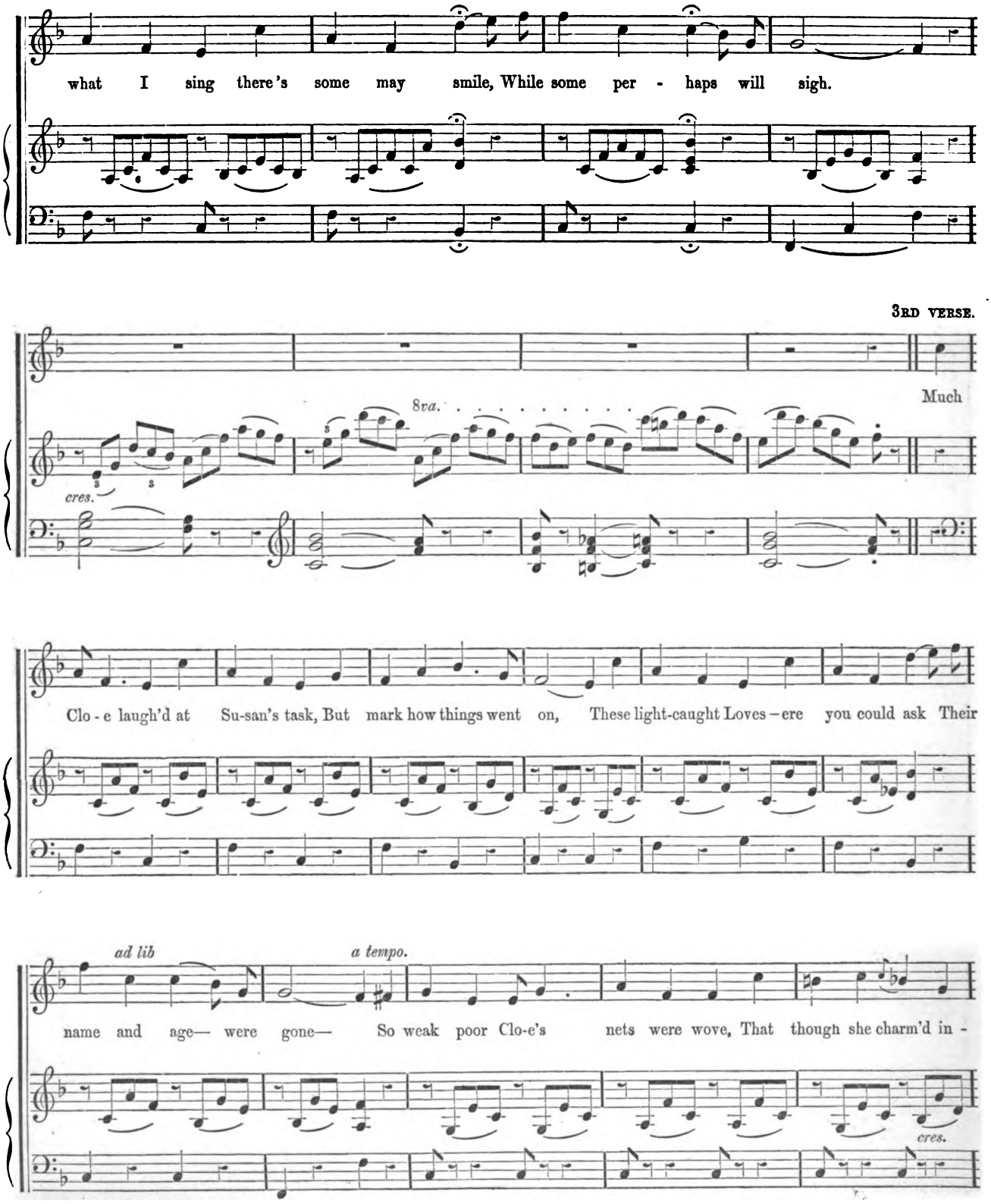

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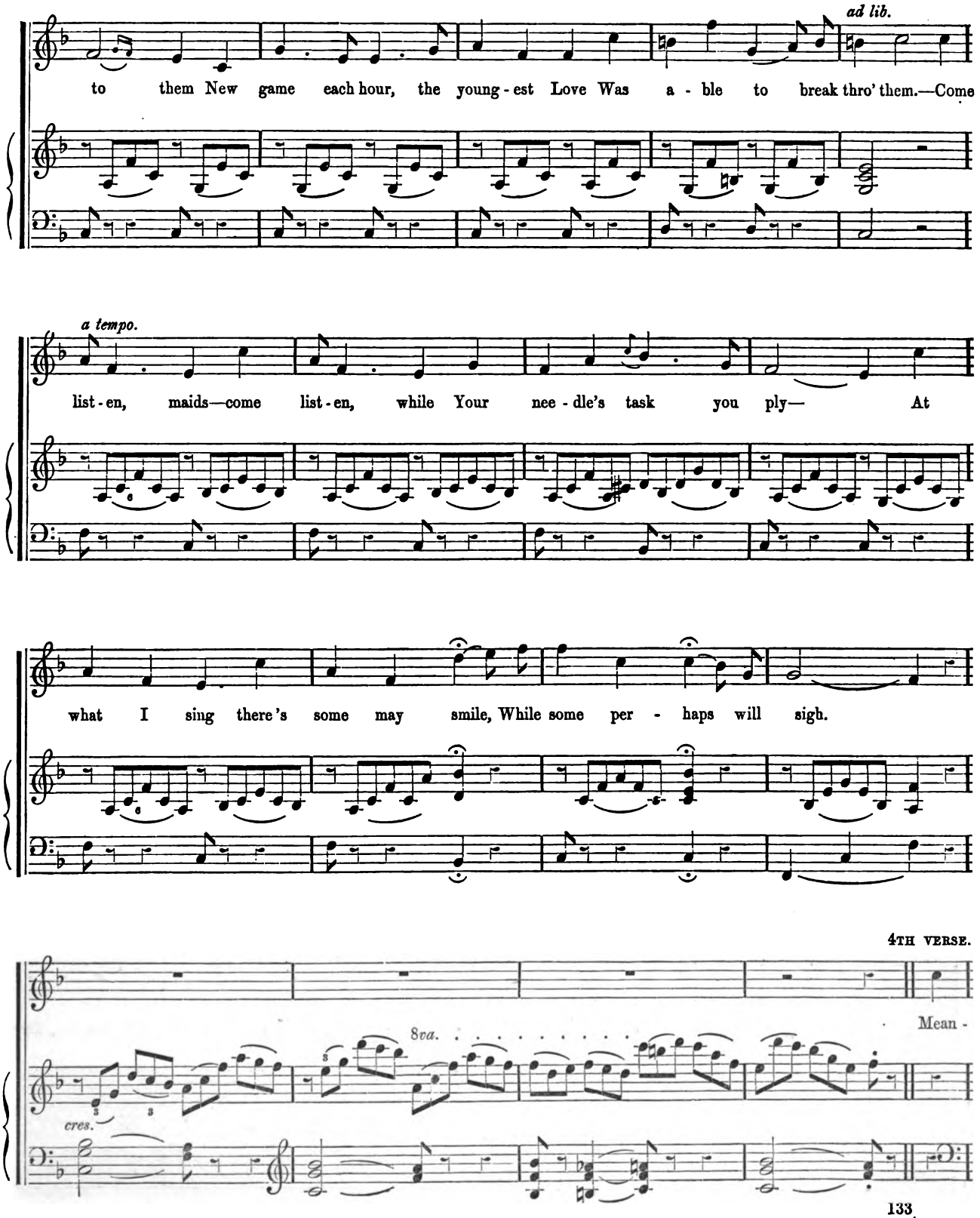

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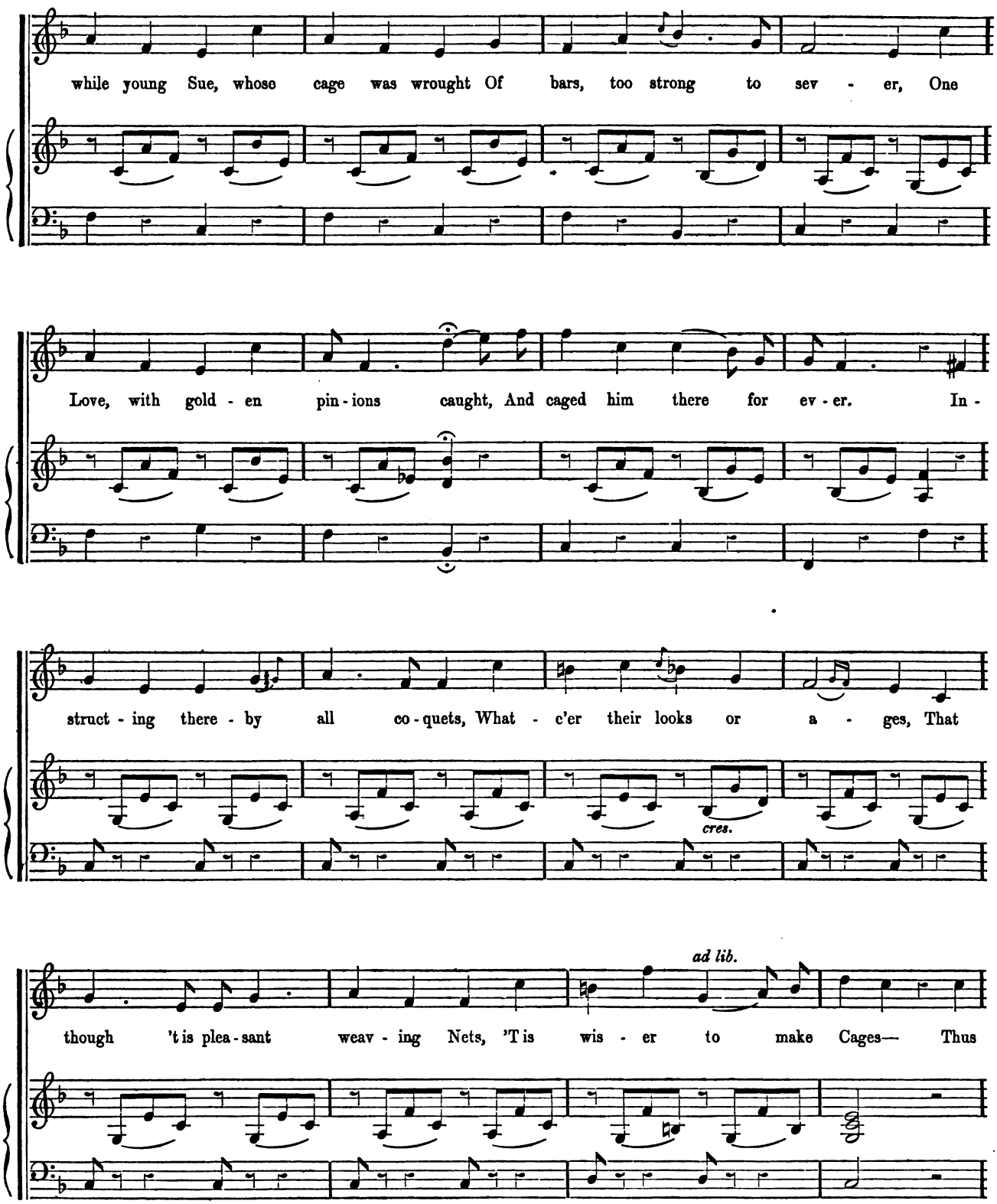

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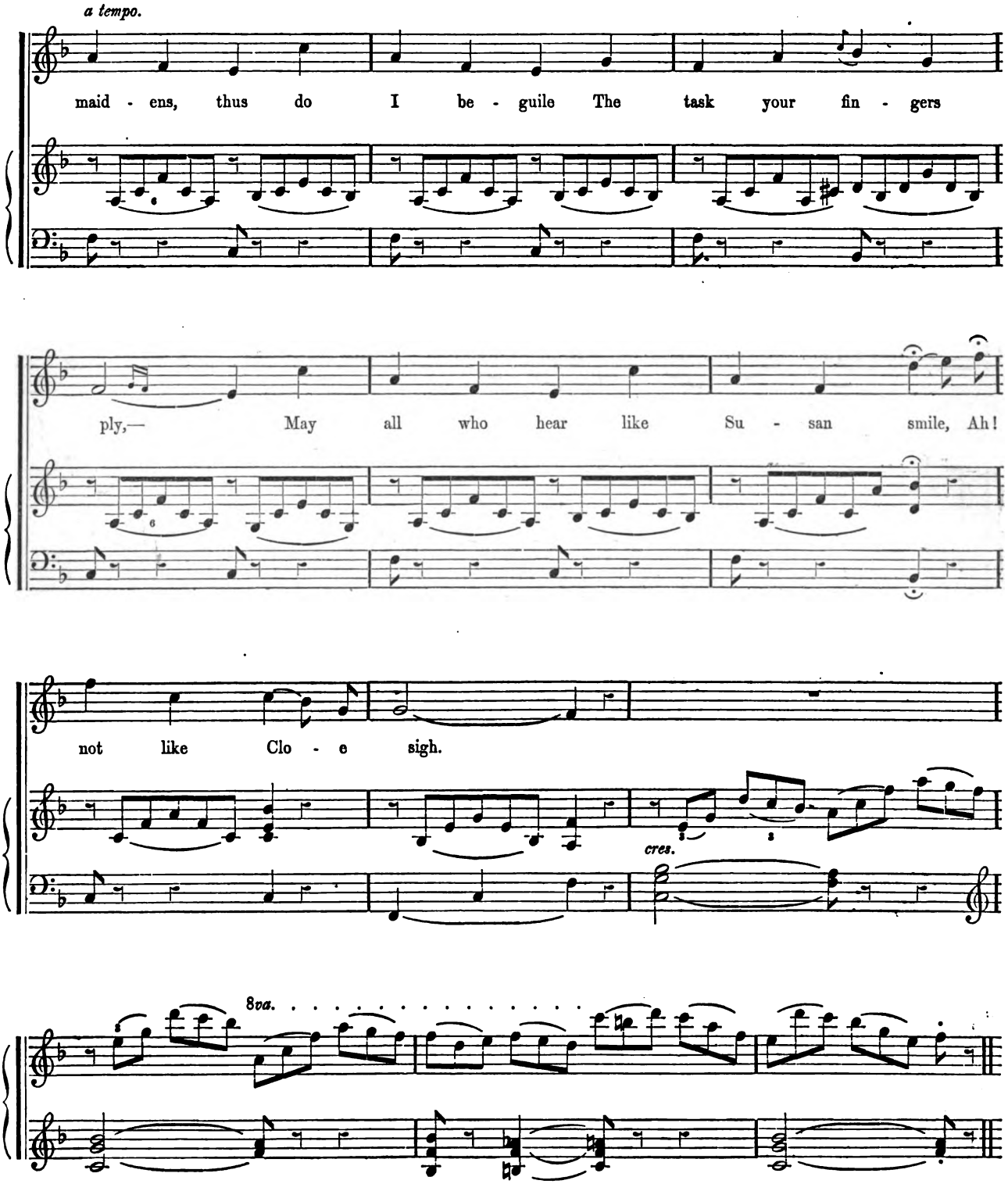

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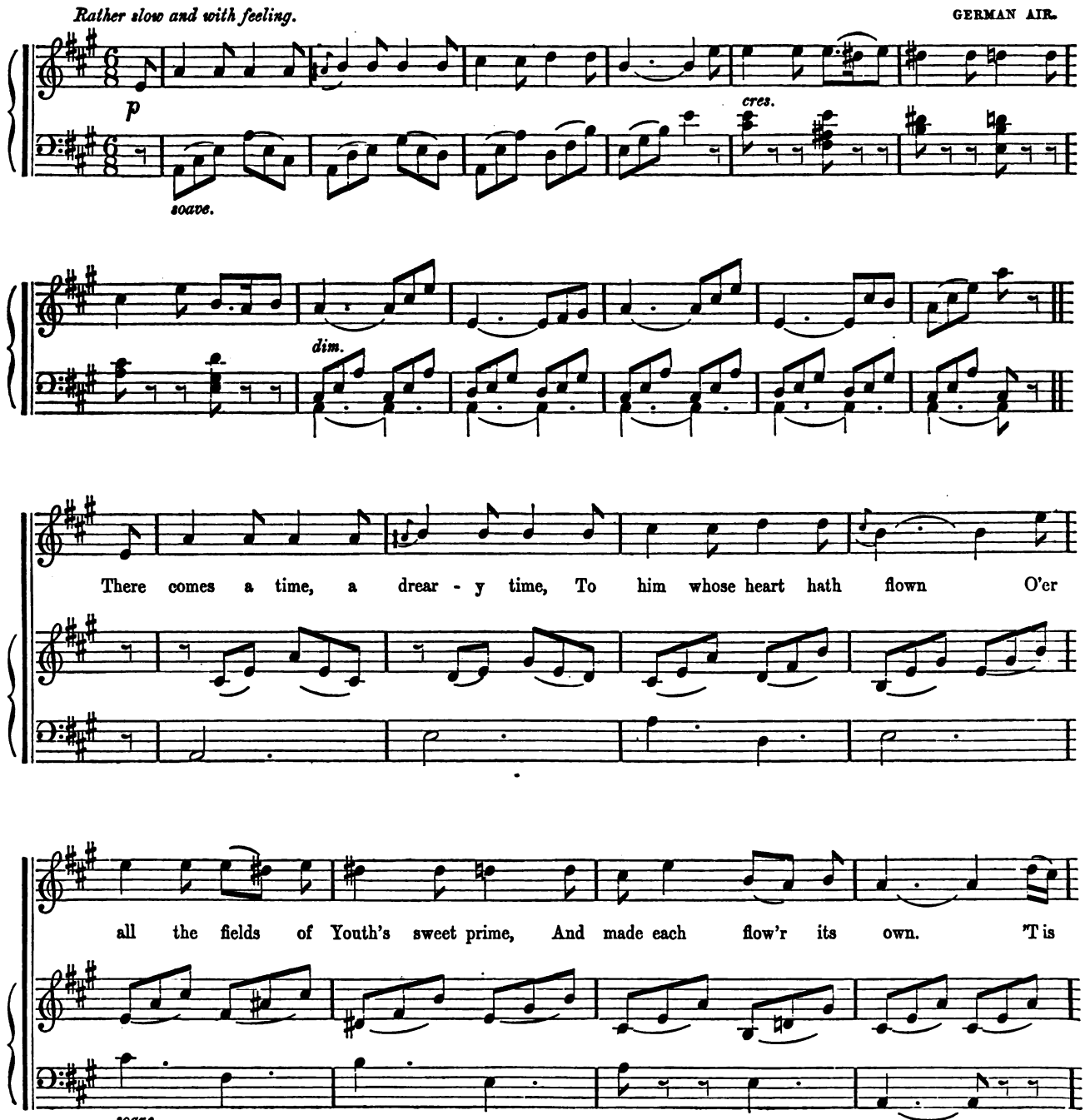
THERE COMES A TIME.

Rather slow and with feeling. GERMAN AIR.



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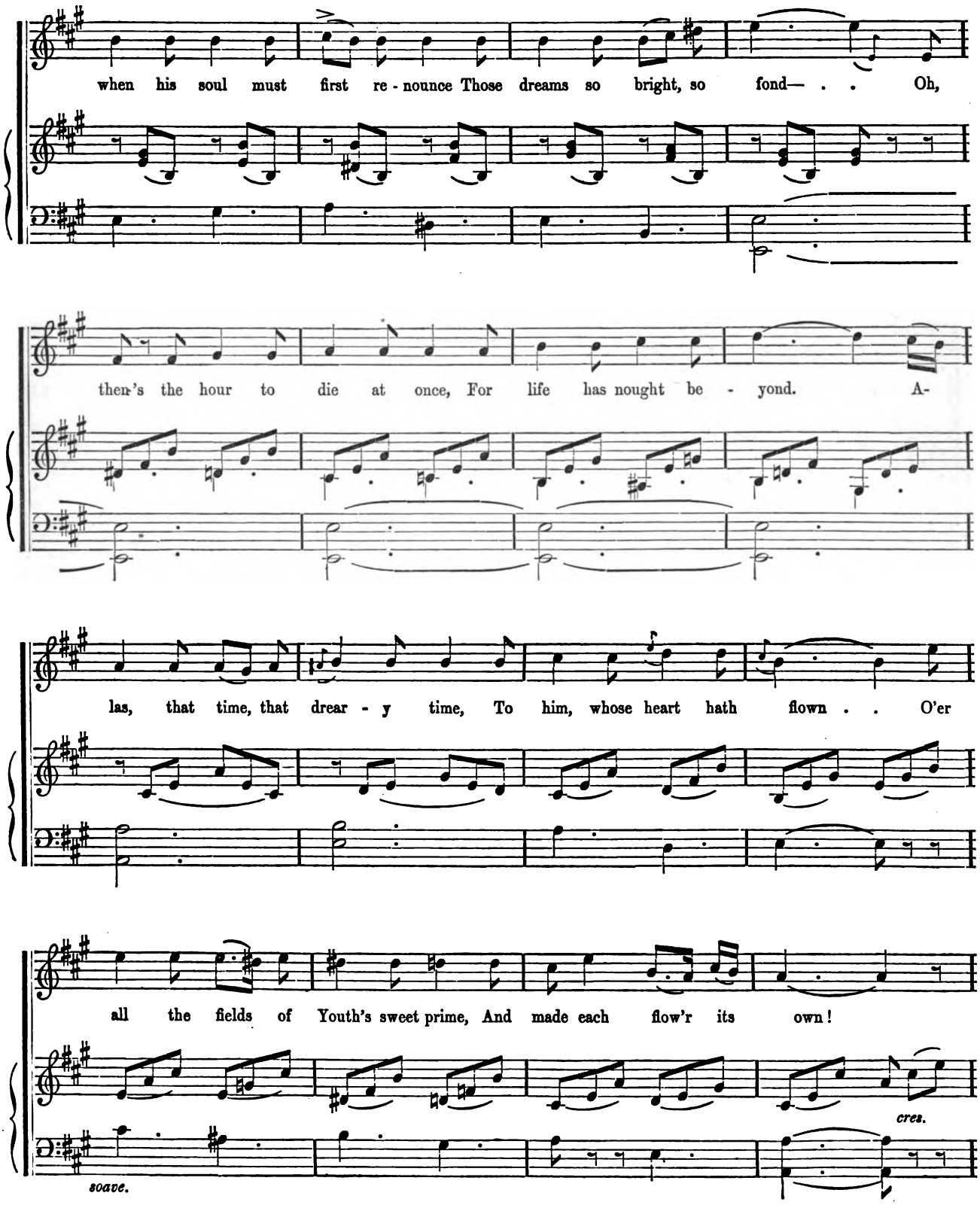

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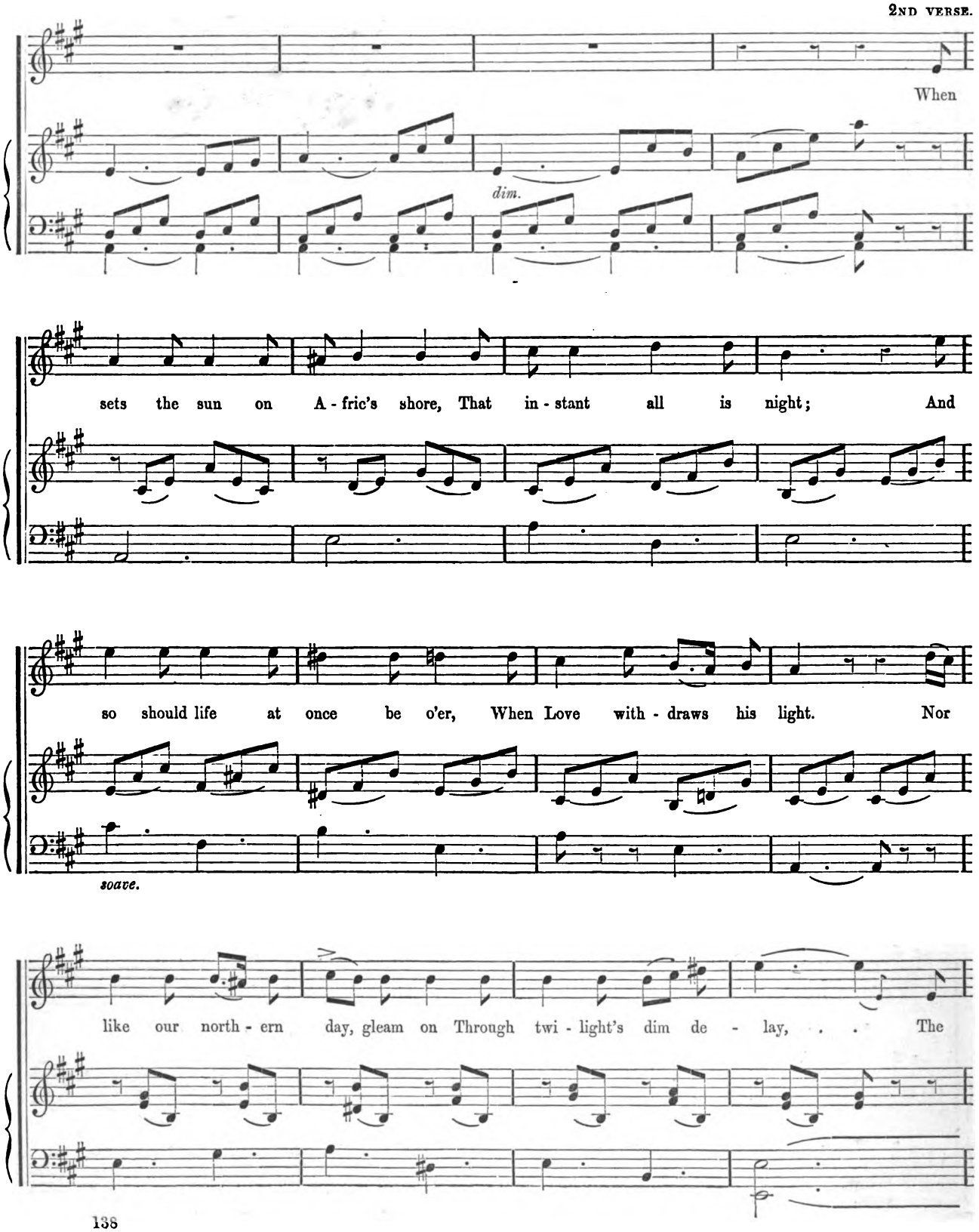
THERE COMES A TIME.

2ND VERSE.



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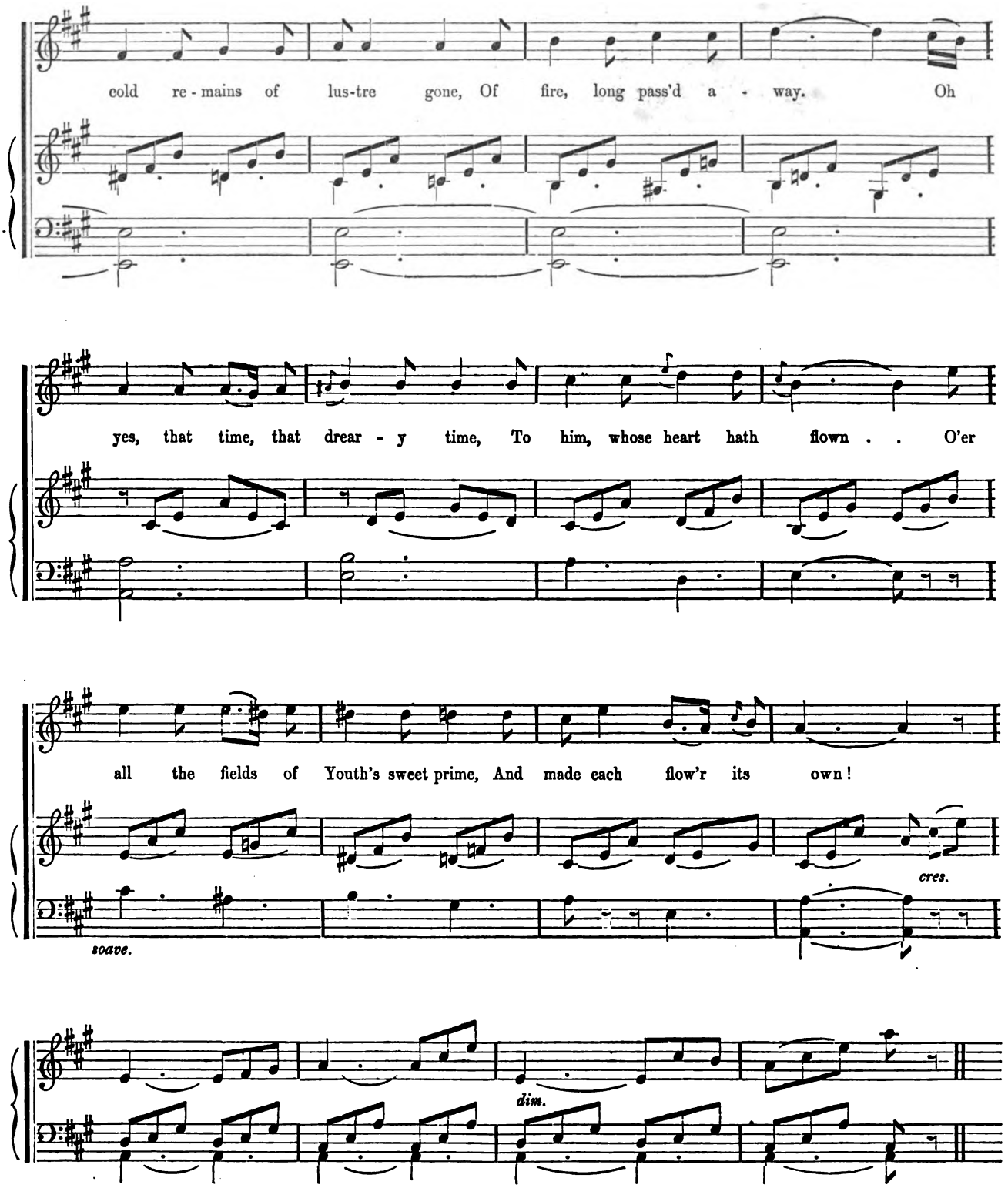

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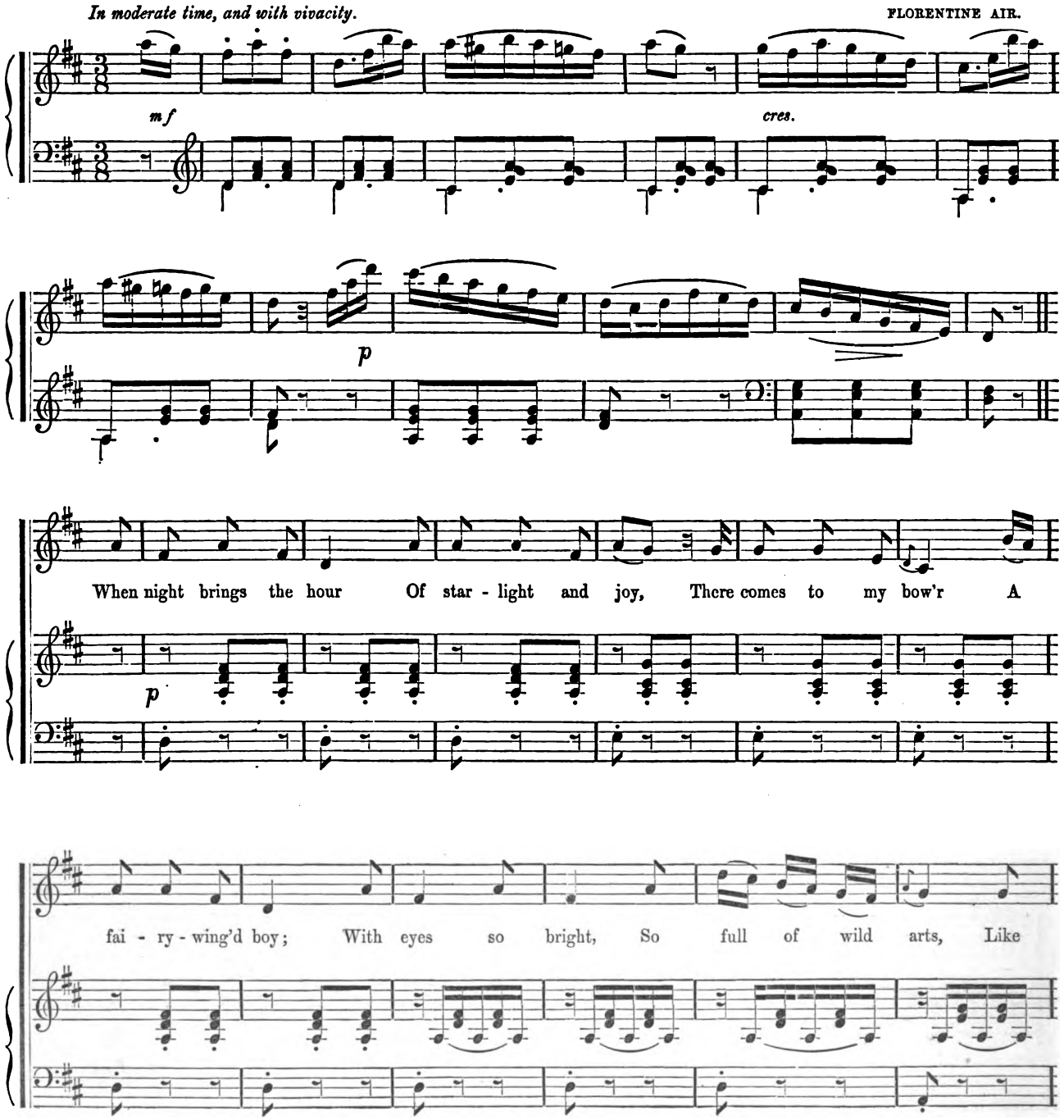
WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

In moderate time, and with vivacity. FLORENTINE AIR.



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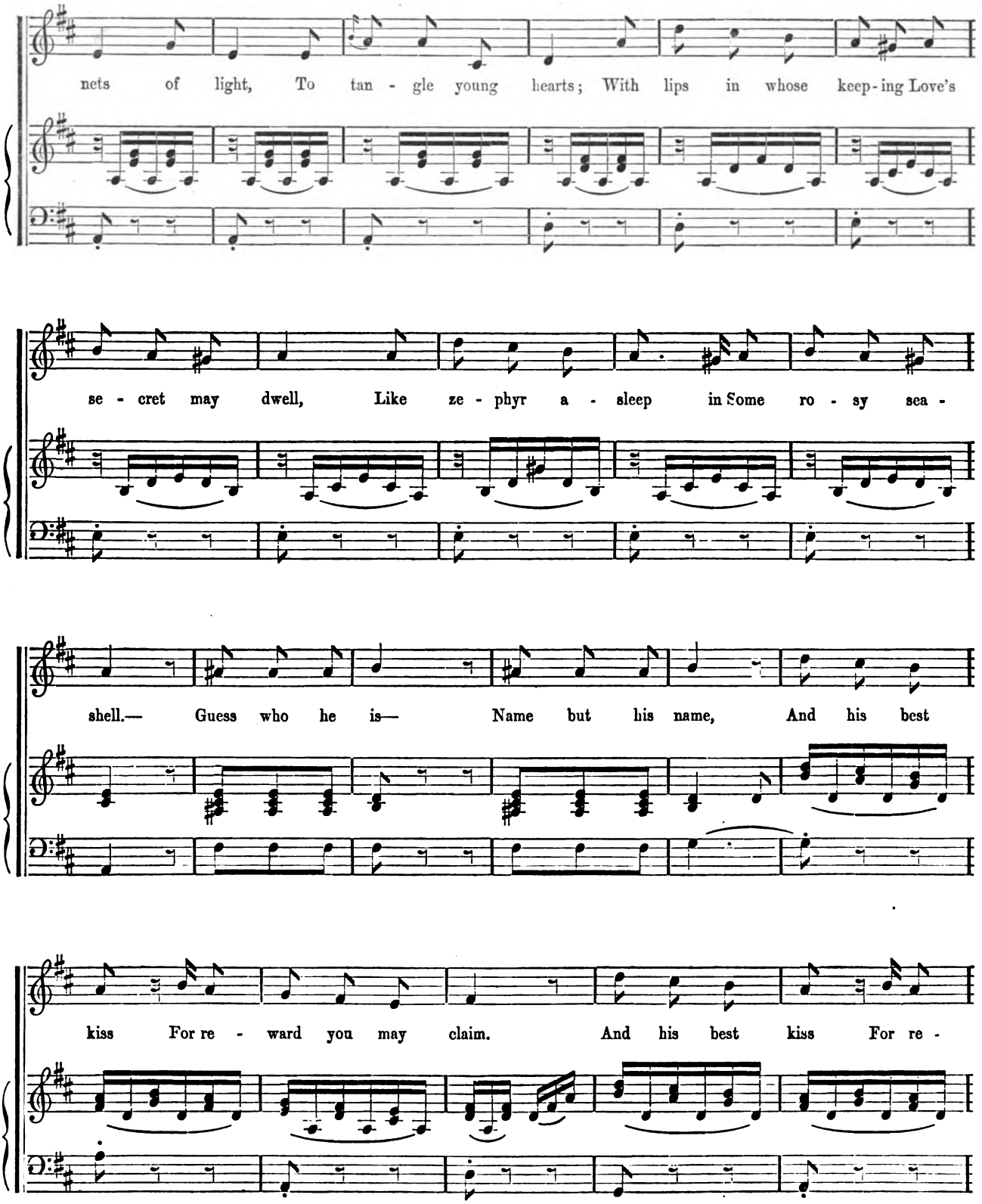

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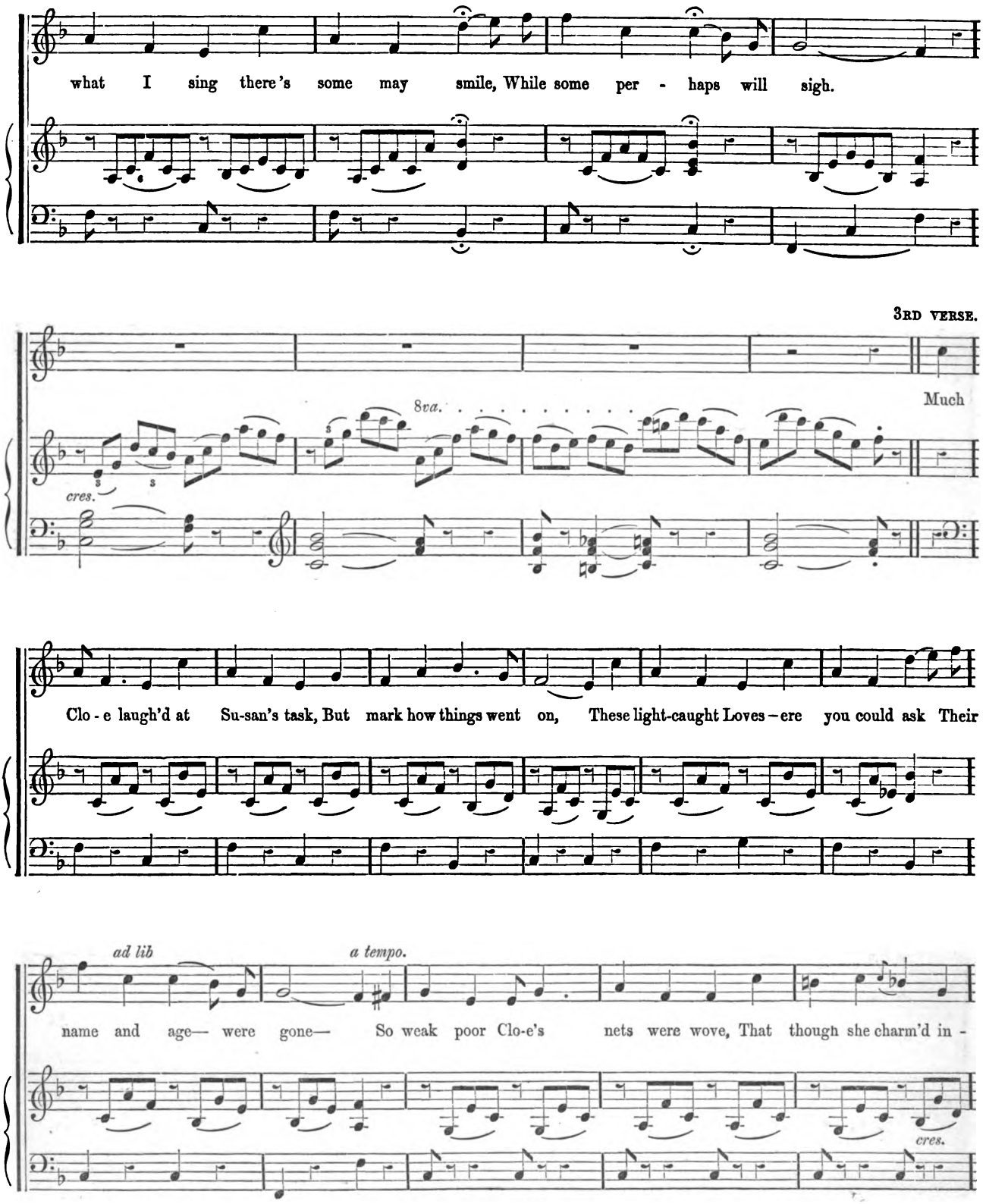

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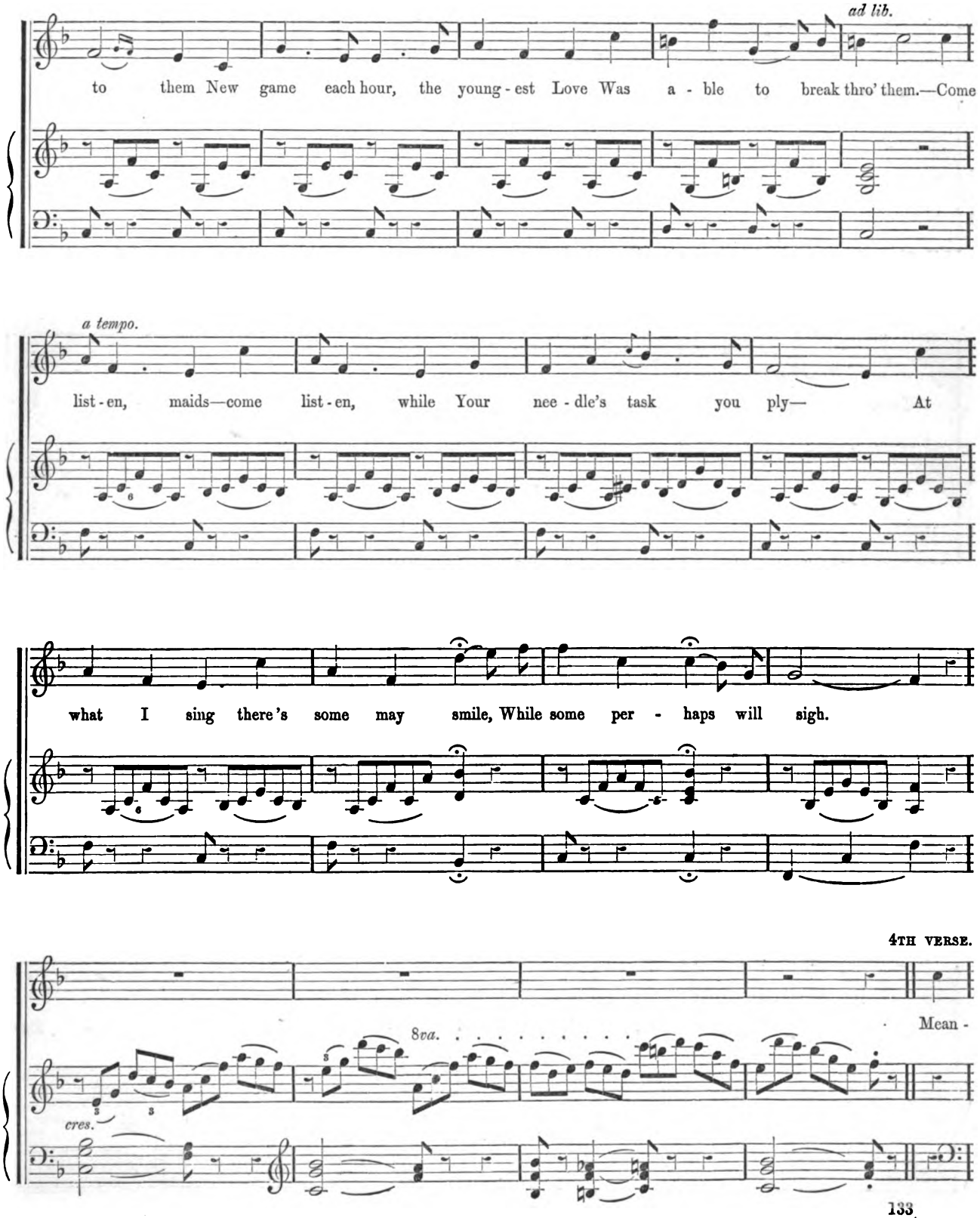

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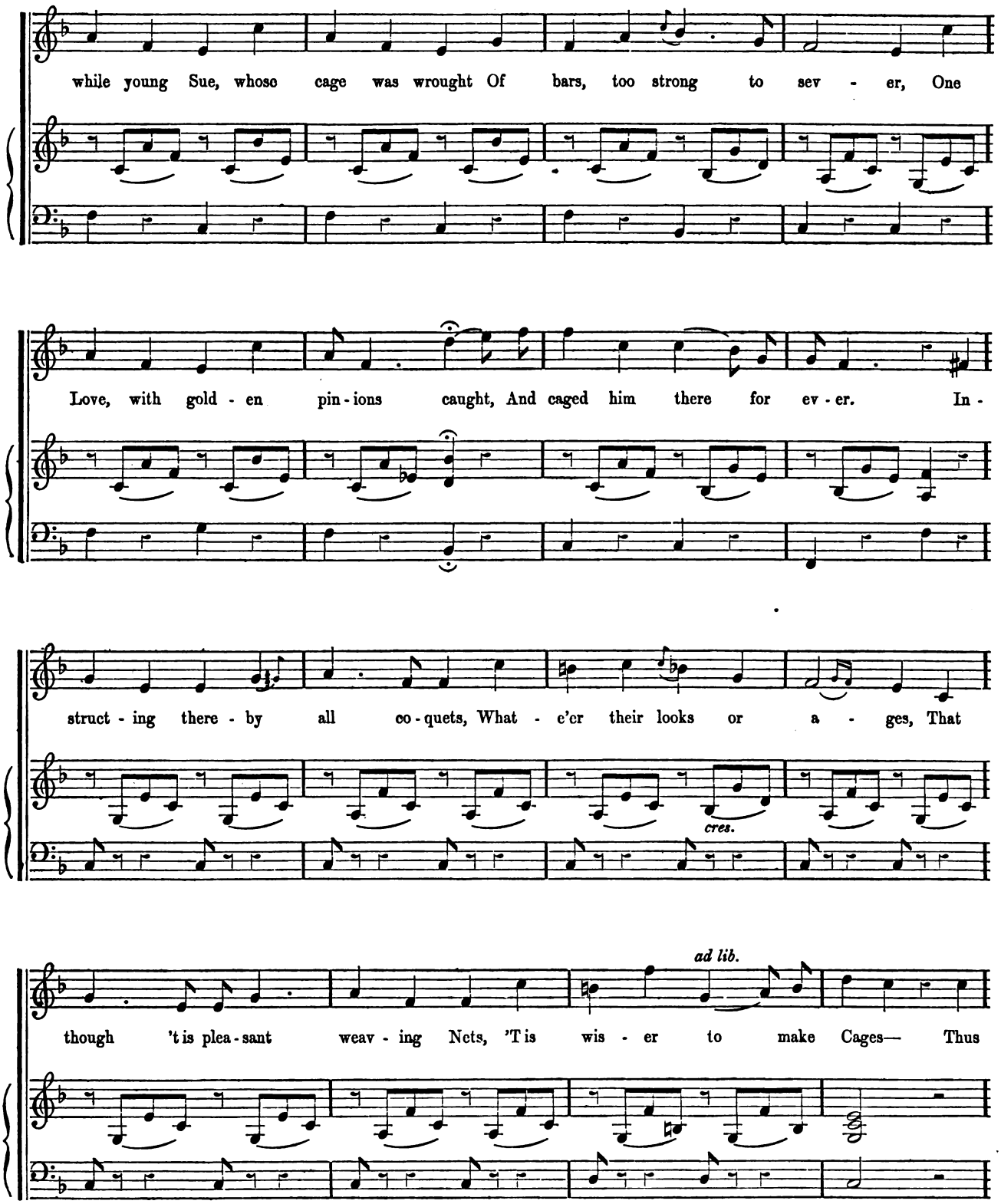

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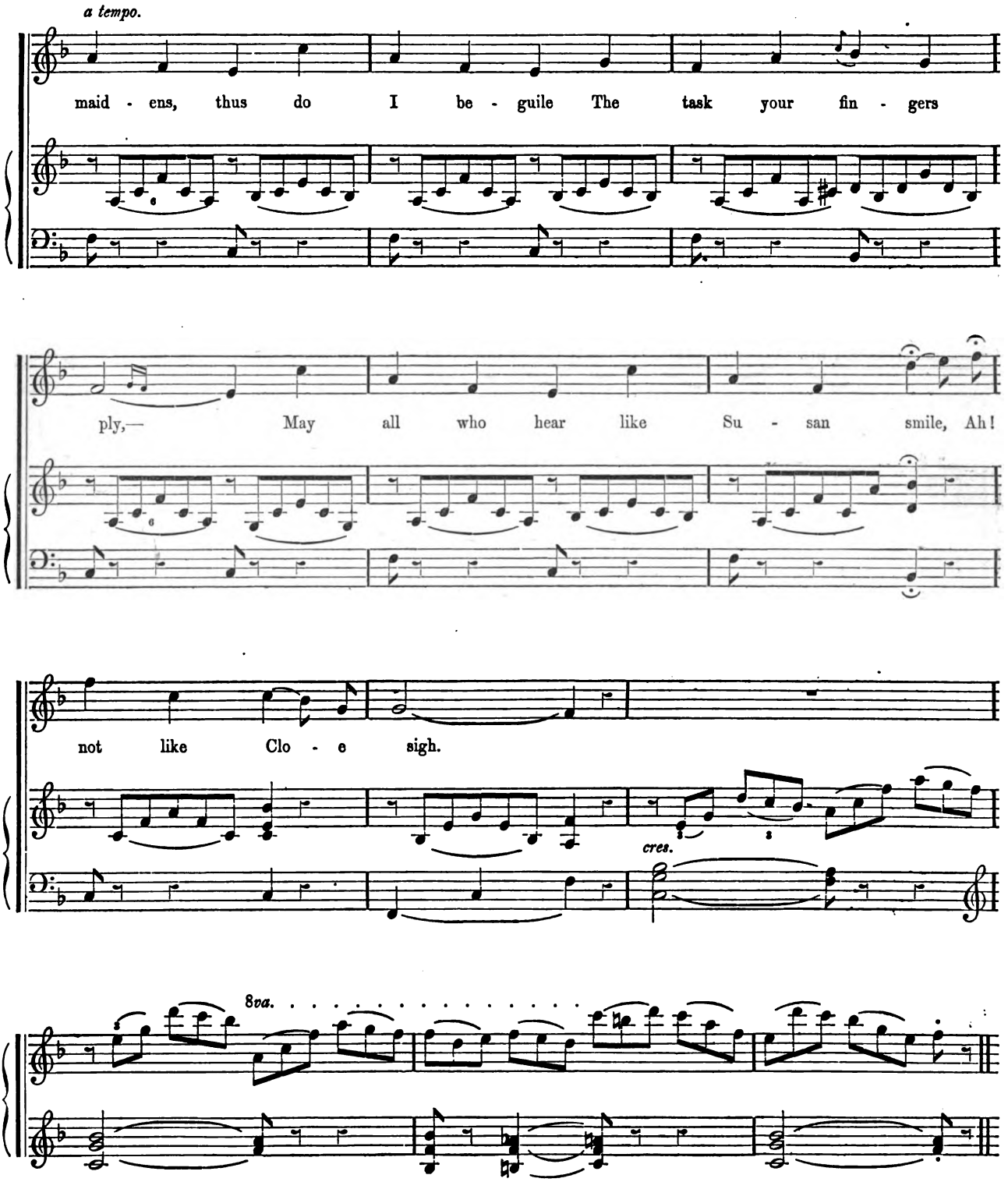

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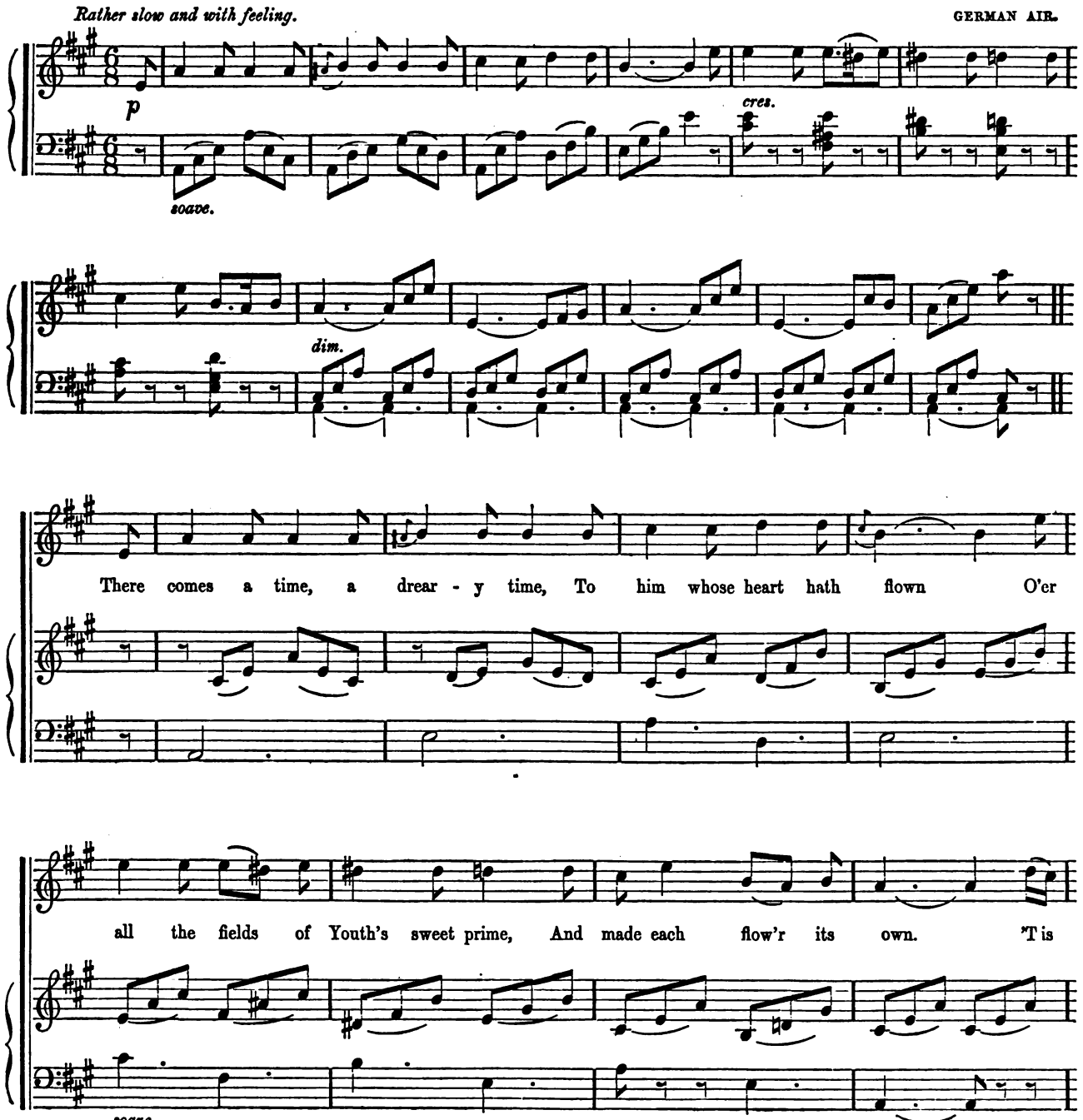
THERE COMES A TIME.

Rather slow and with feeling. GERMAN AIR.



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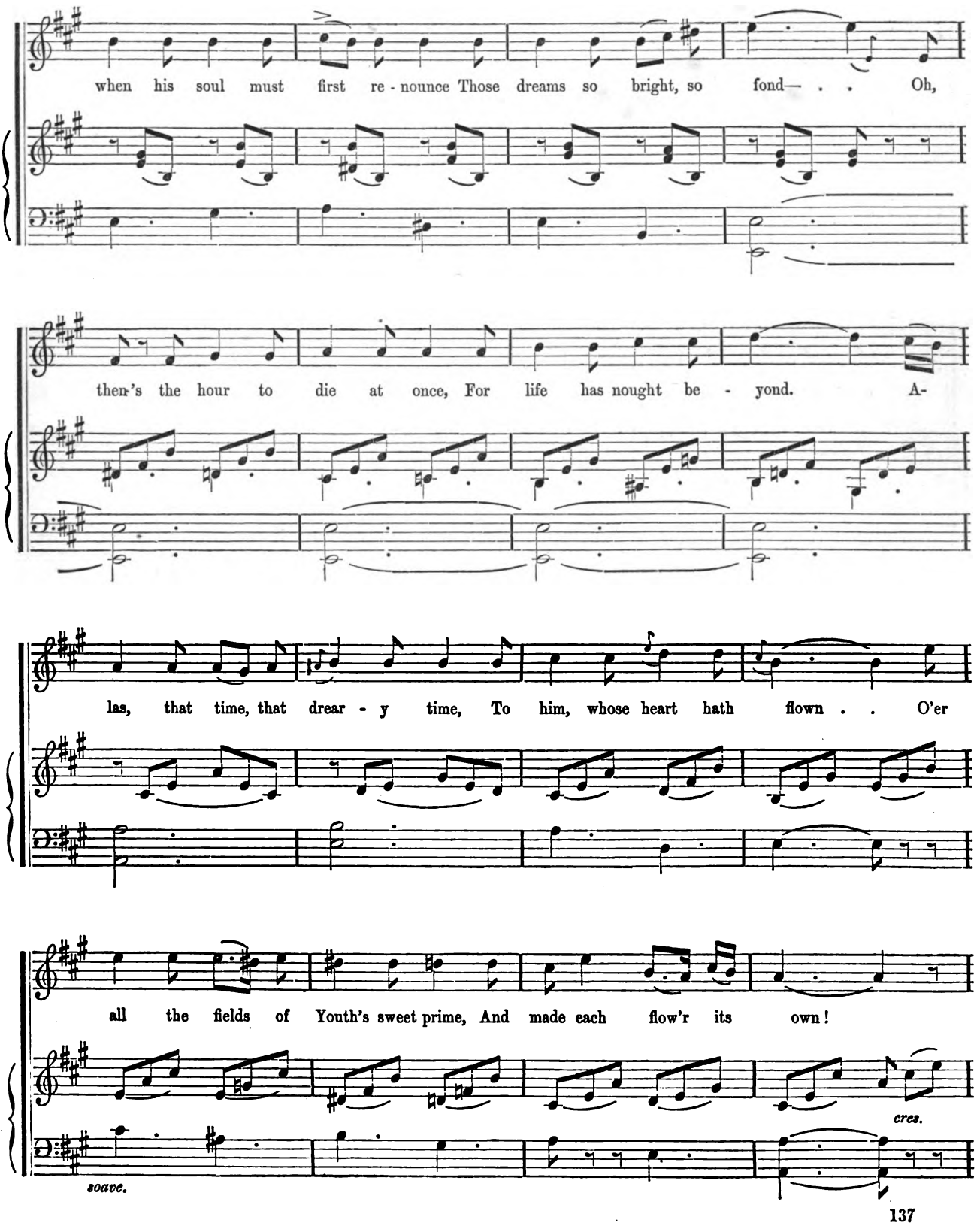

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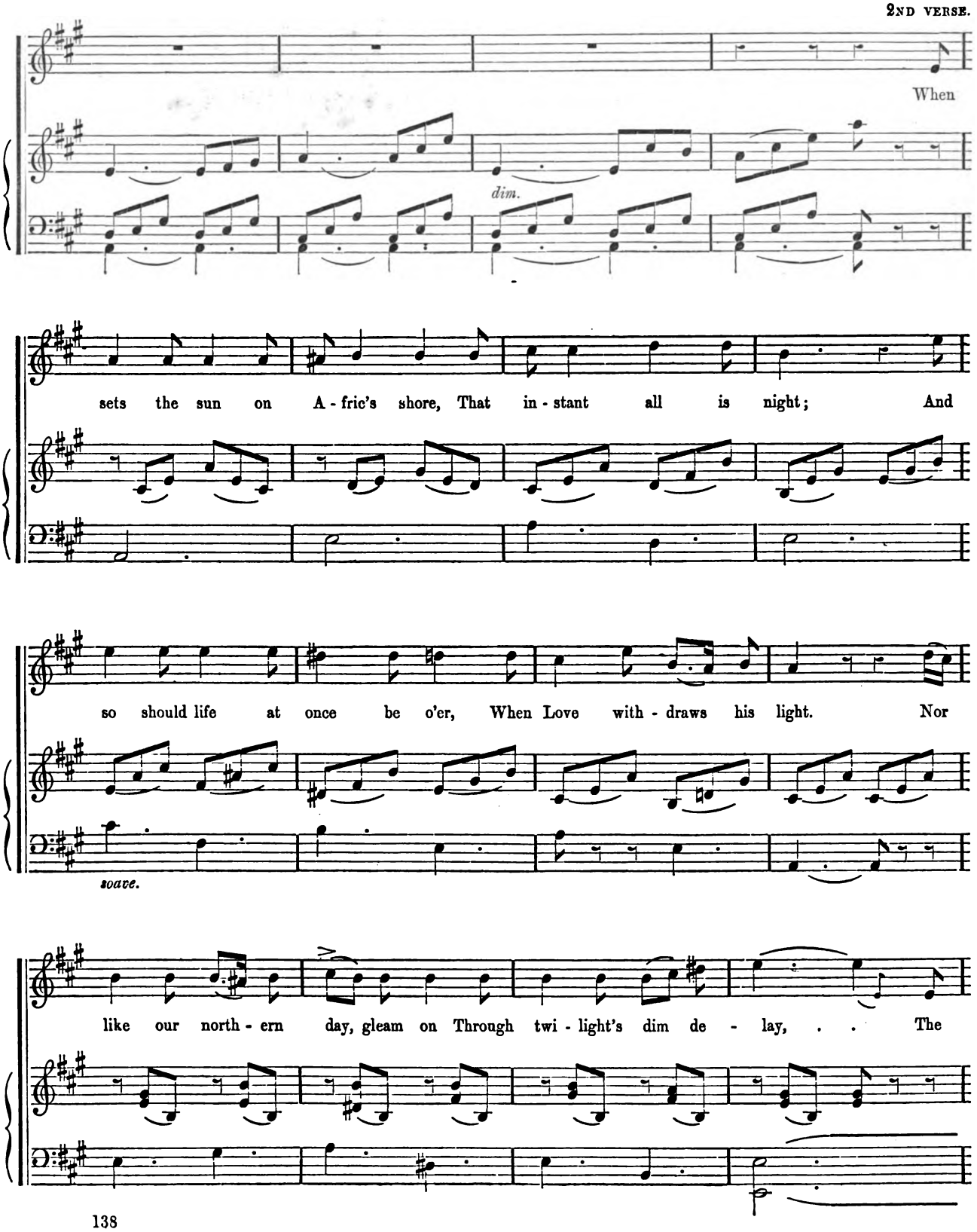
THERE COMES A TIME.

2ND VERSE.



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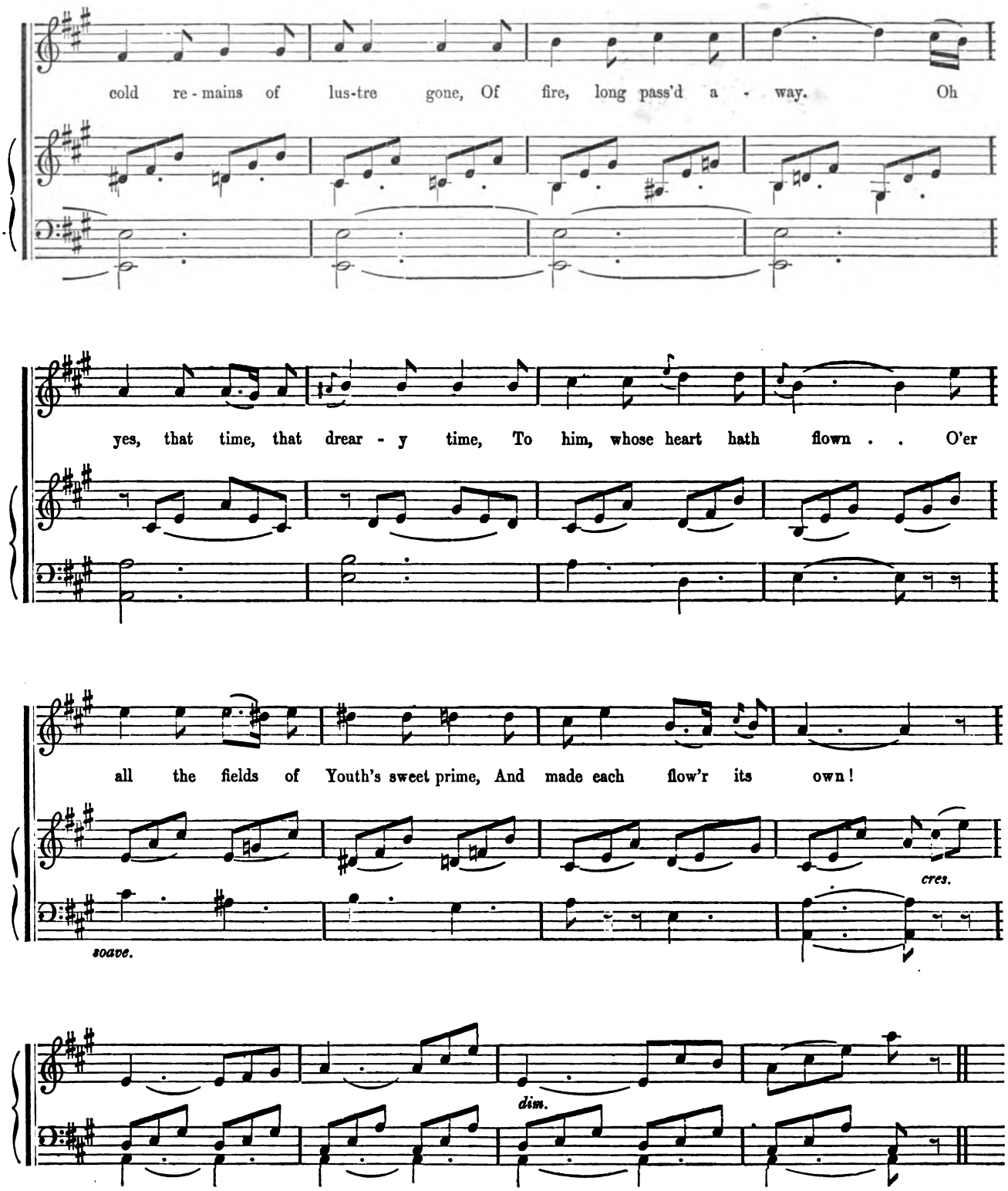

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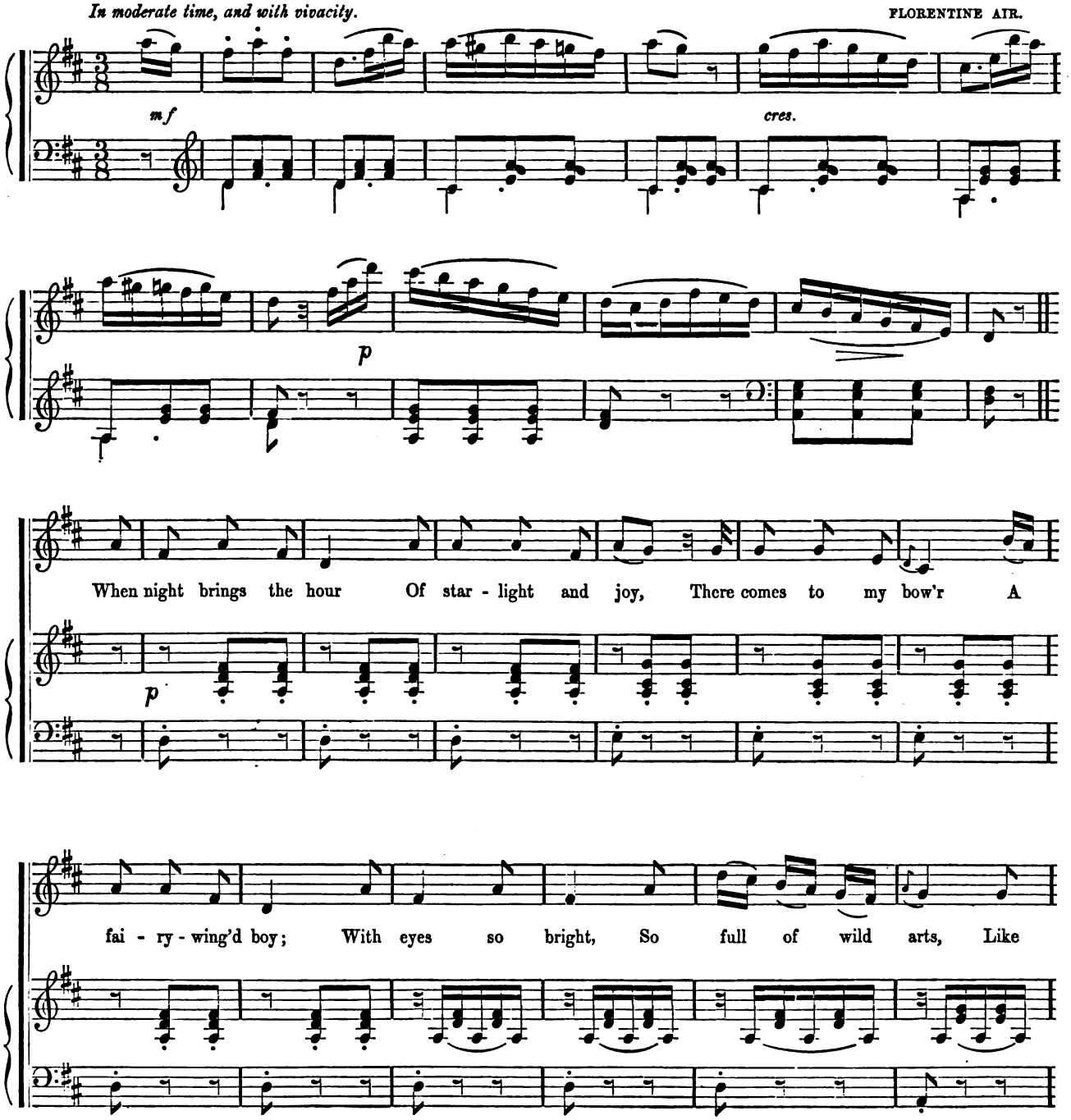
WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

In moderate time, and with vivacity. FLORENTINE AIR.



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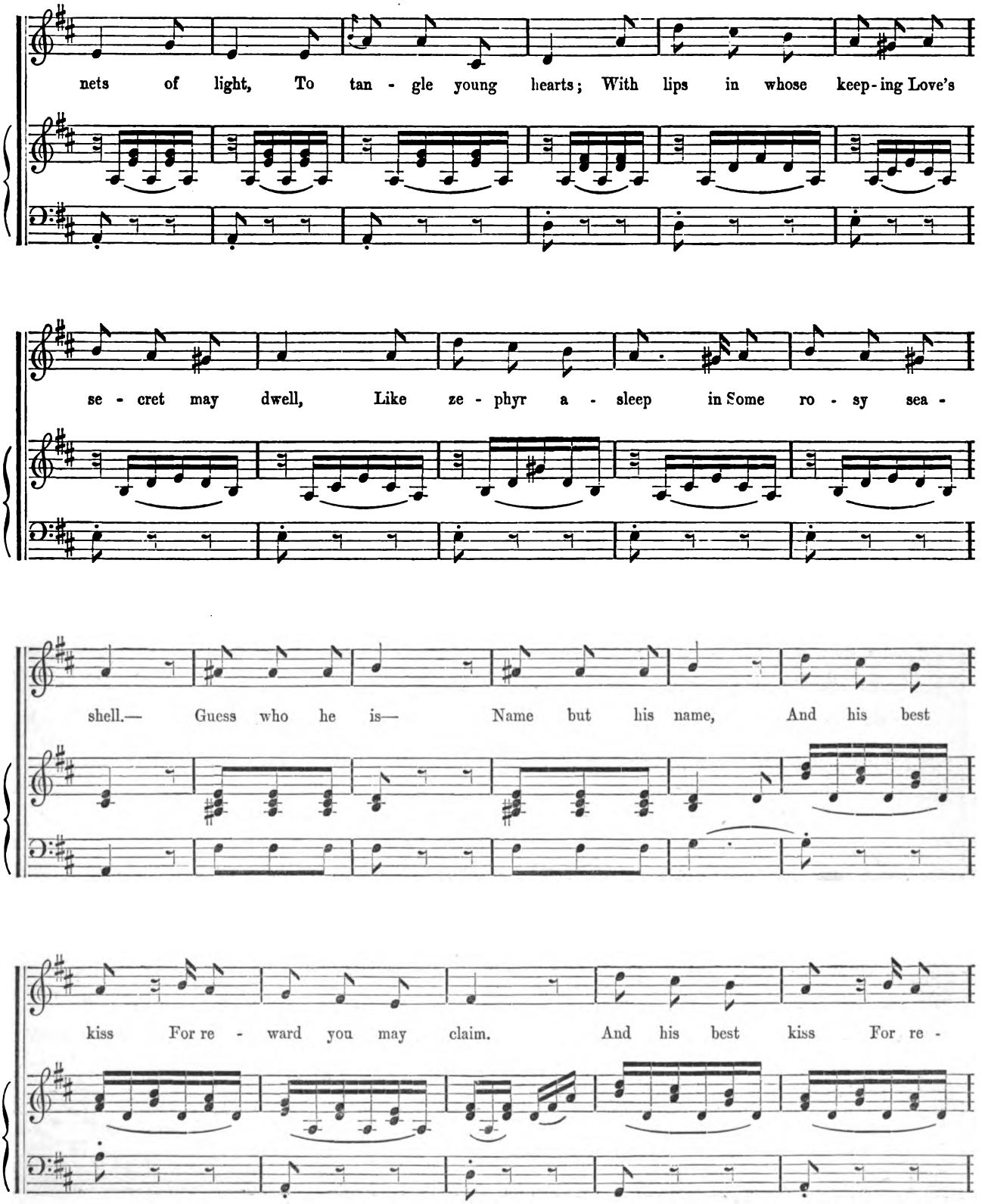

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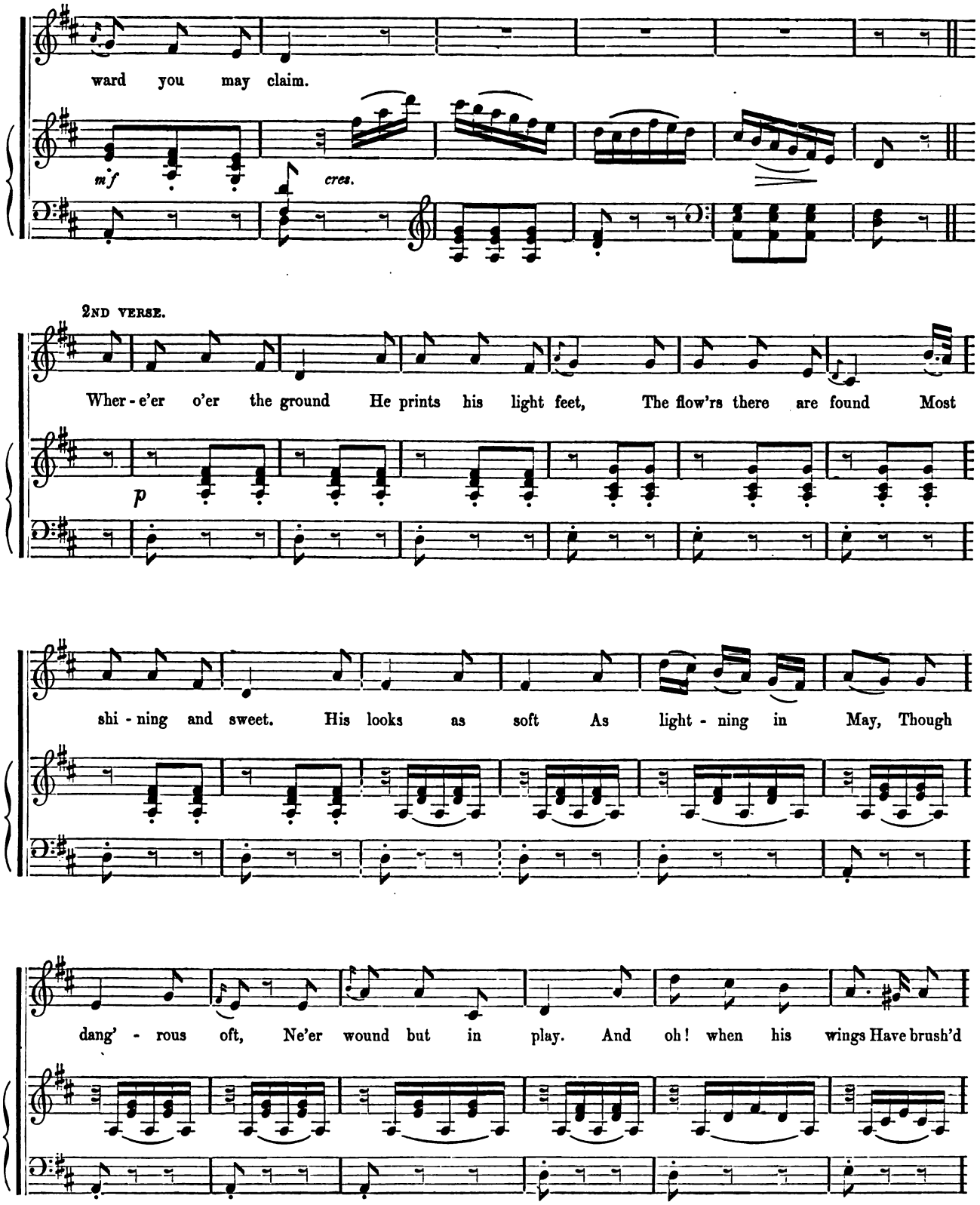

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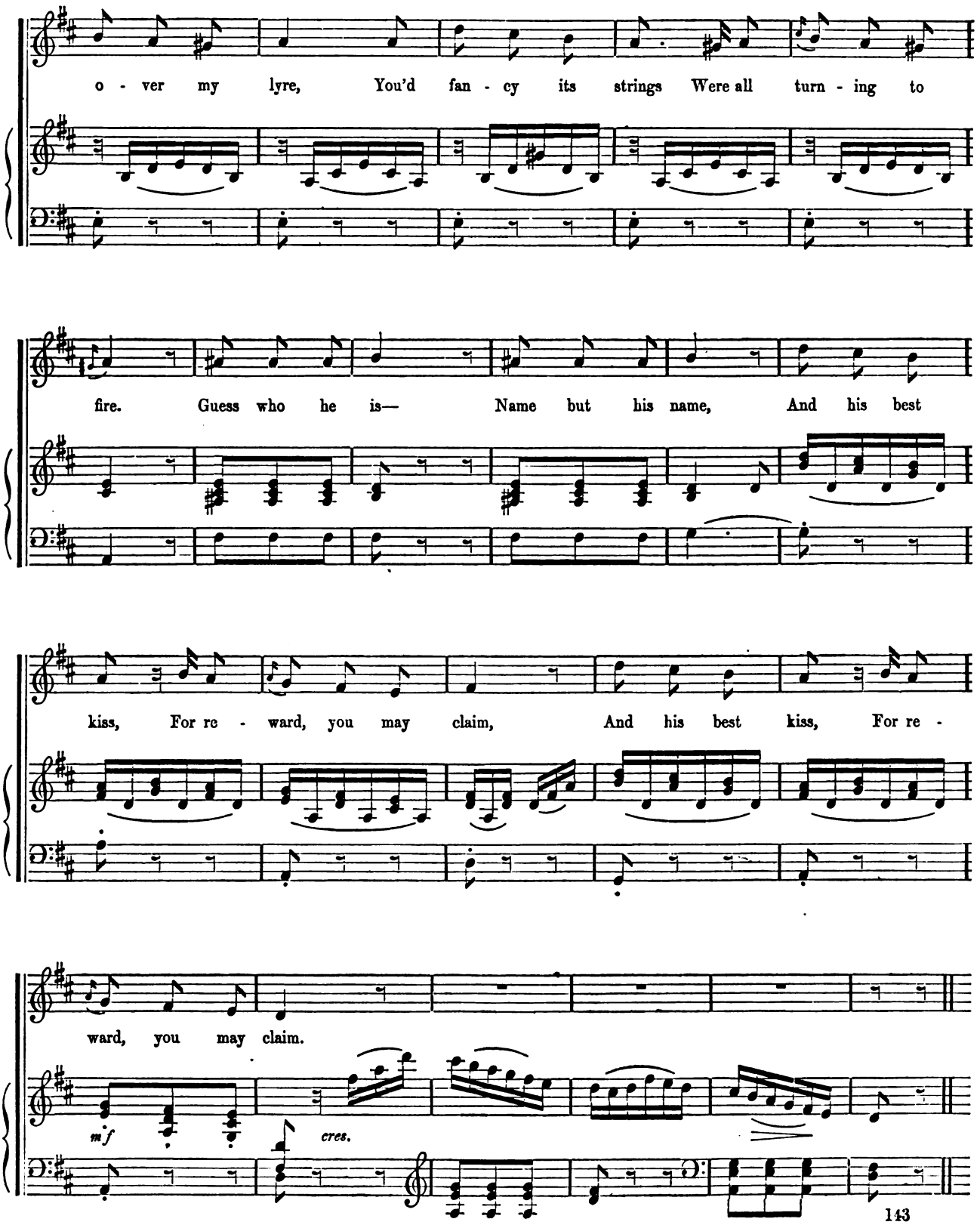

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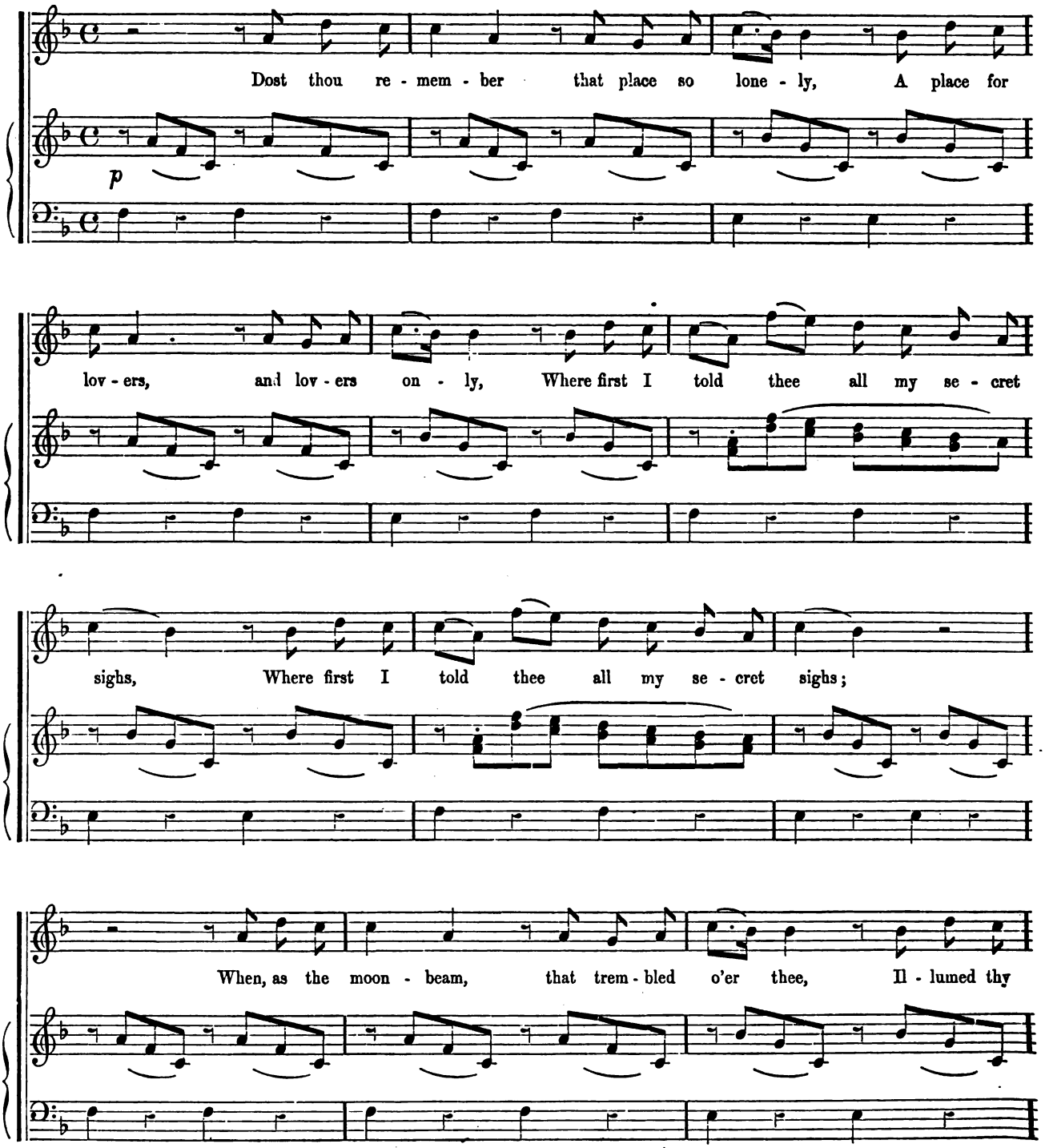
DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Tenderly. PORTUGUESE AIR.



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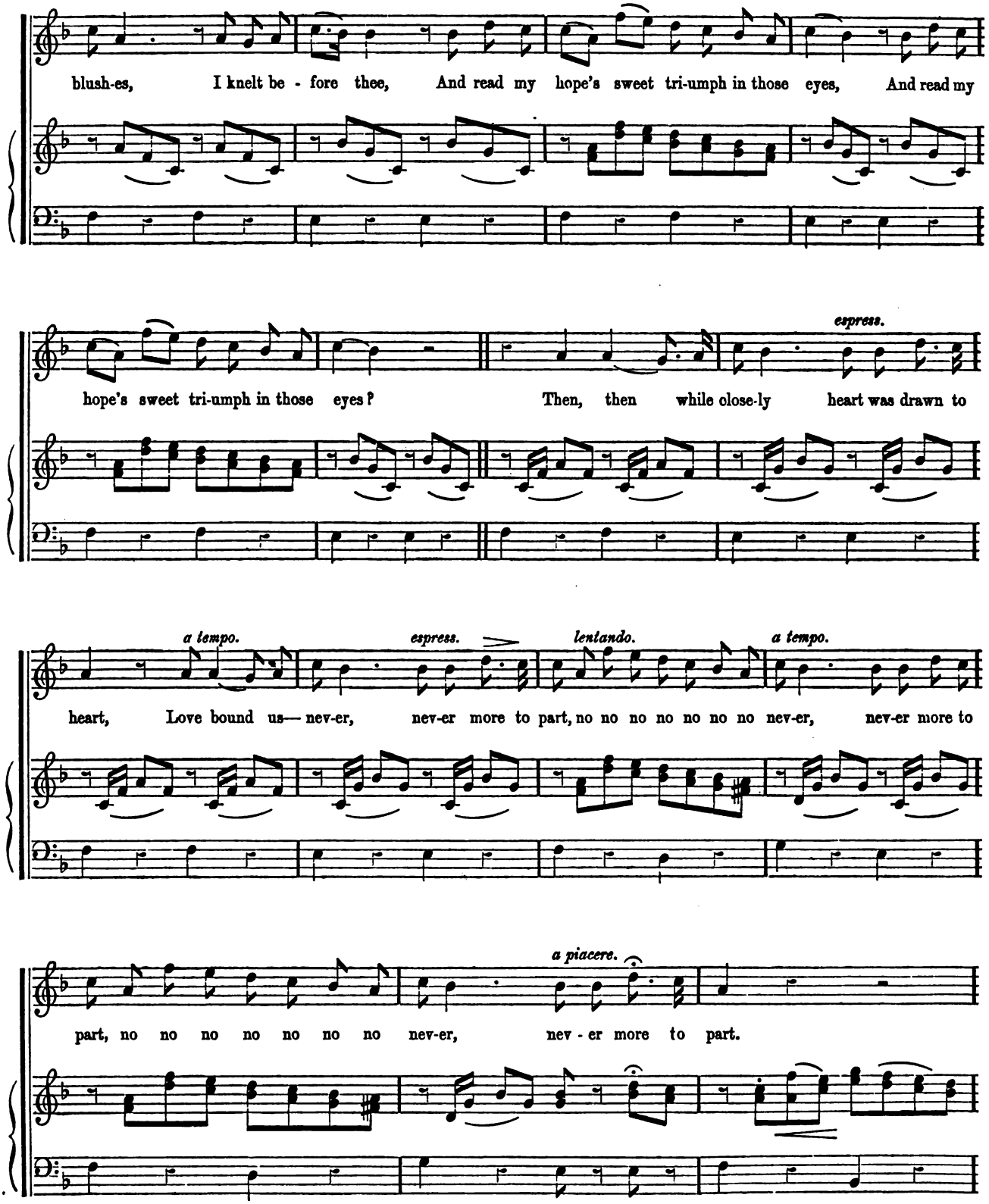

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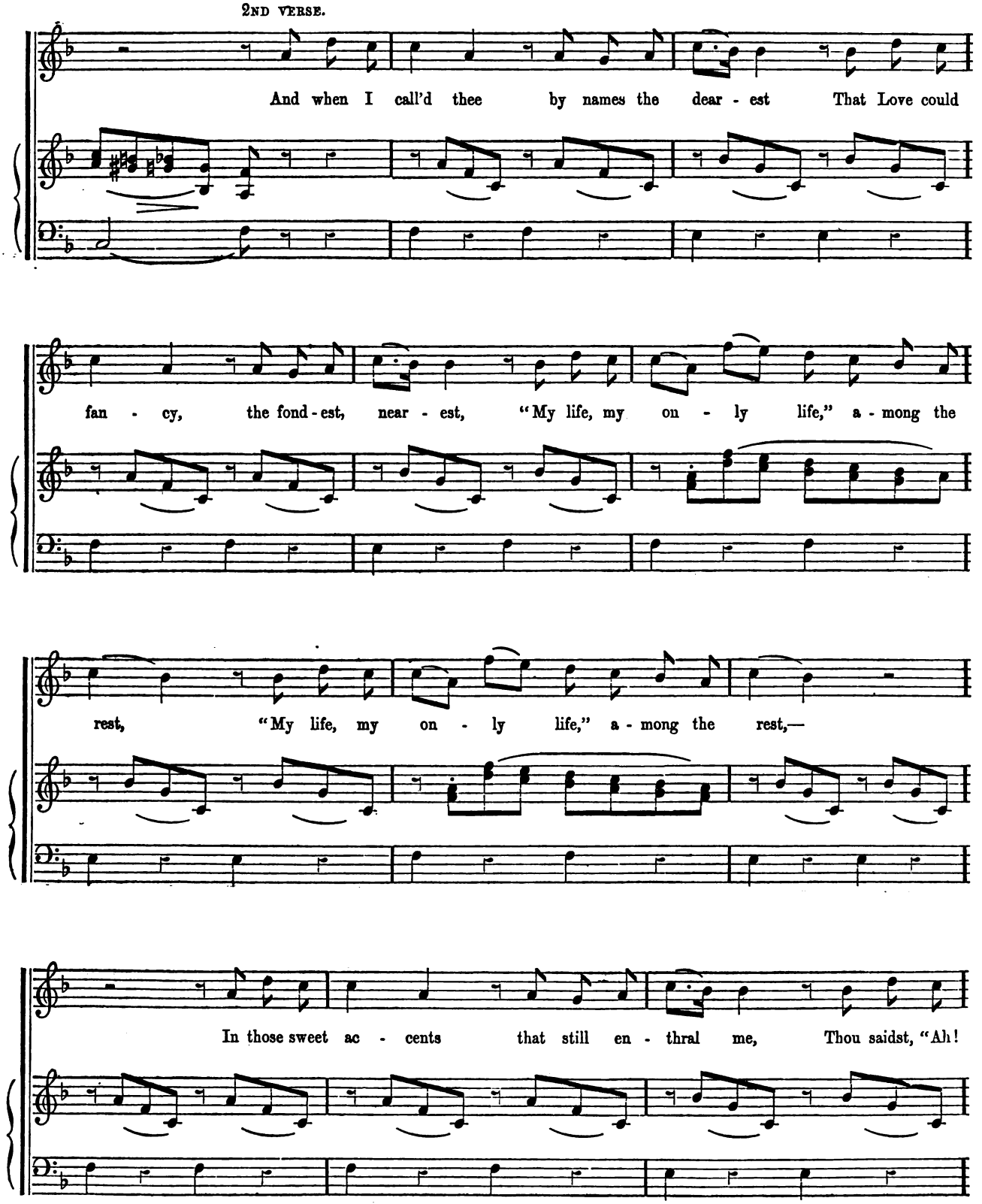
DOST THOU REMEMBER.

2ND VERSE.



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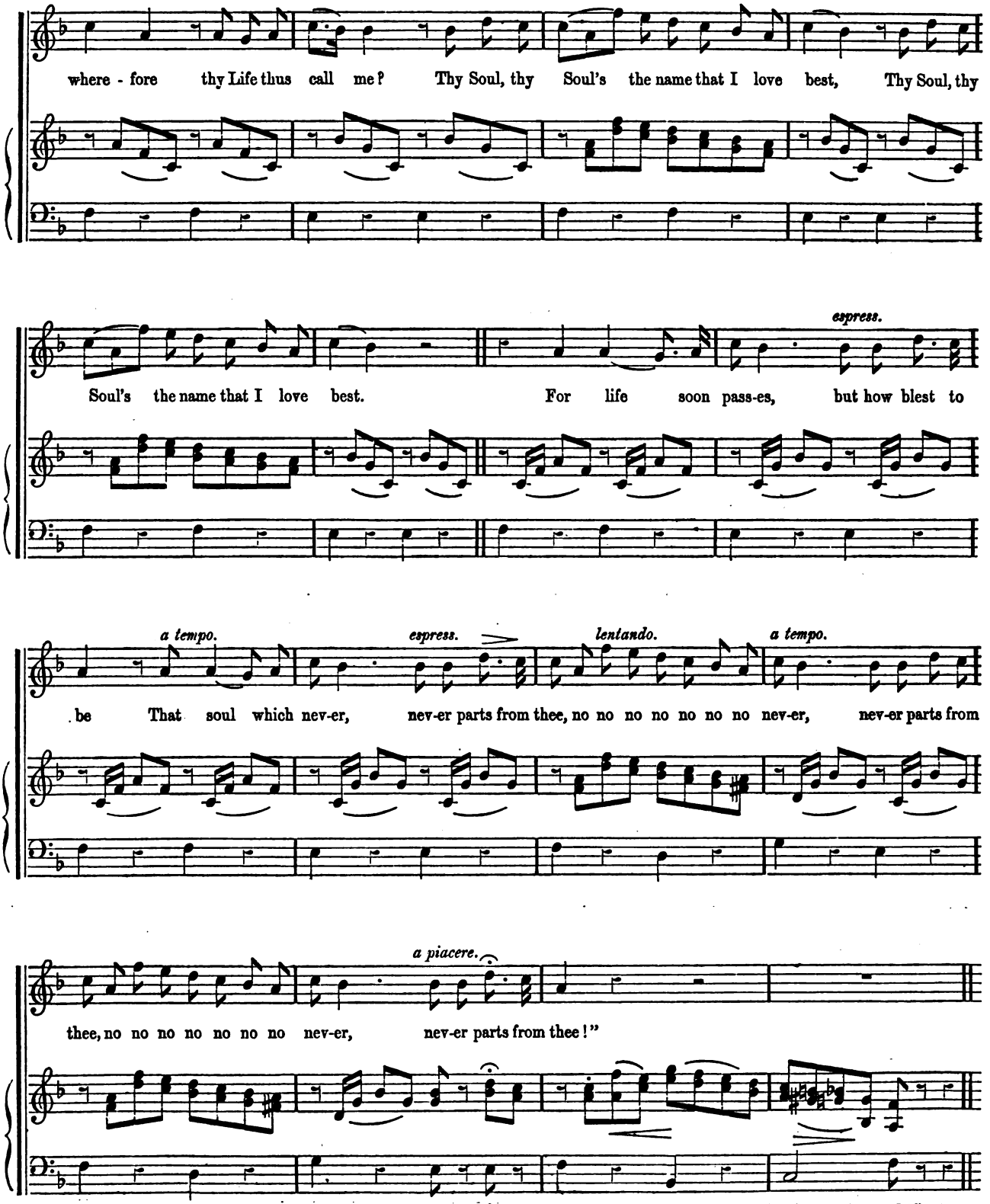

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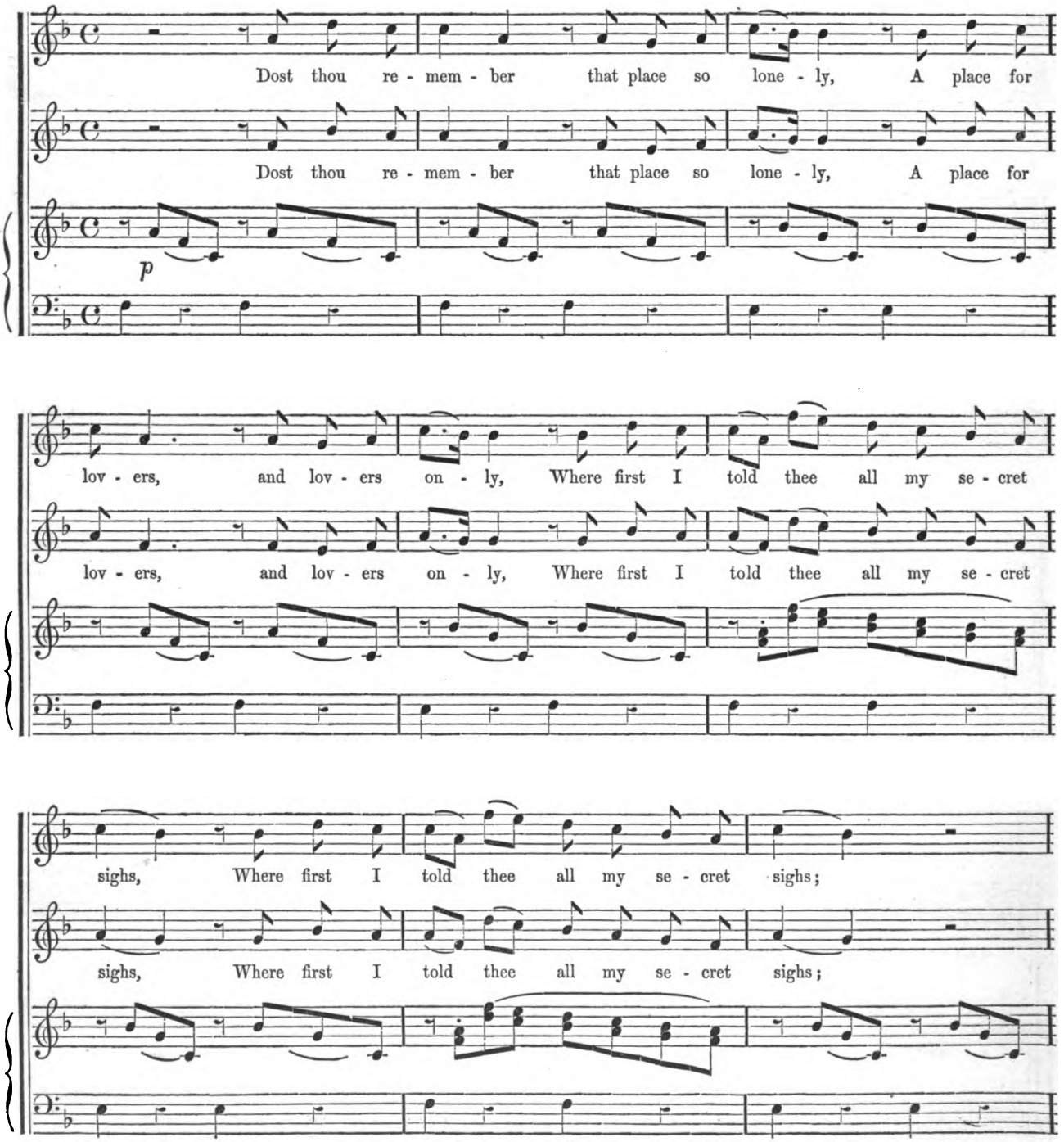
DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(FOR TWO VOICES.)

Tenderly.

PORTUGUESE AIR.



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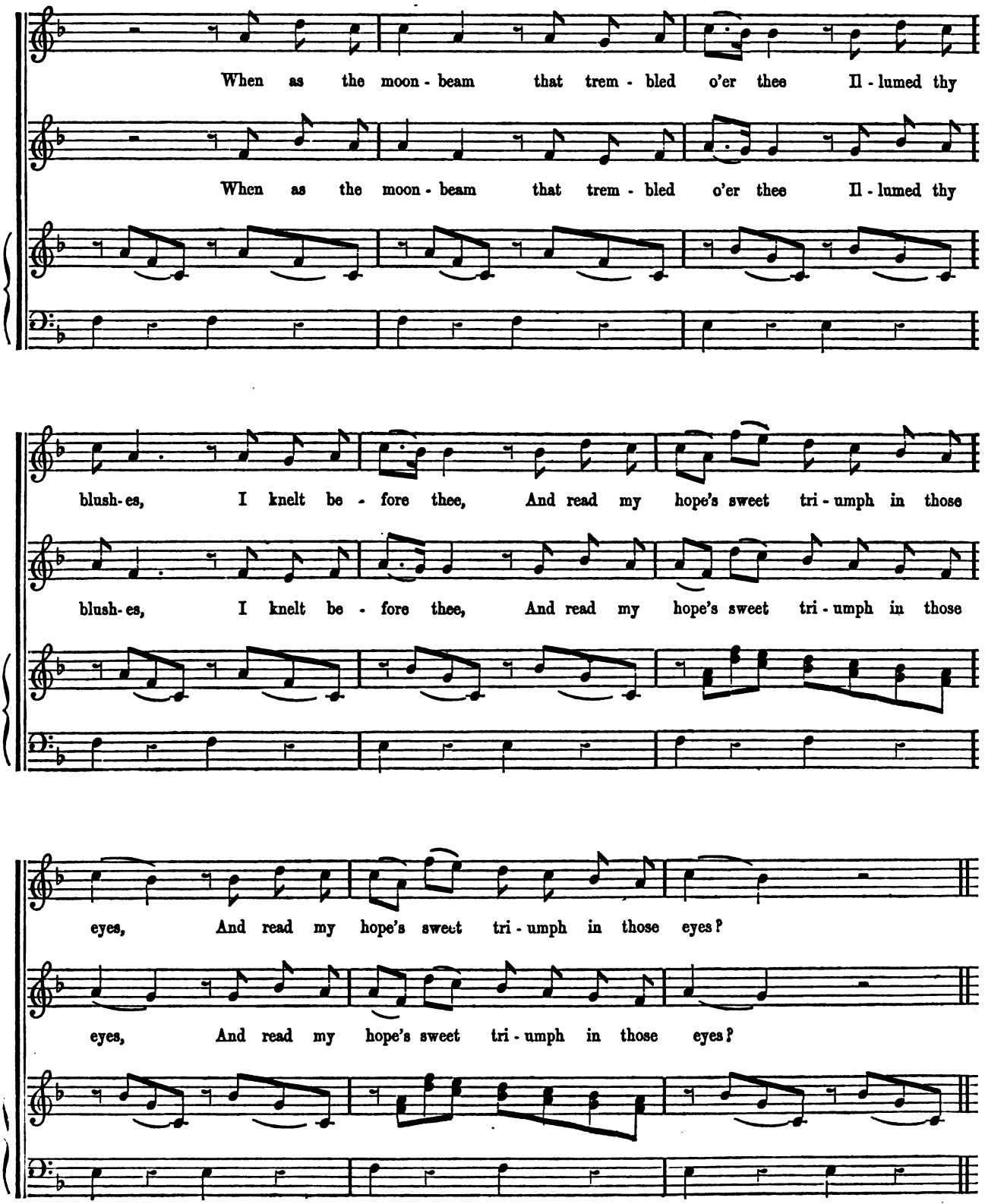

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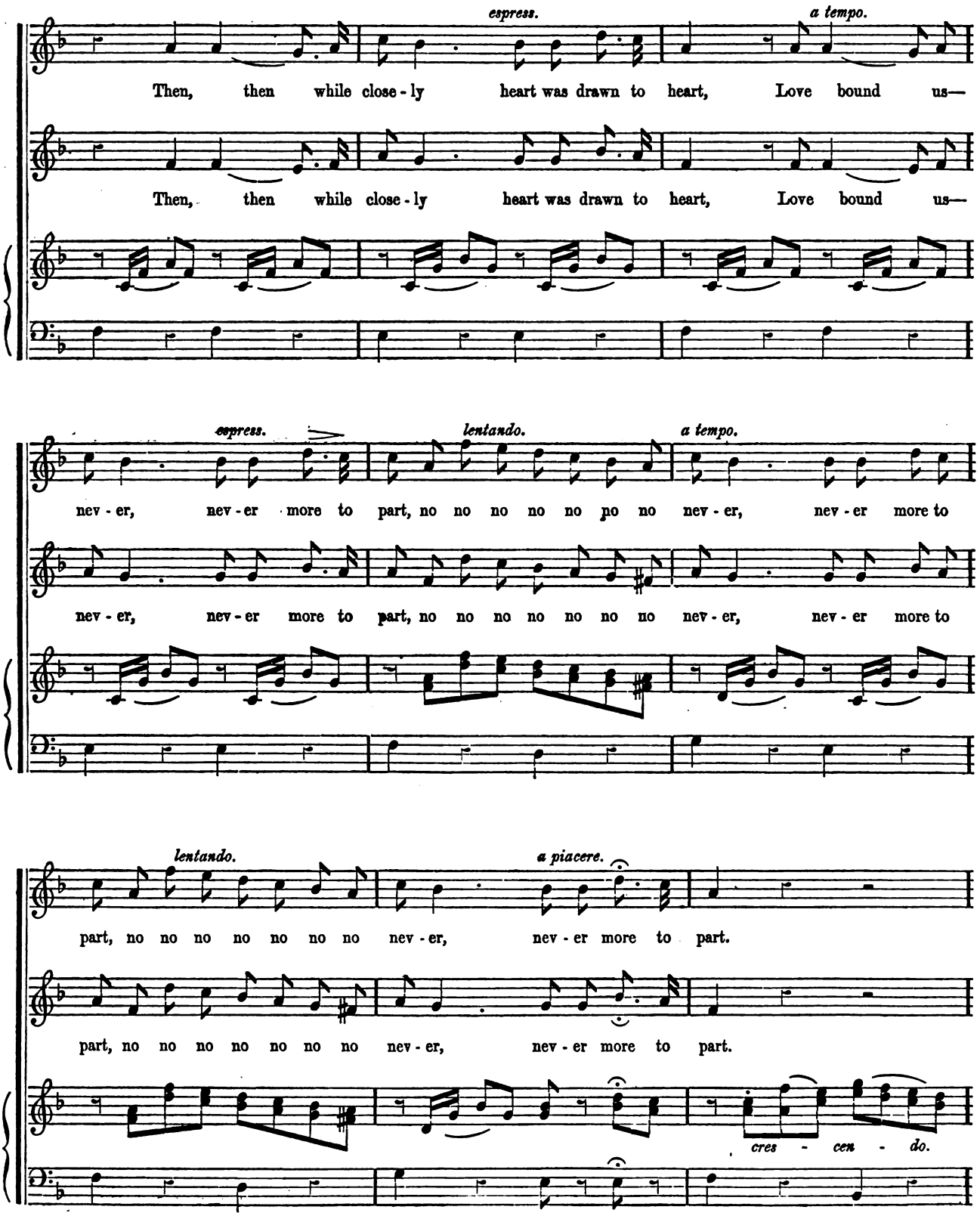

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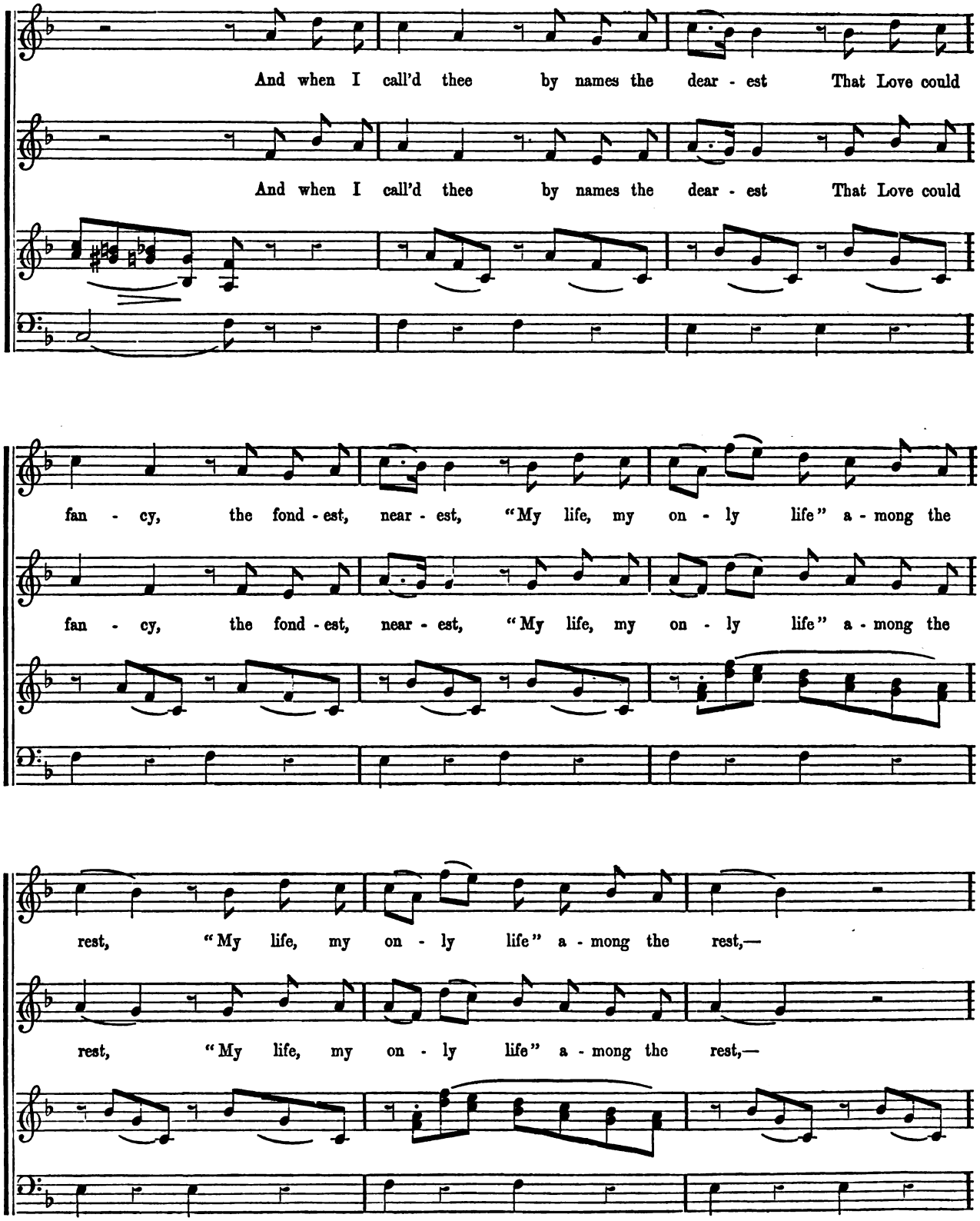

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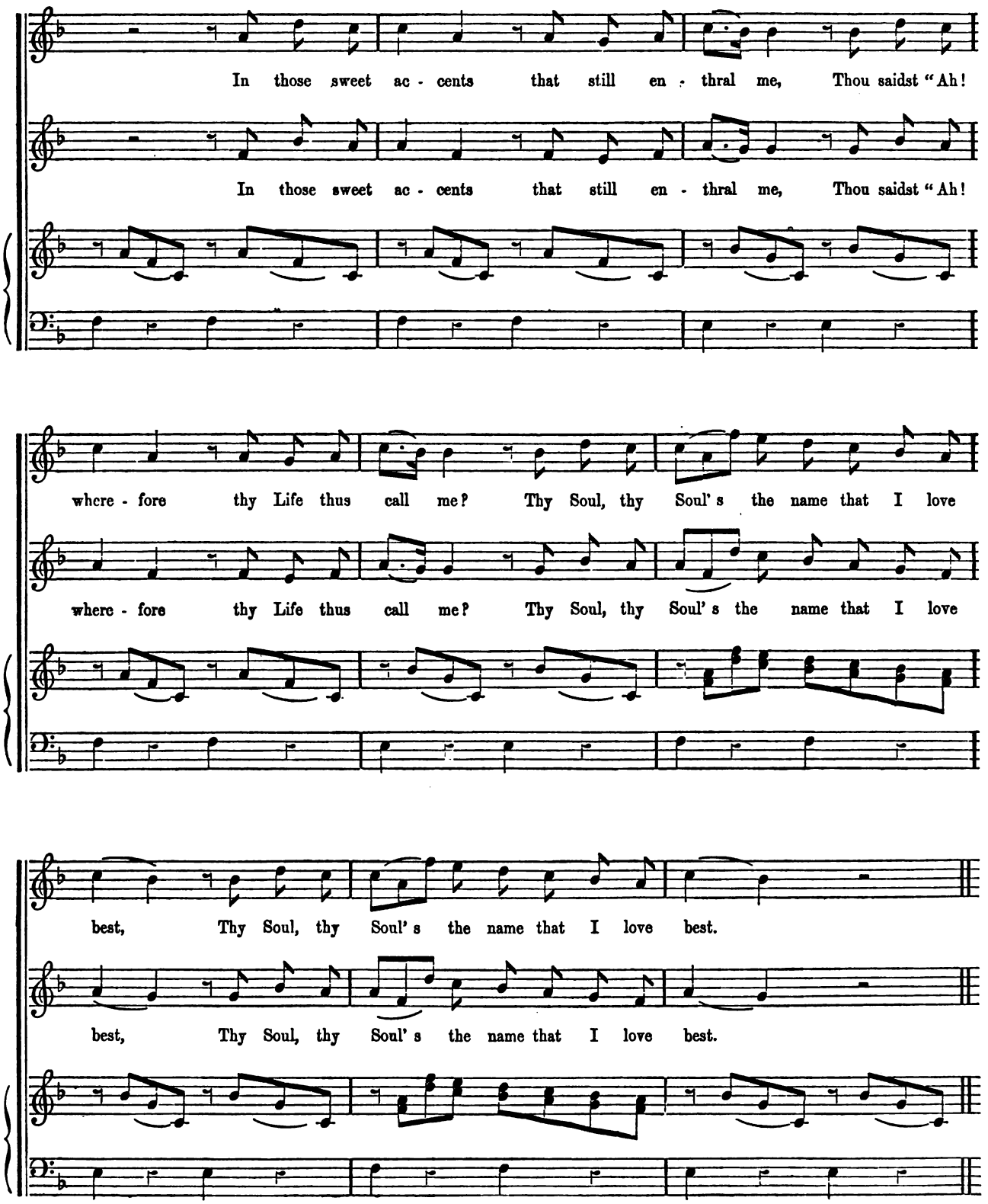

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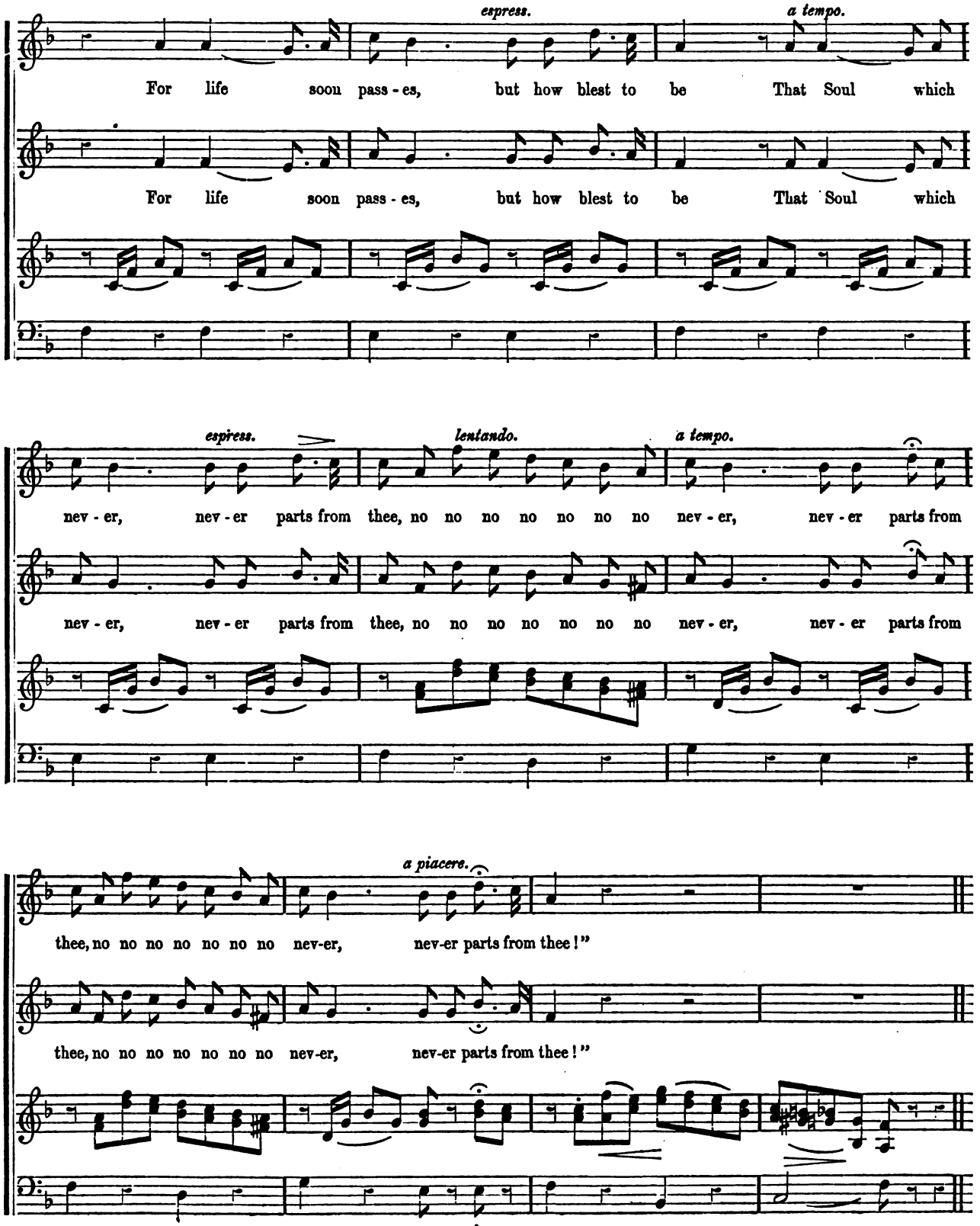

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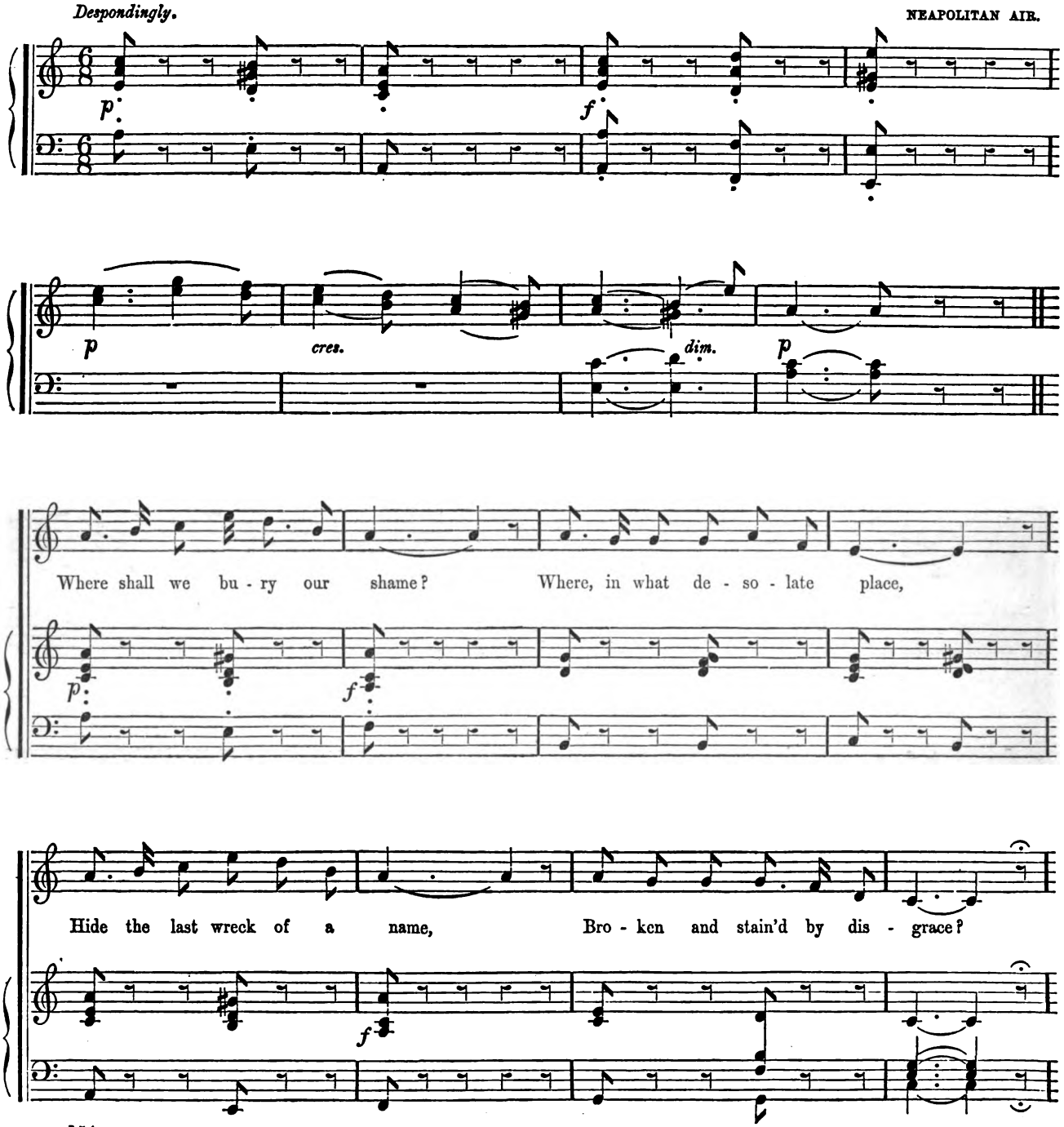
WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Despondingly.

NEAPOLITAN AIR.



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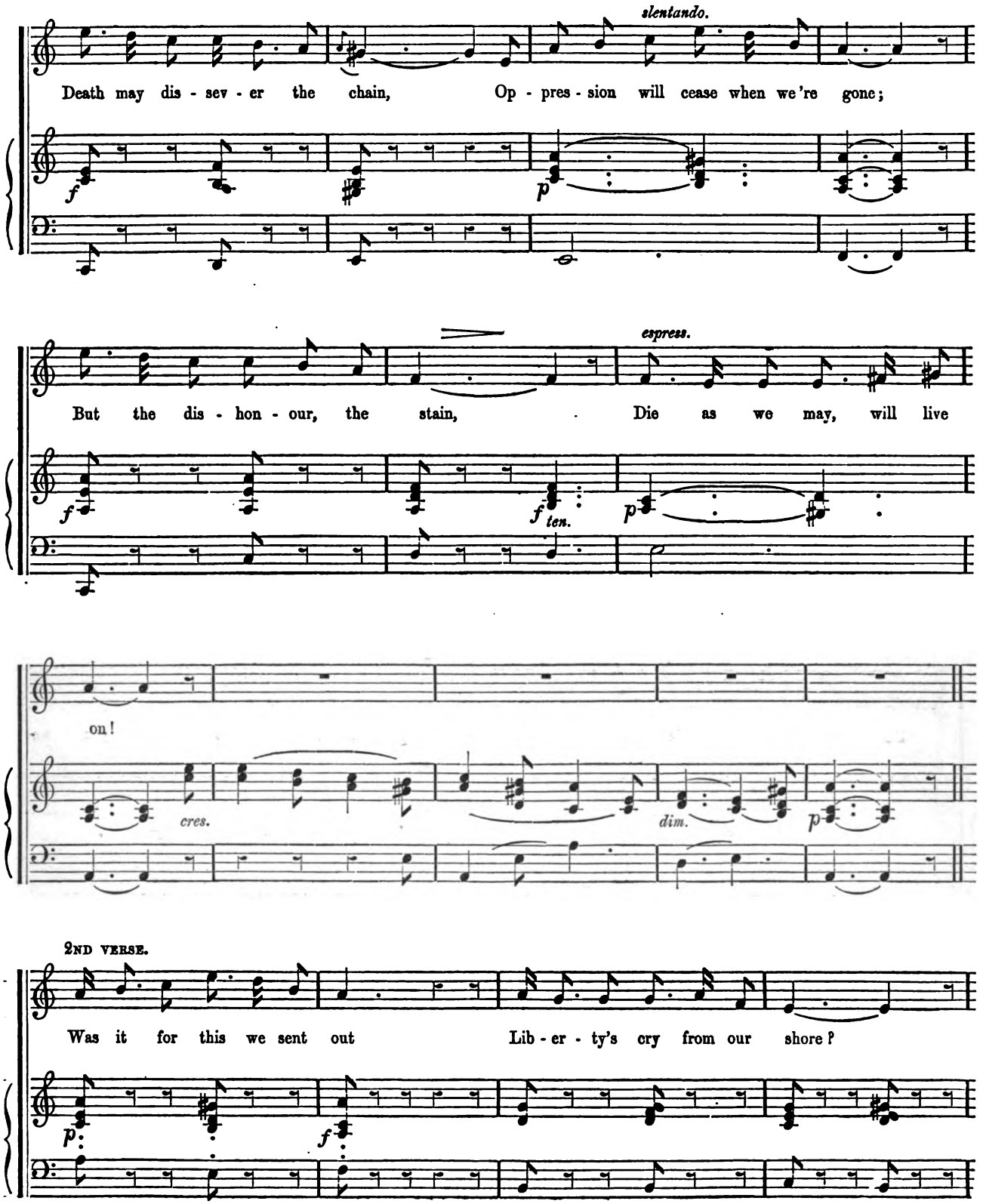

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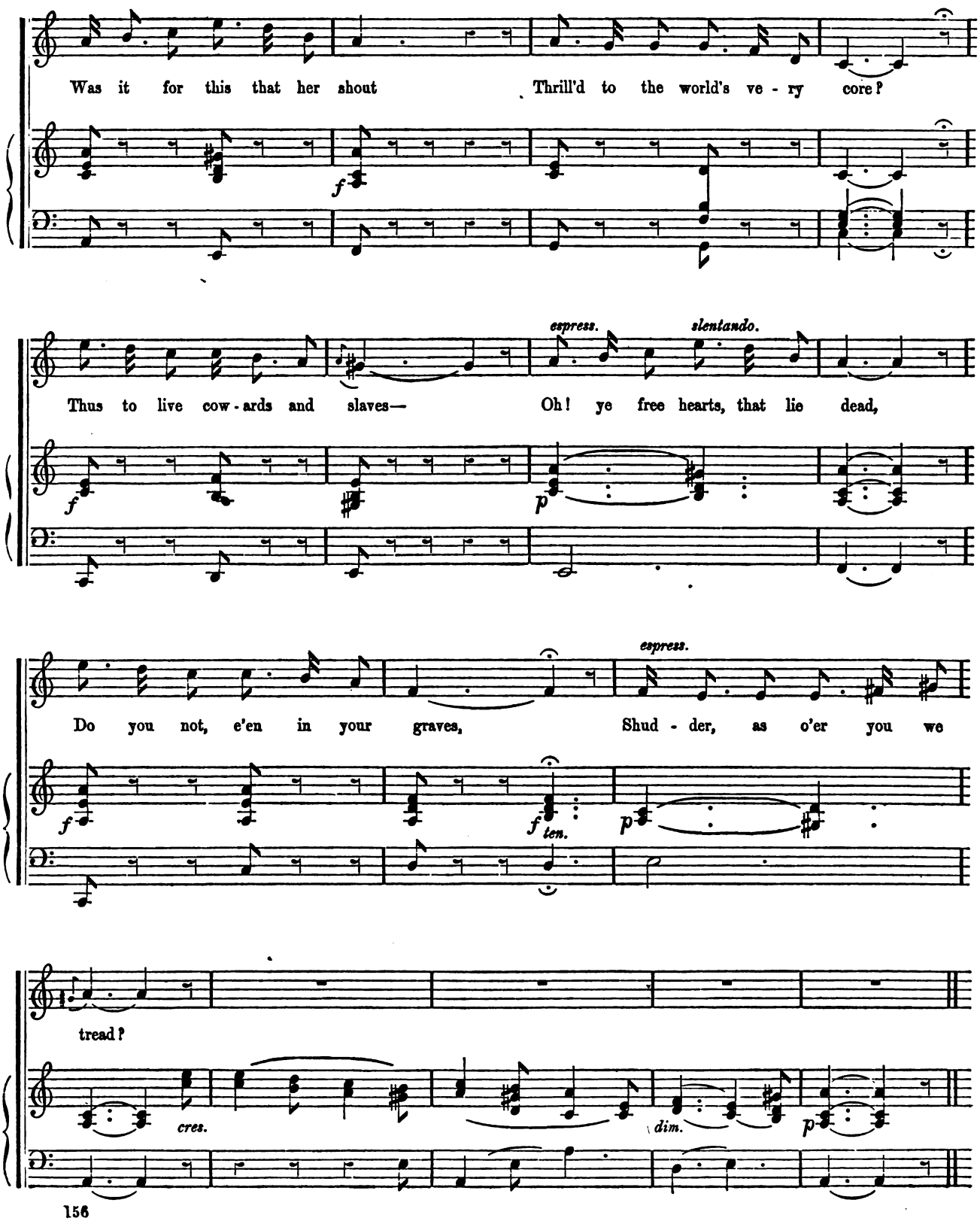

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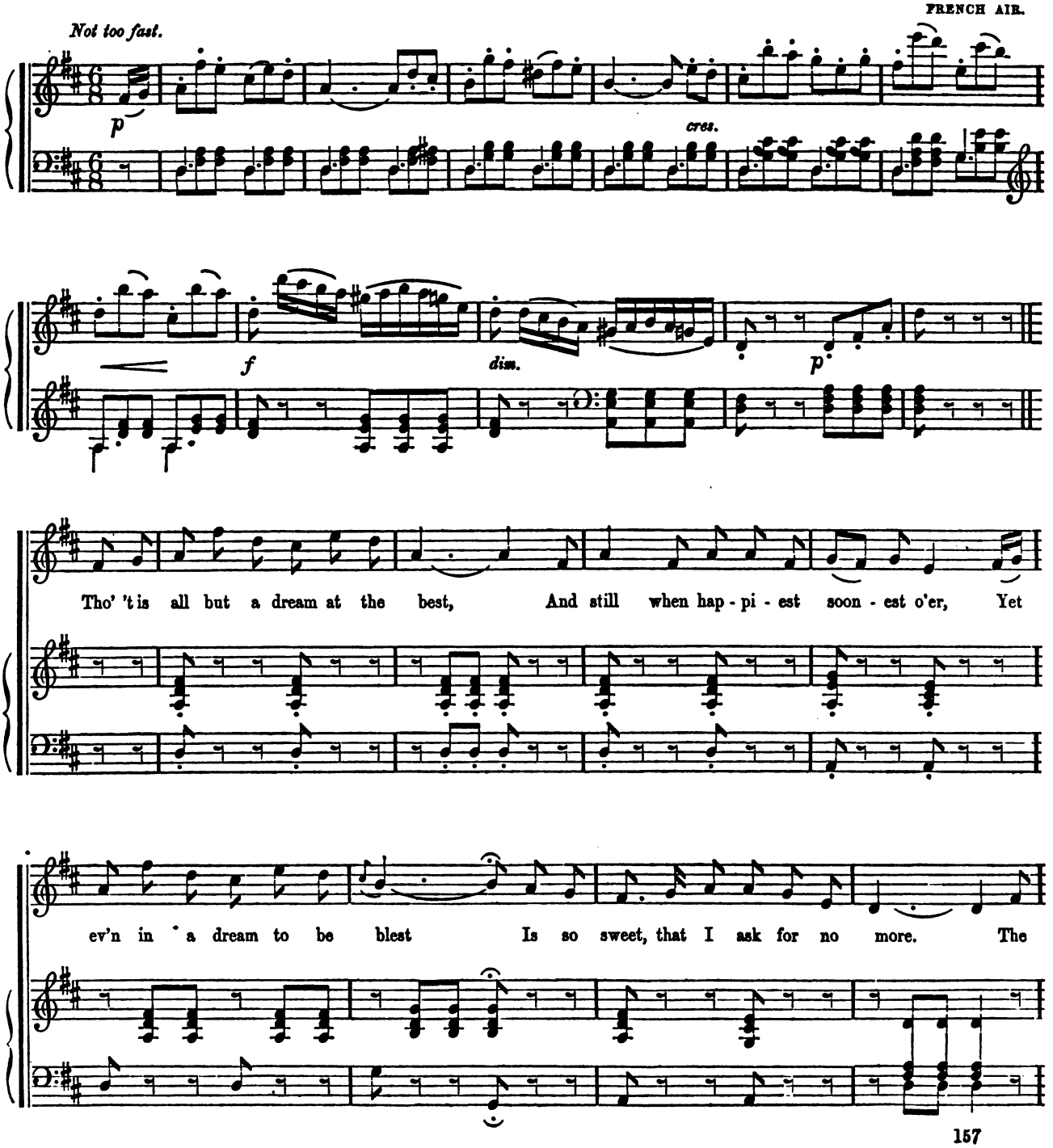
THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

FRENCH AIR.



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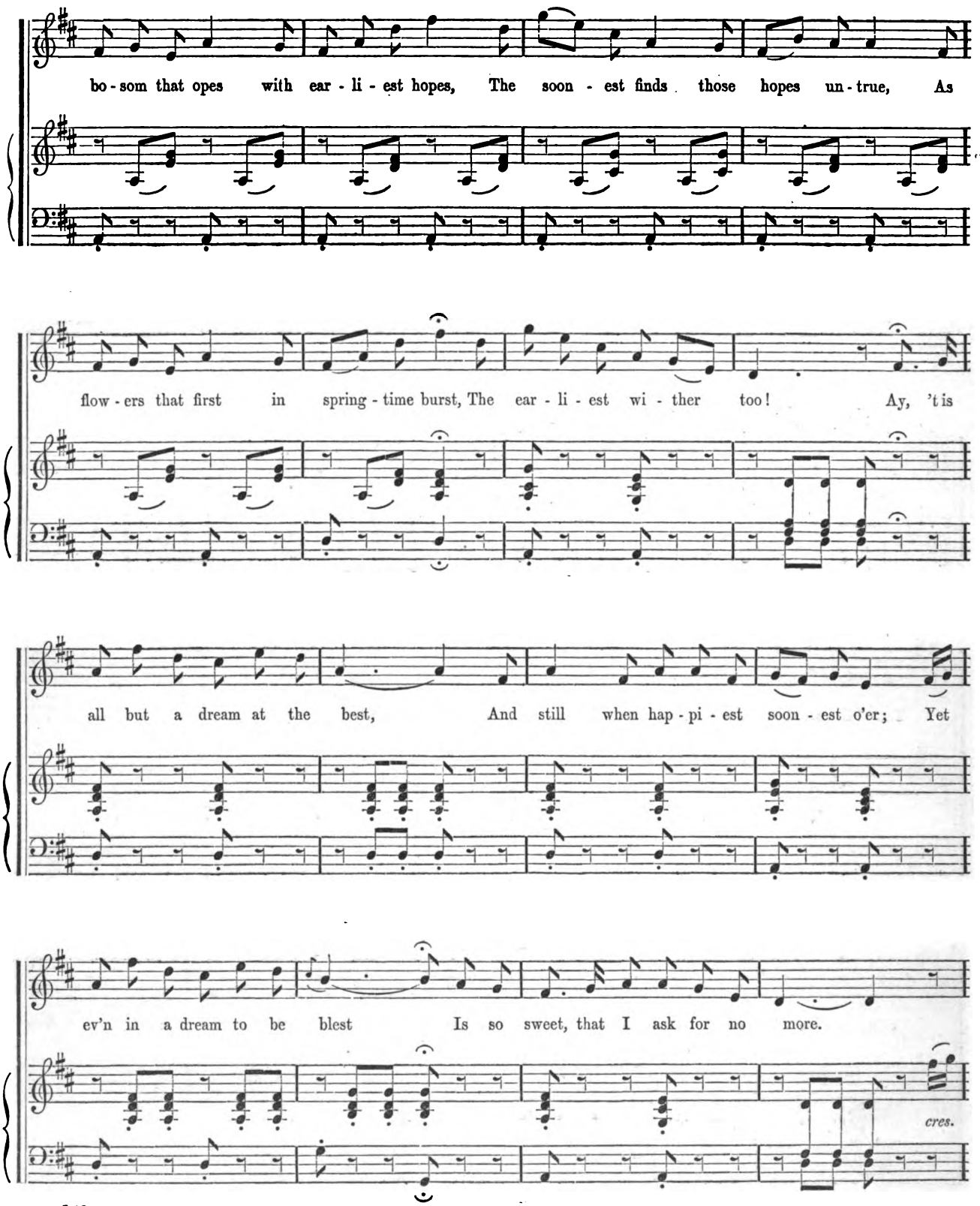
THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.



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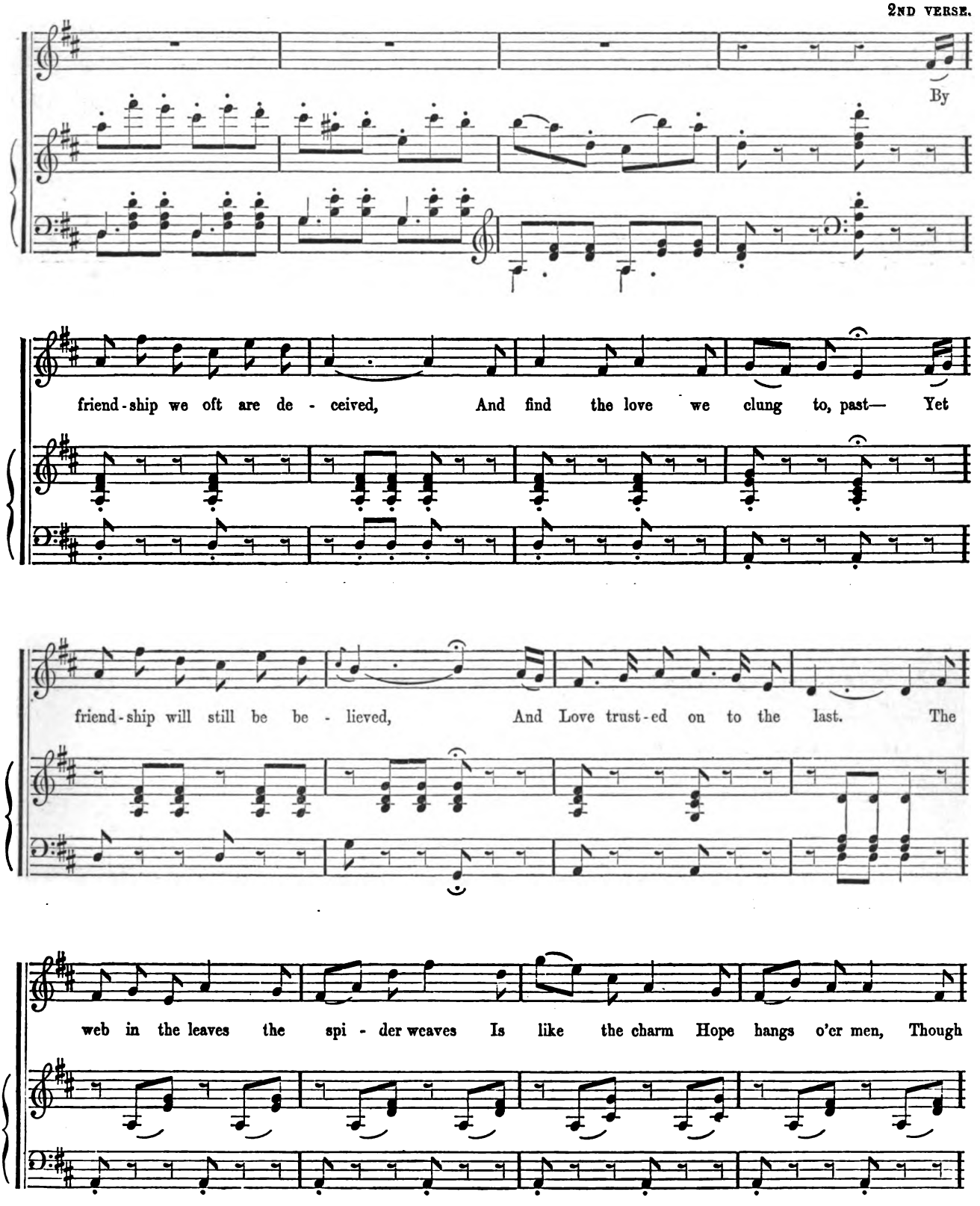
THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

2ND VERSE.



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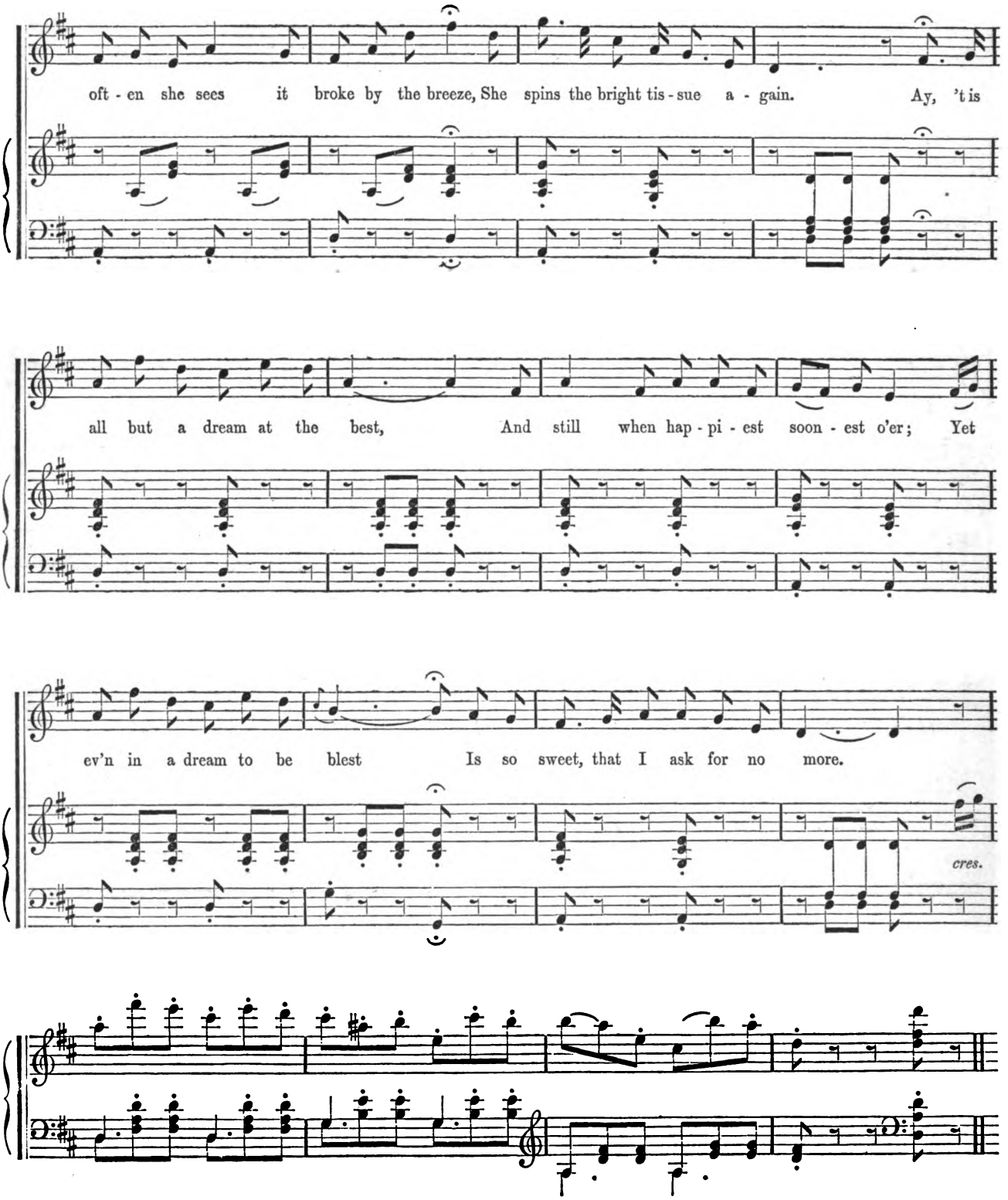

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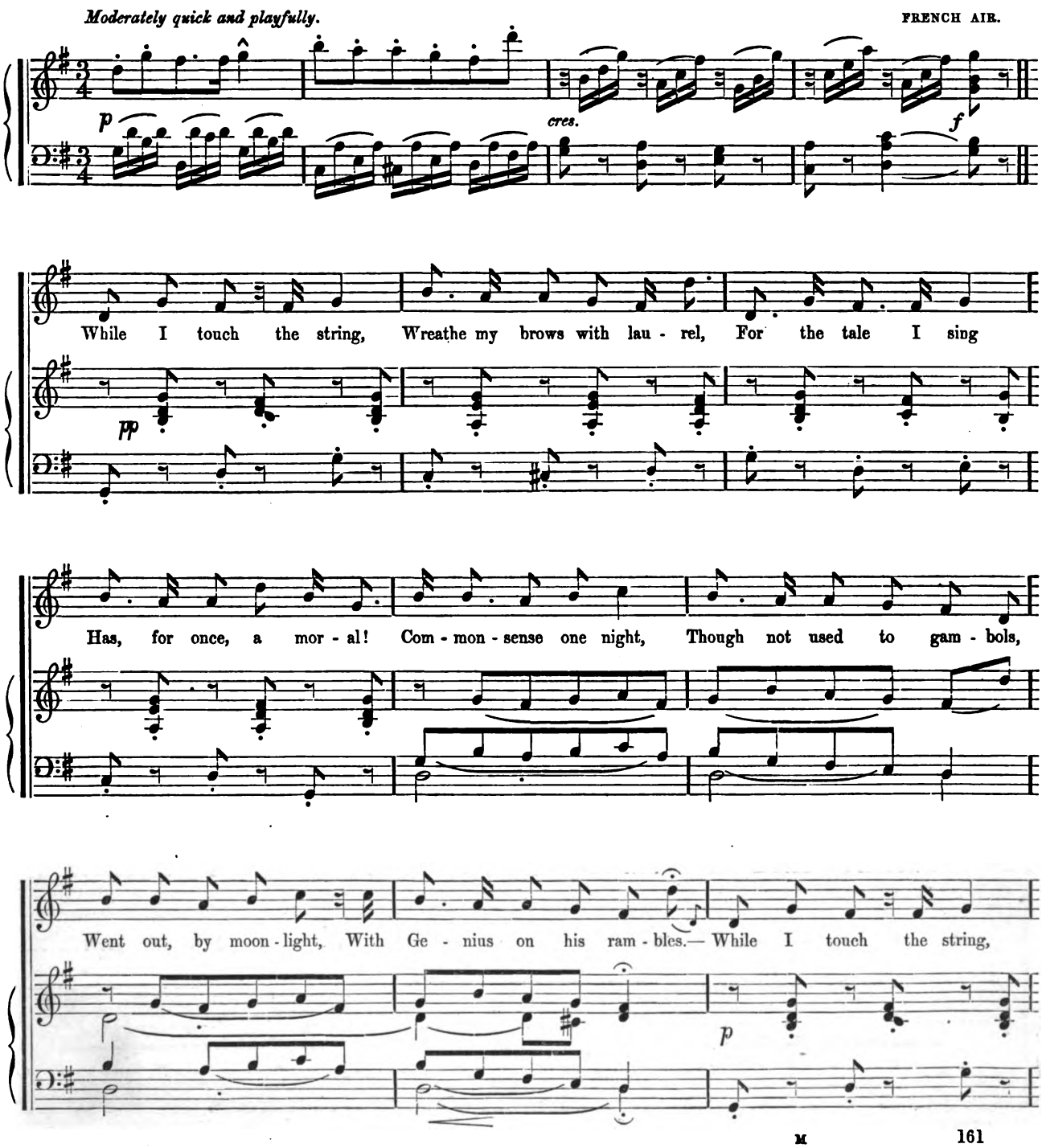
COMMON-SENSE AND GENIUS.

Moderately quick and playfully. FRENCH AIR.



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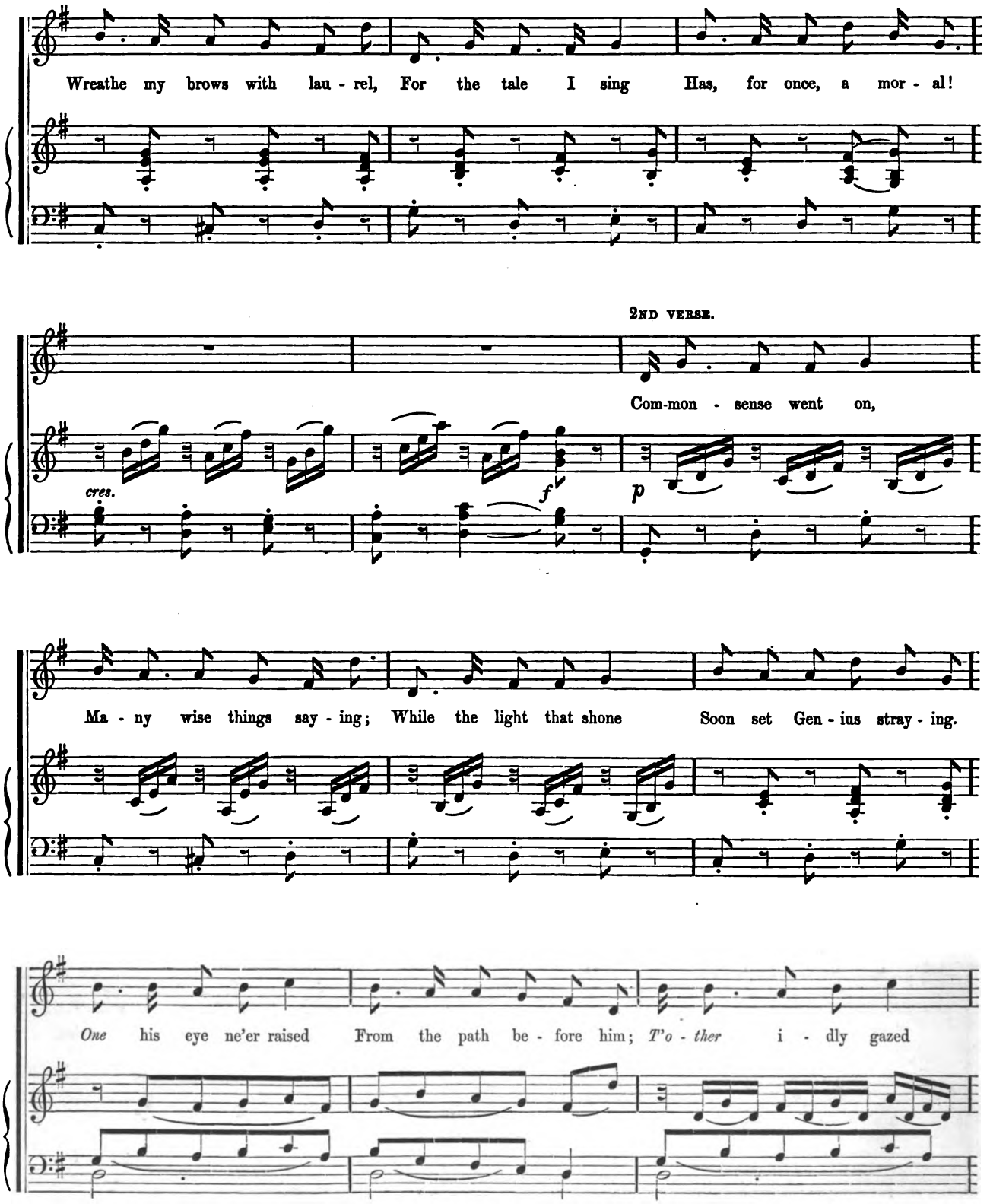

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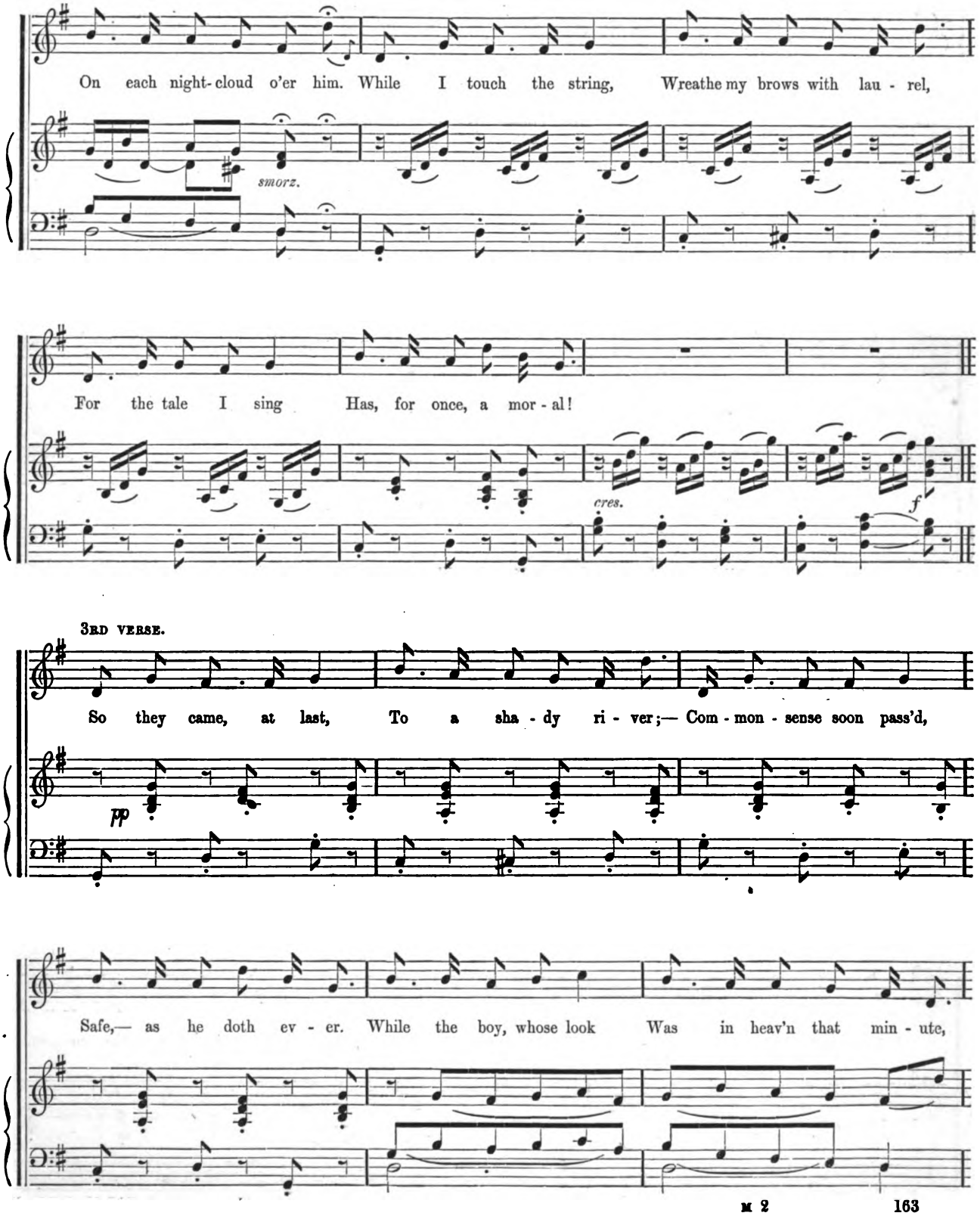

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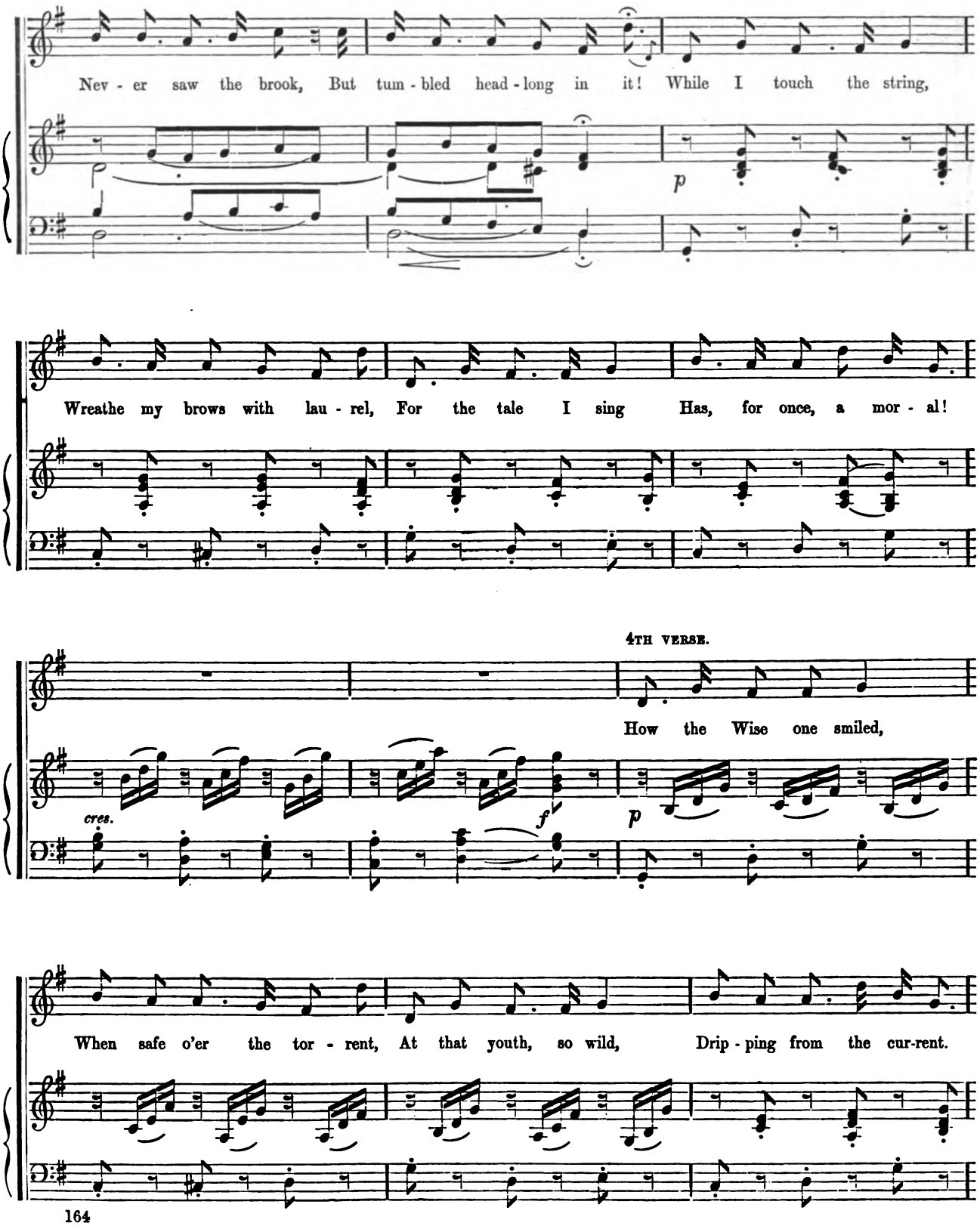

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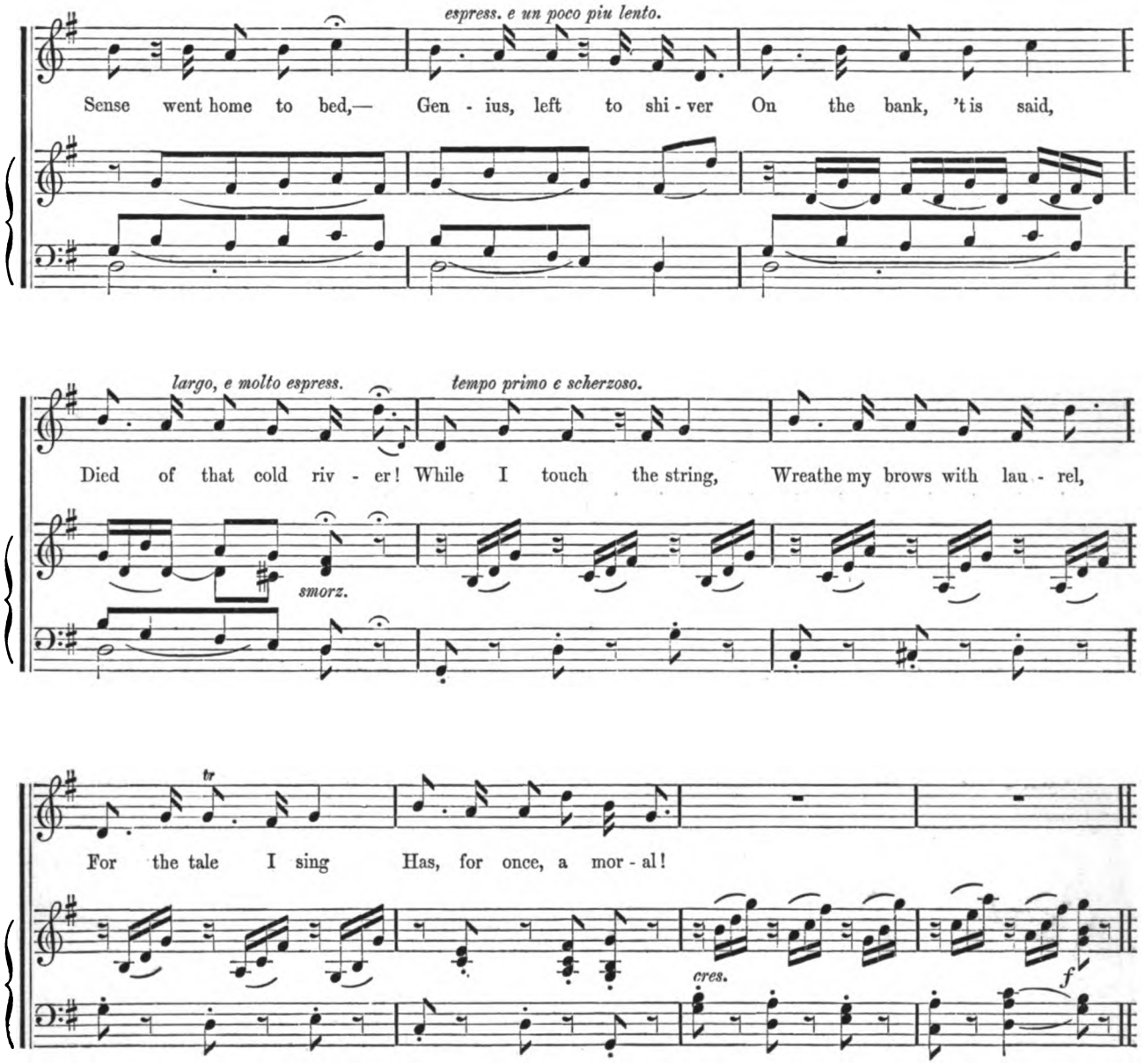

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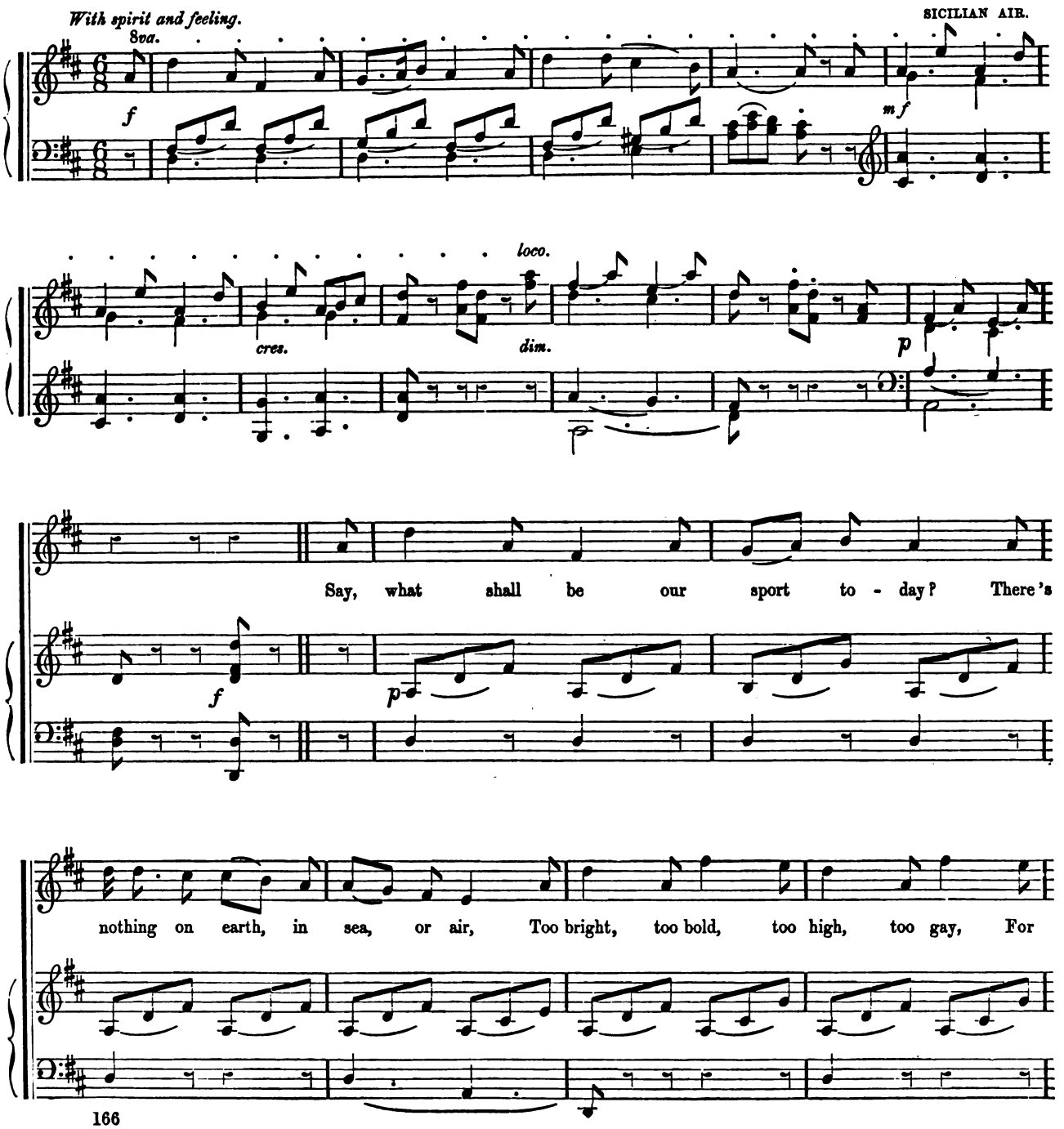
SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?



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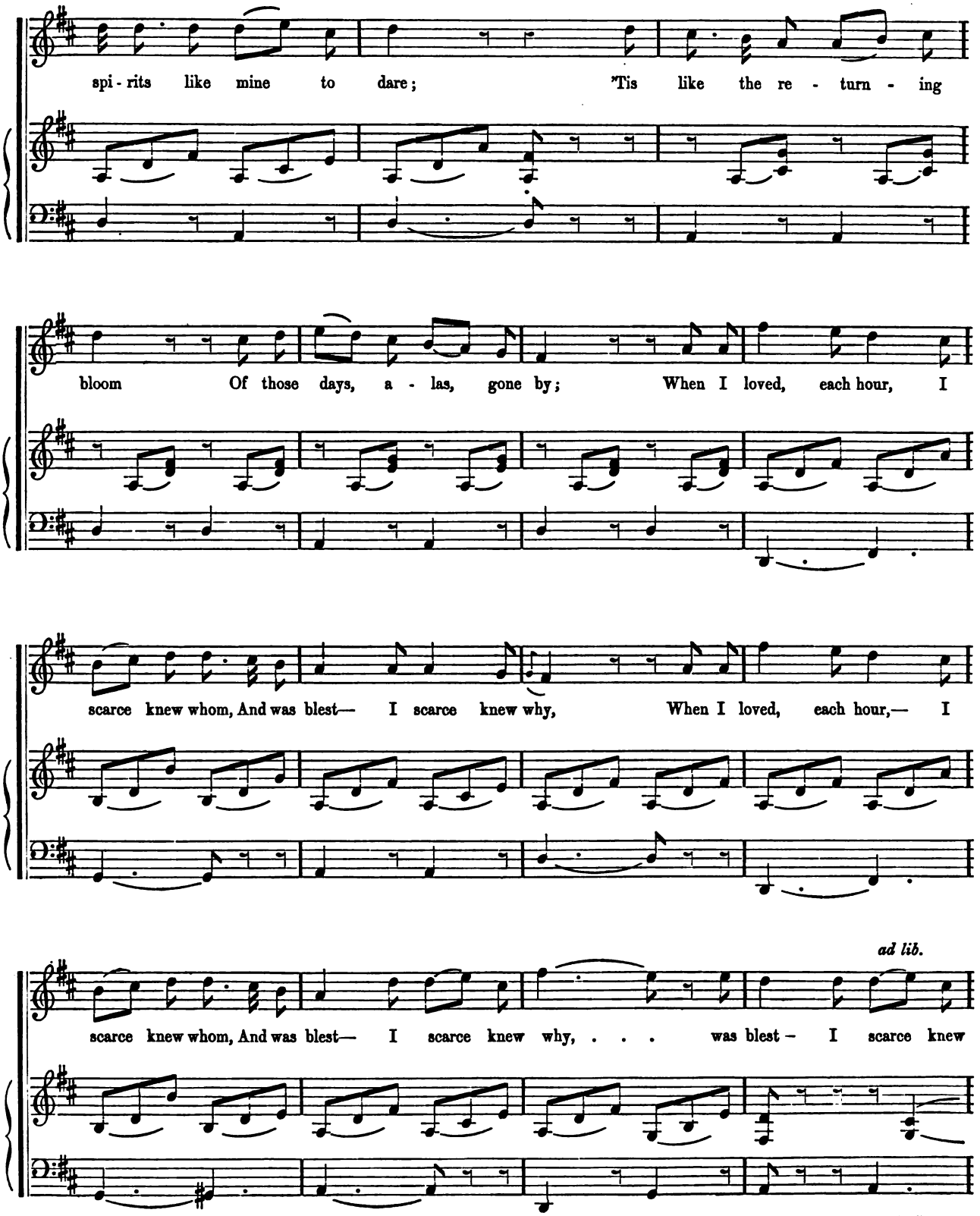

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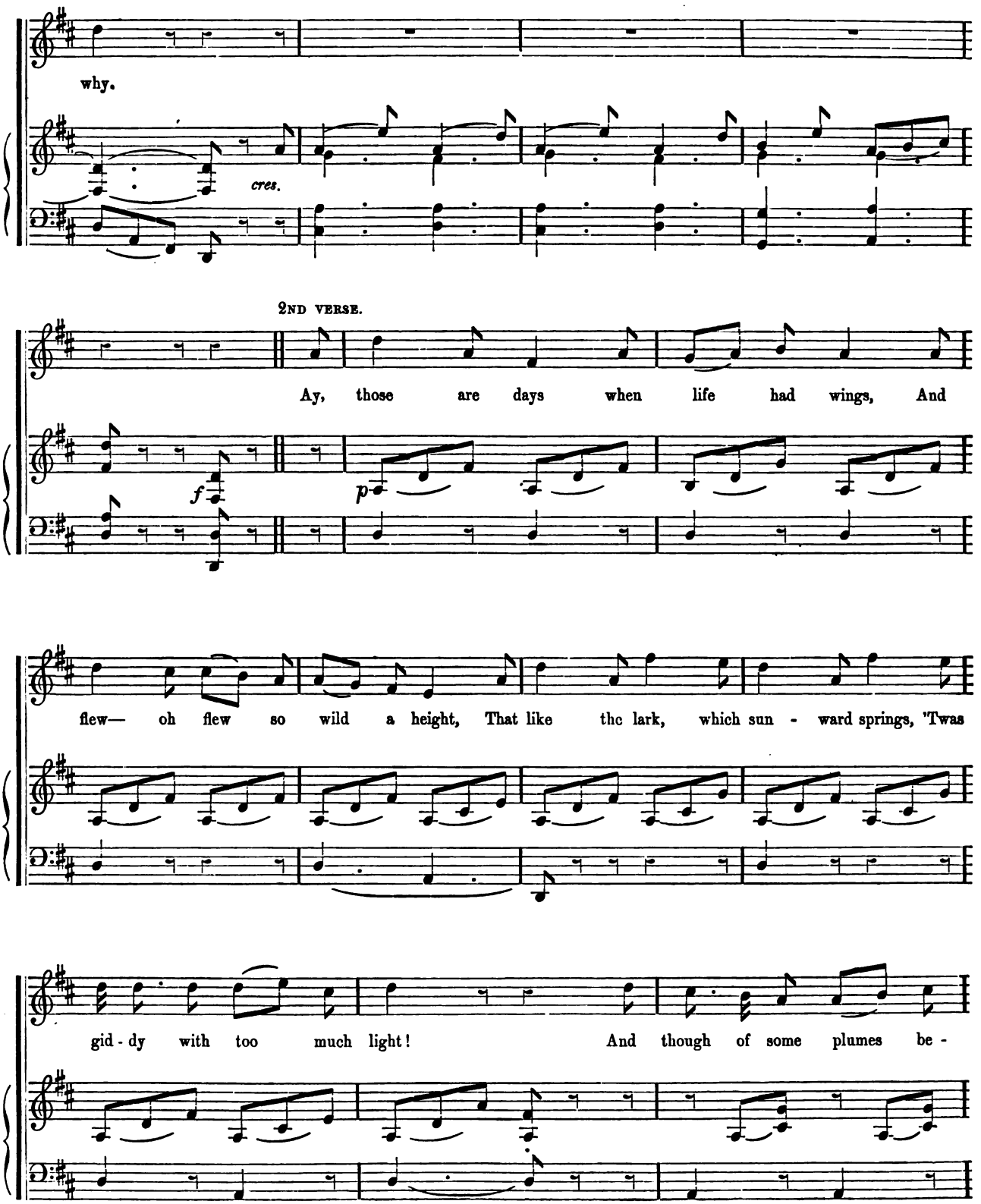

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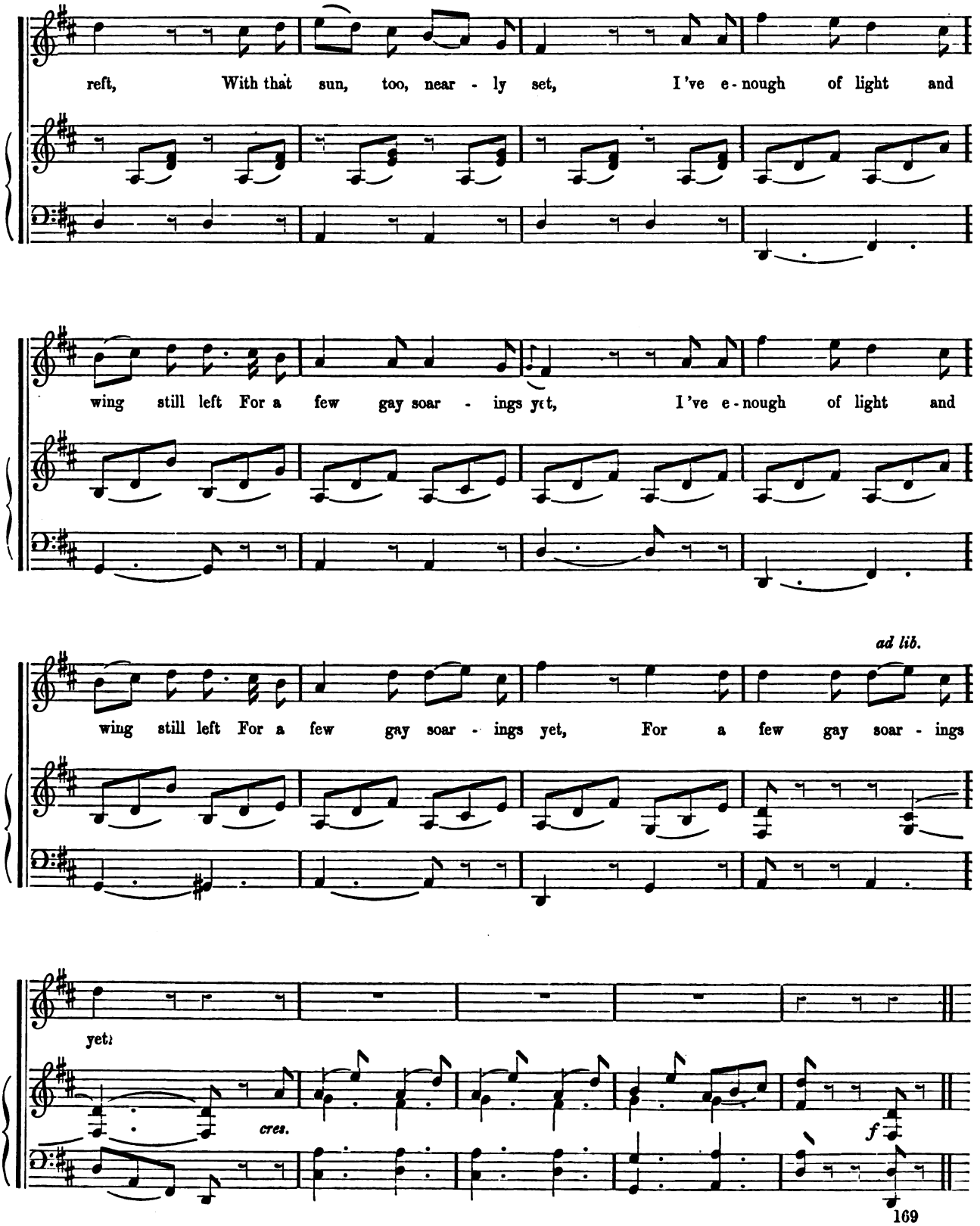

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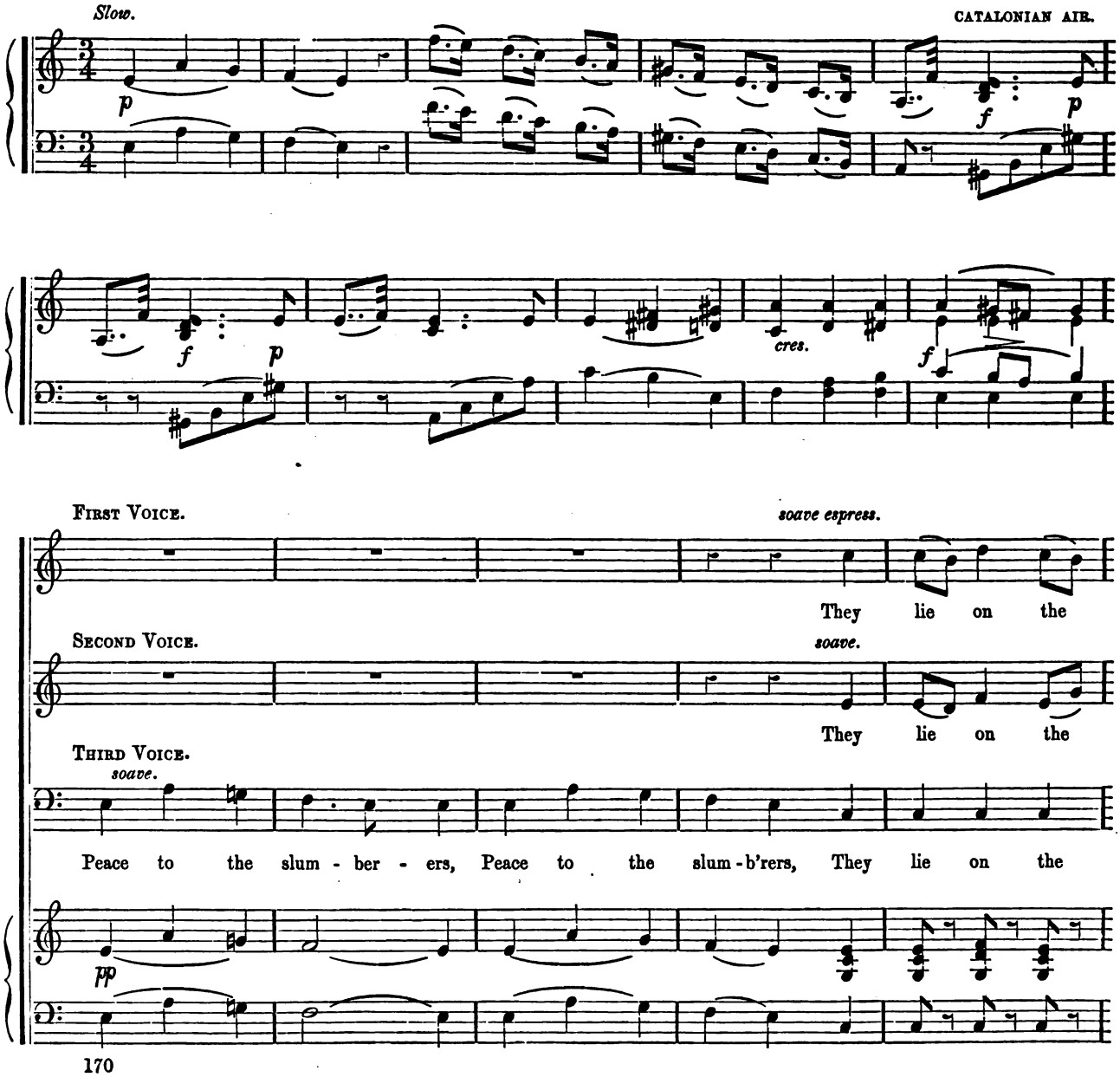
PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS.

FOR THREE VOICES.



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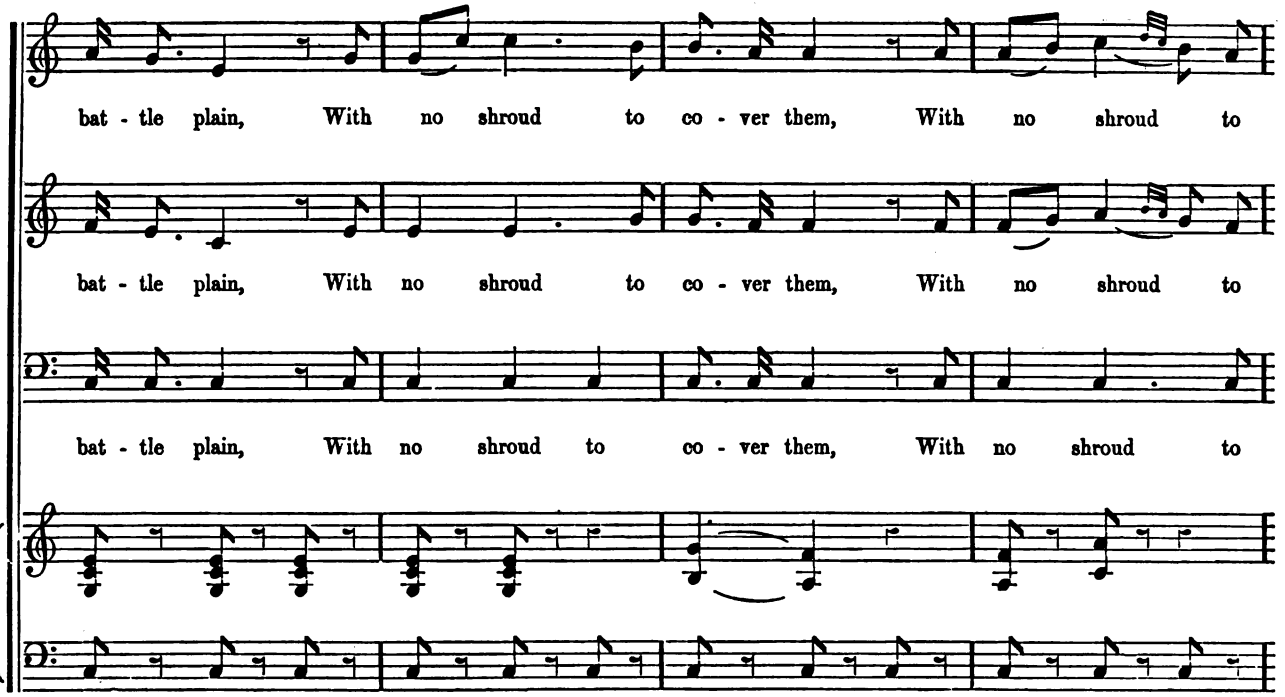

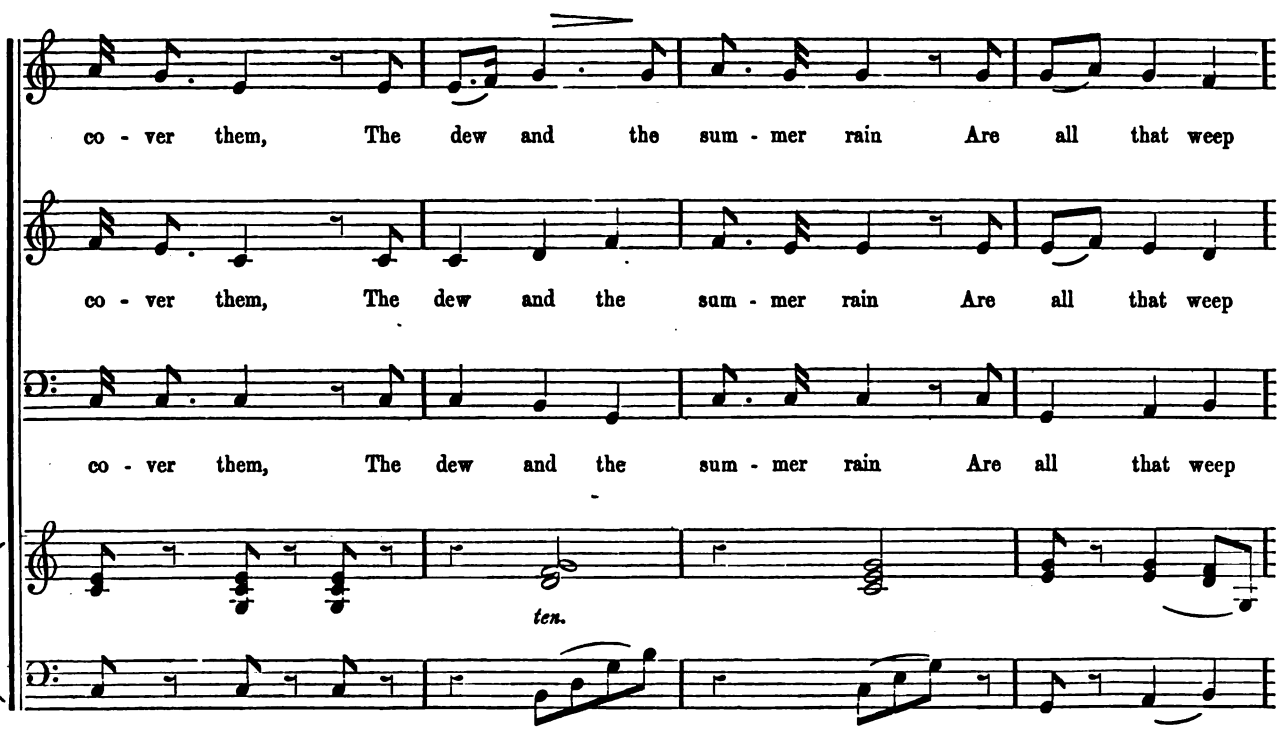

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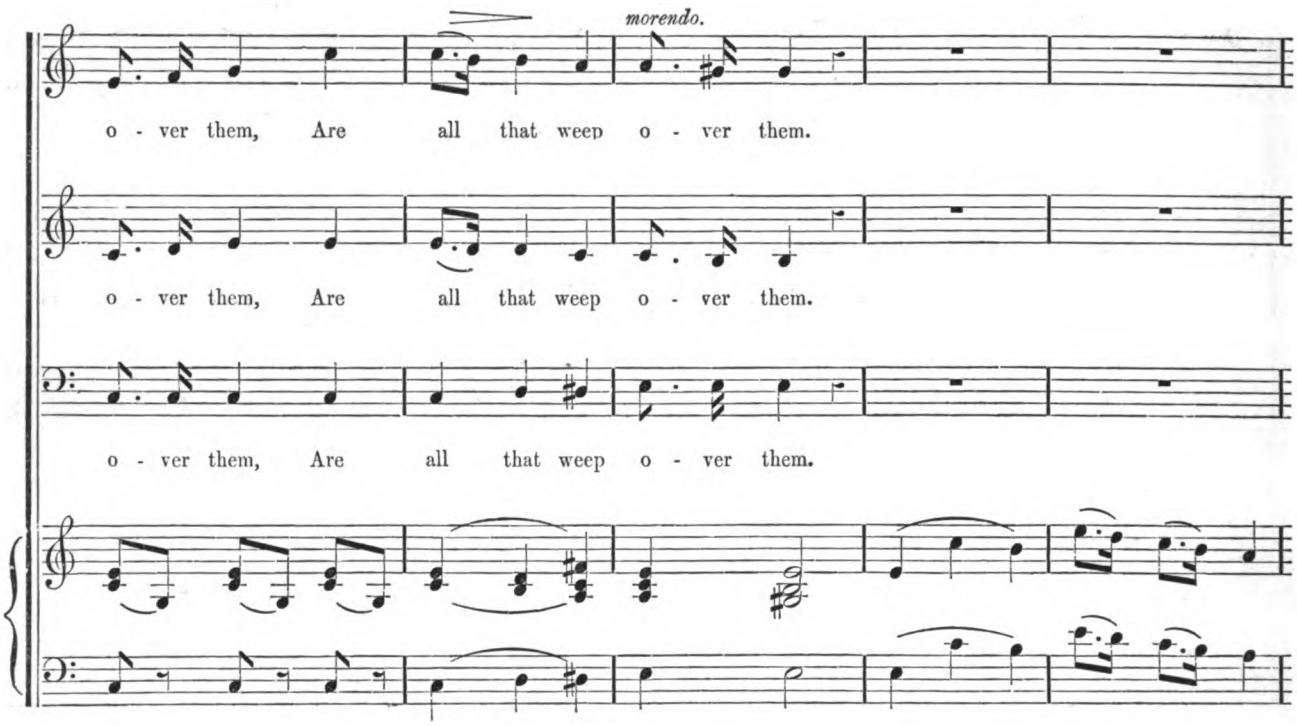

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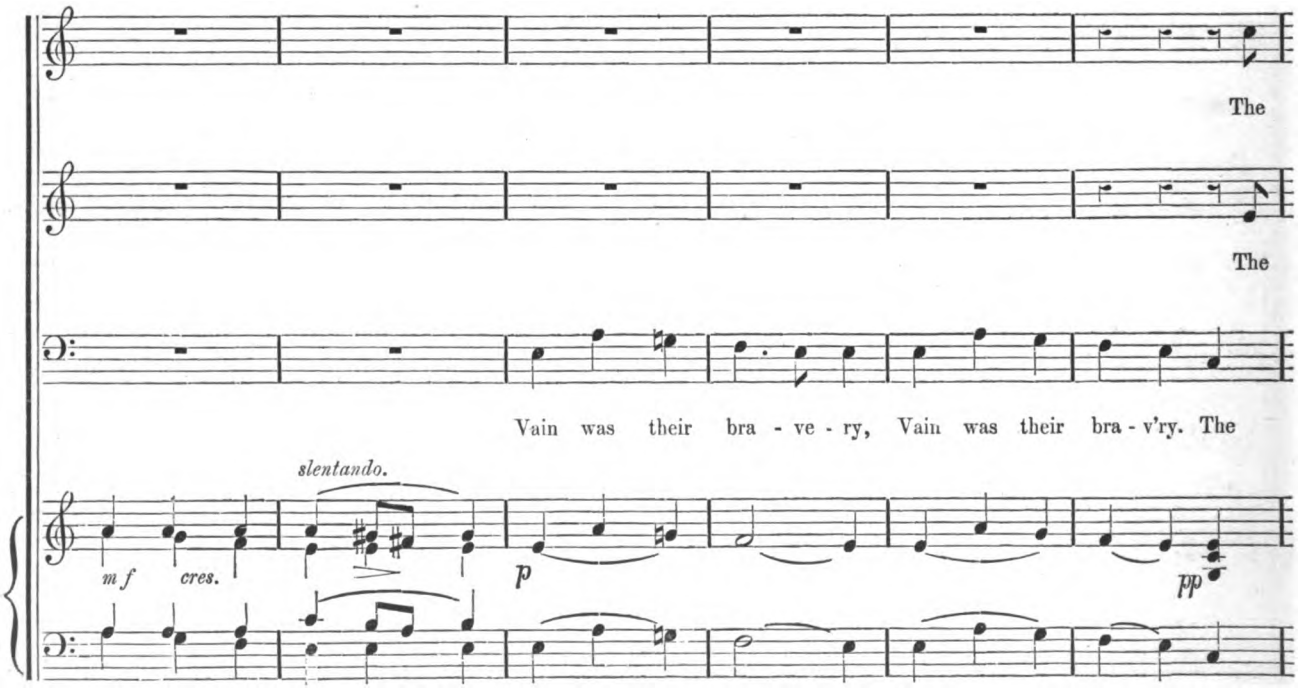

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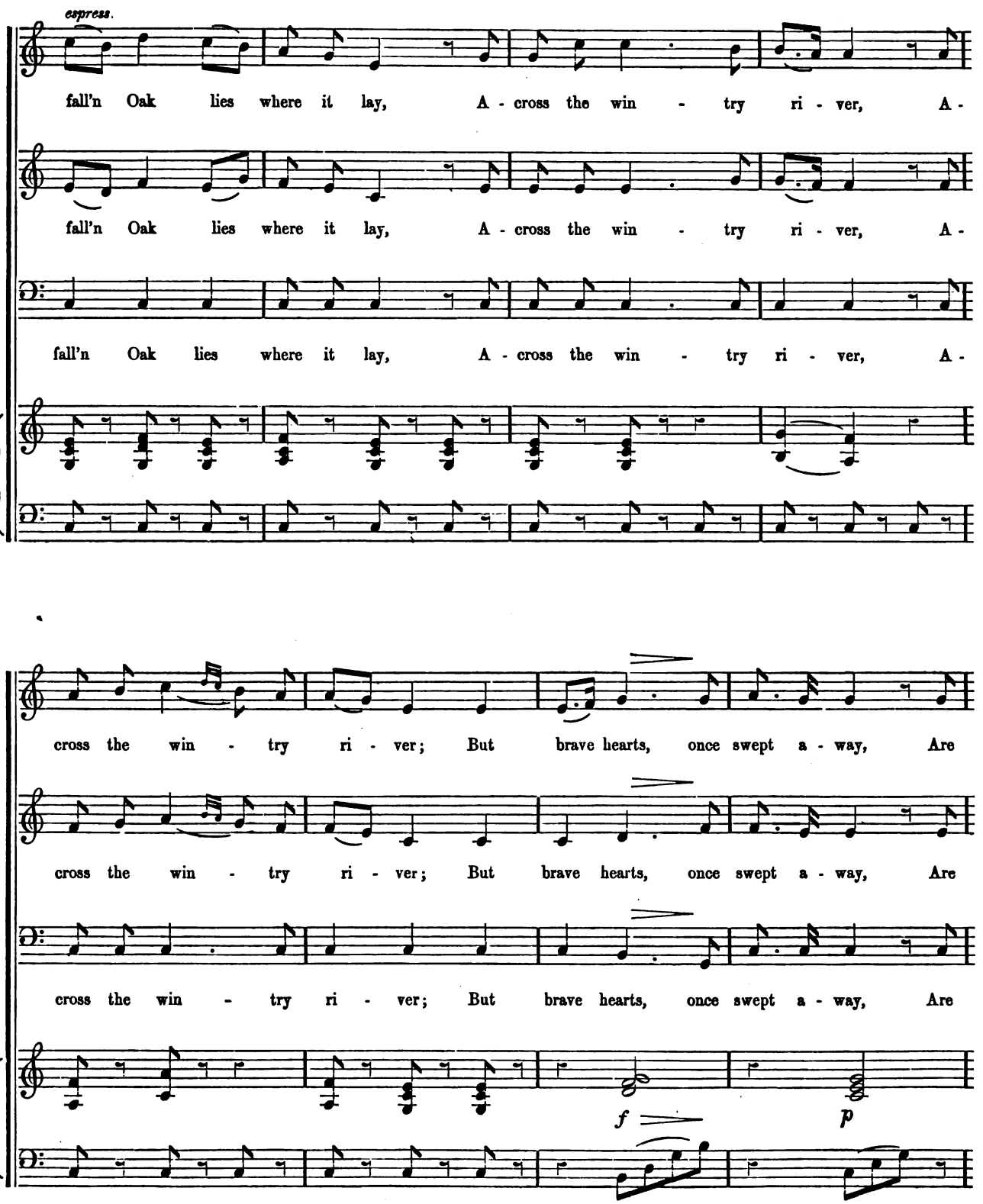

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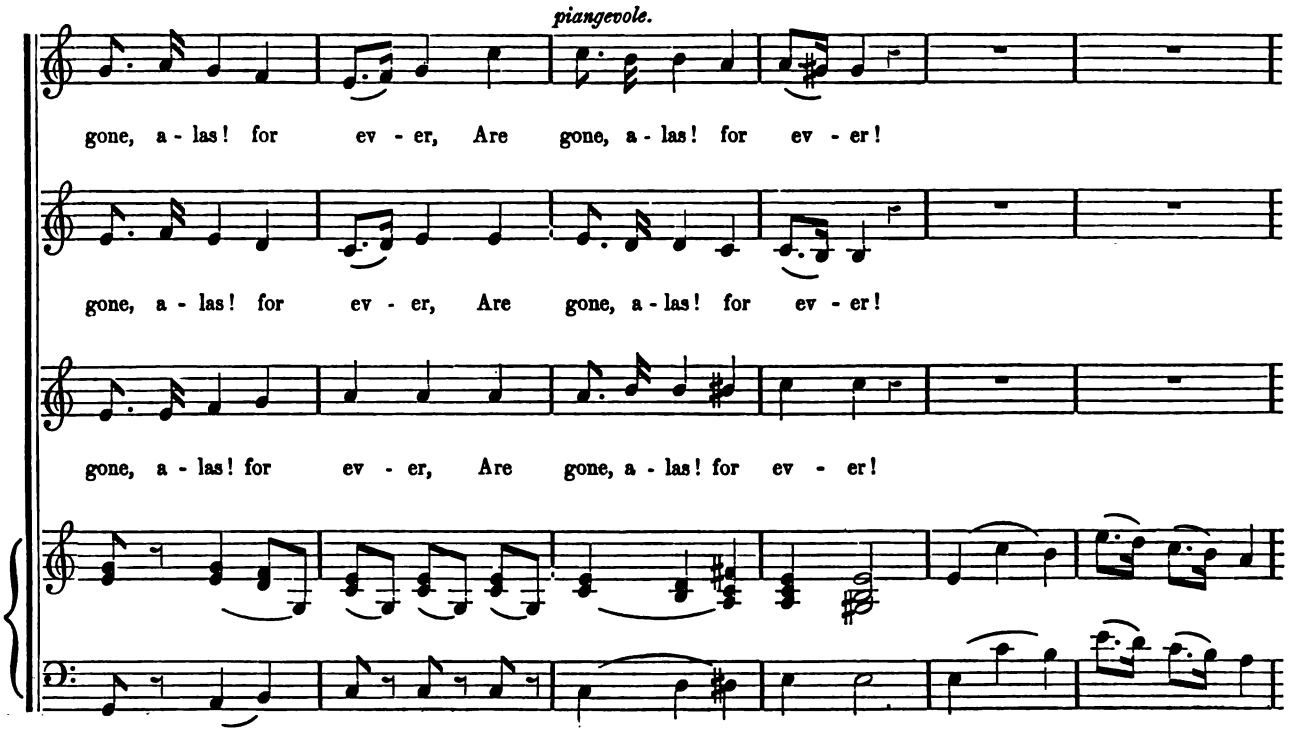

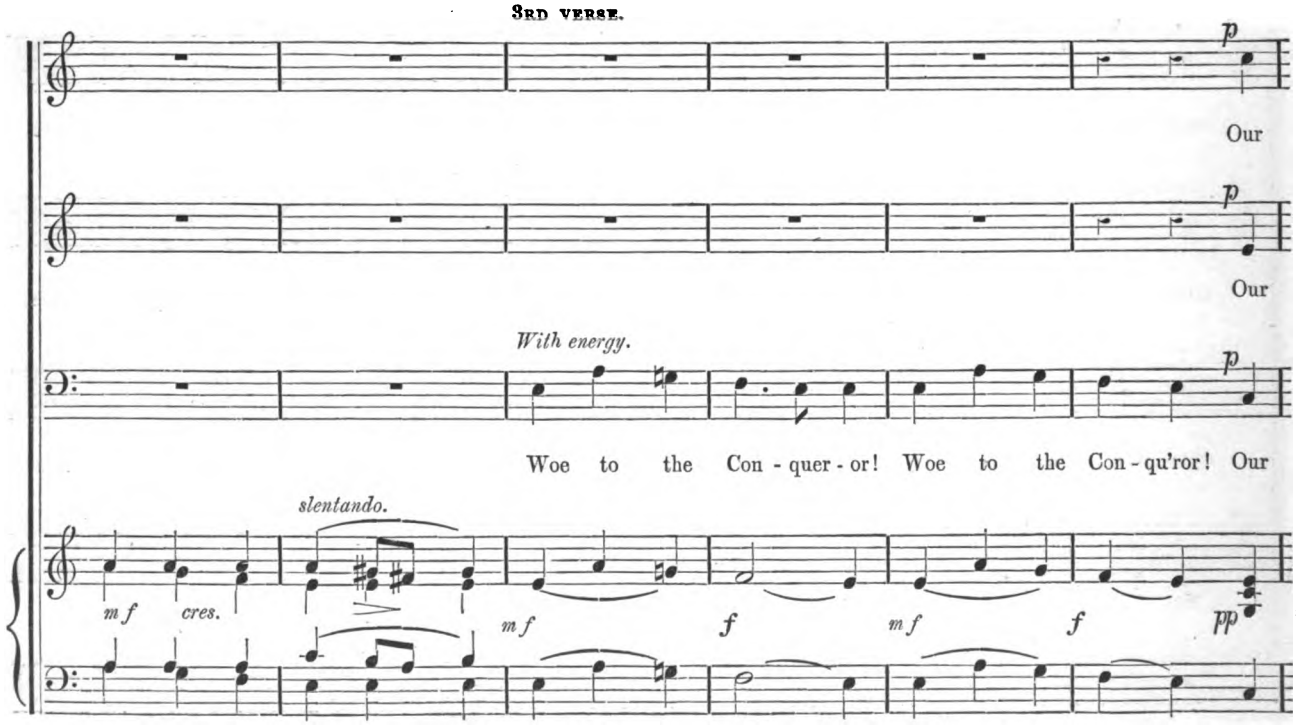

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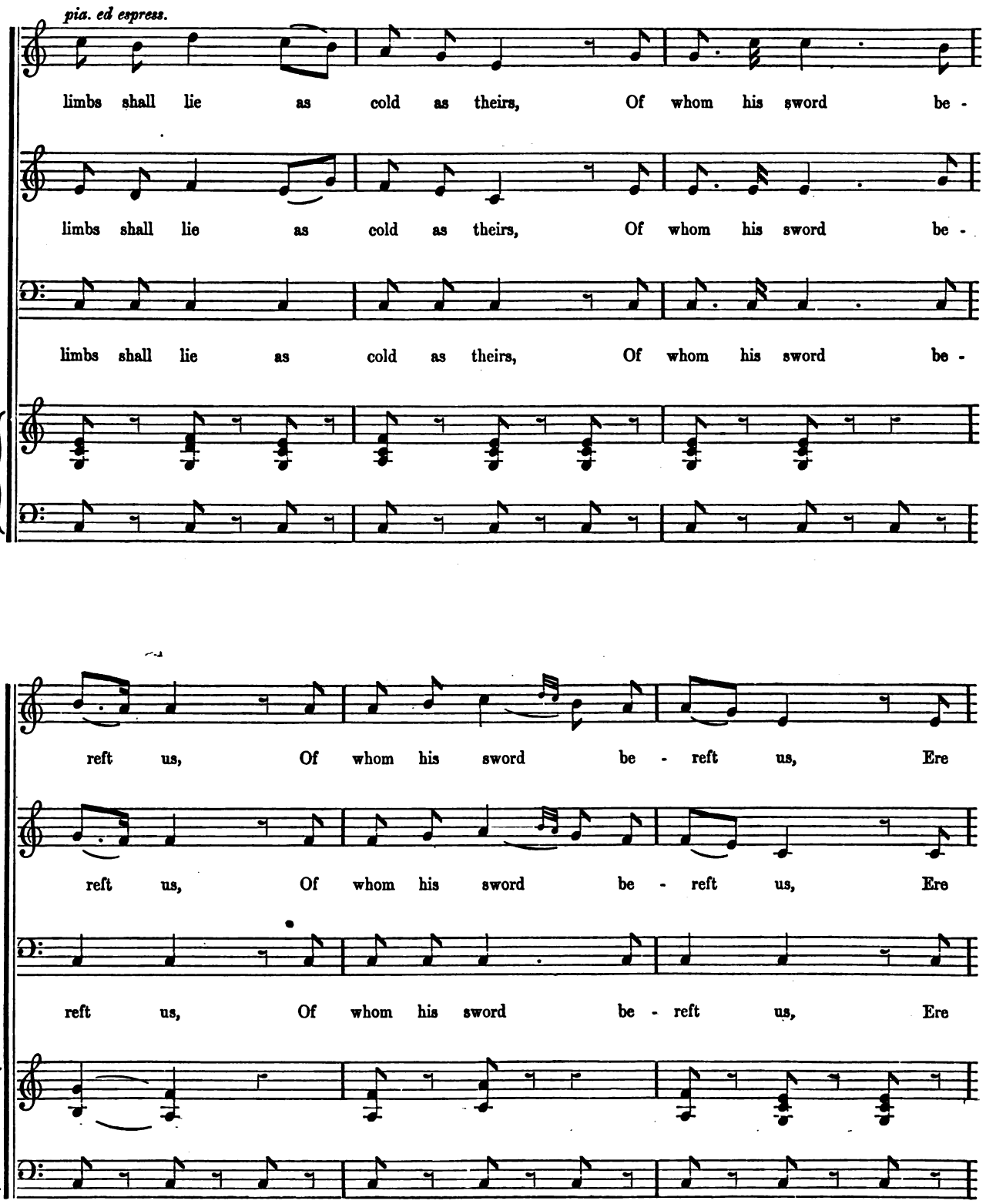

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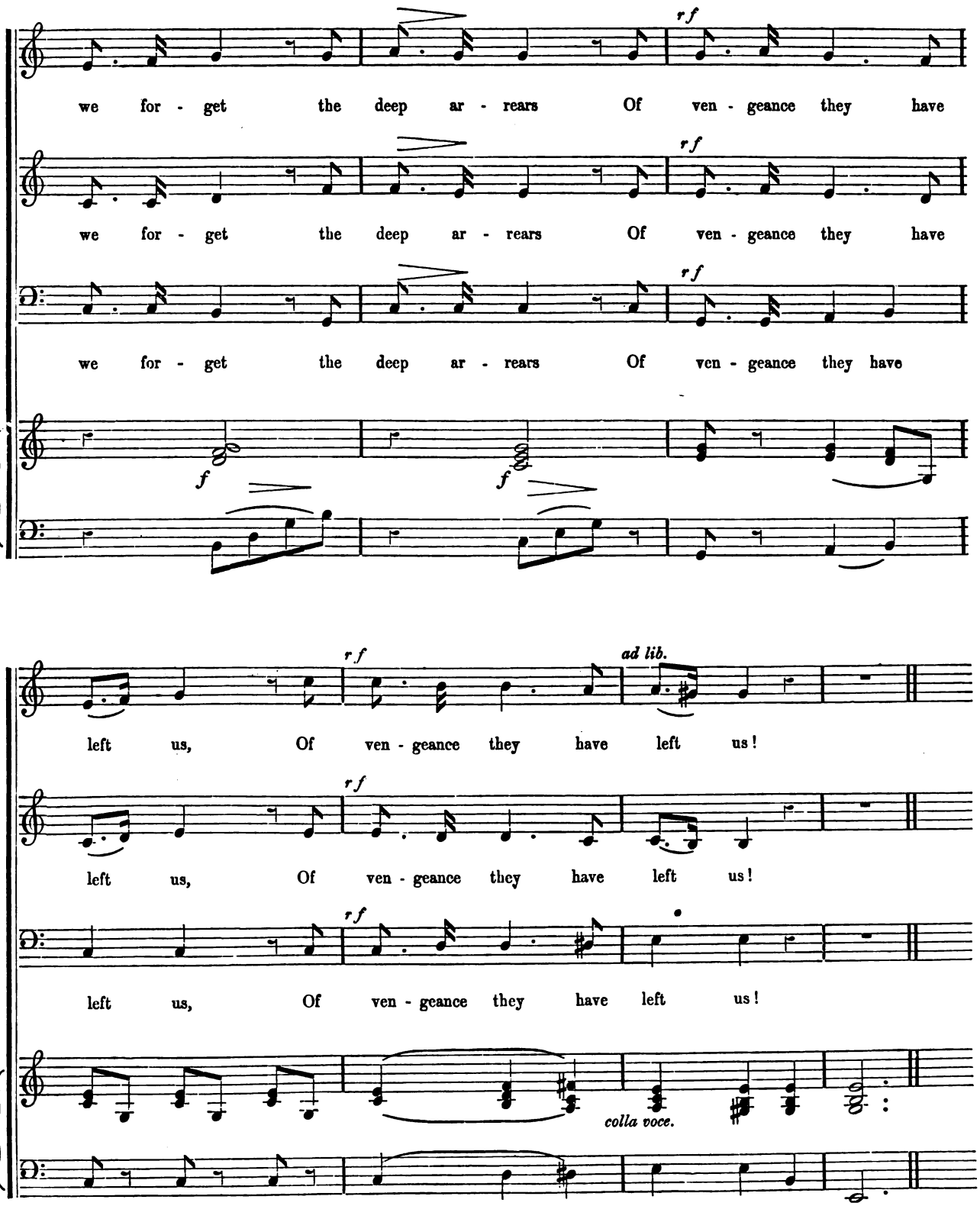

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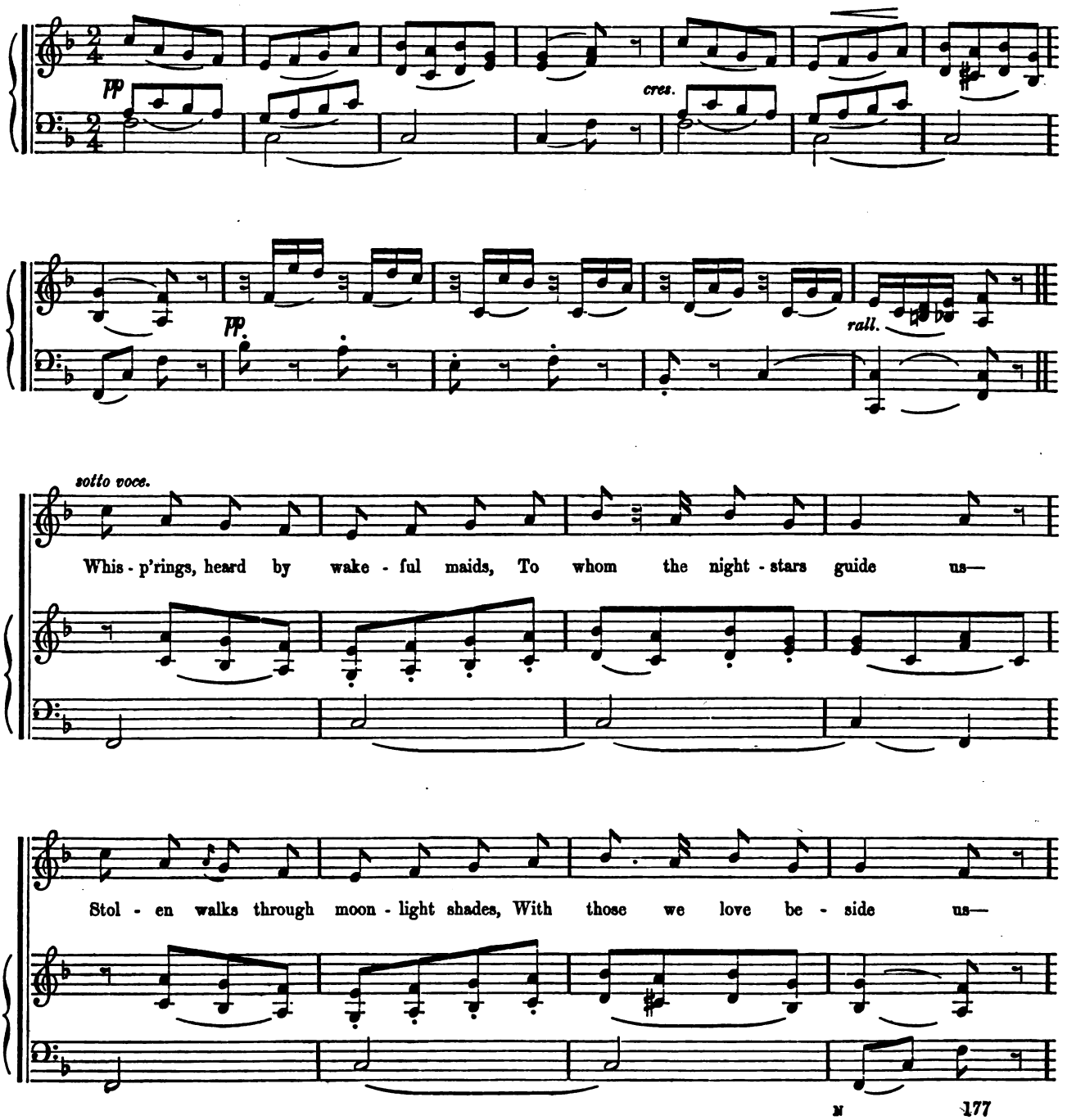
JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

Smoothly and in moderate time.

PORTUGUESE AIR.



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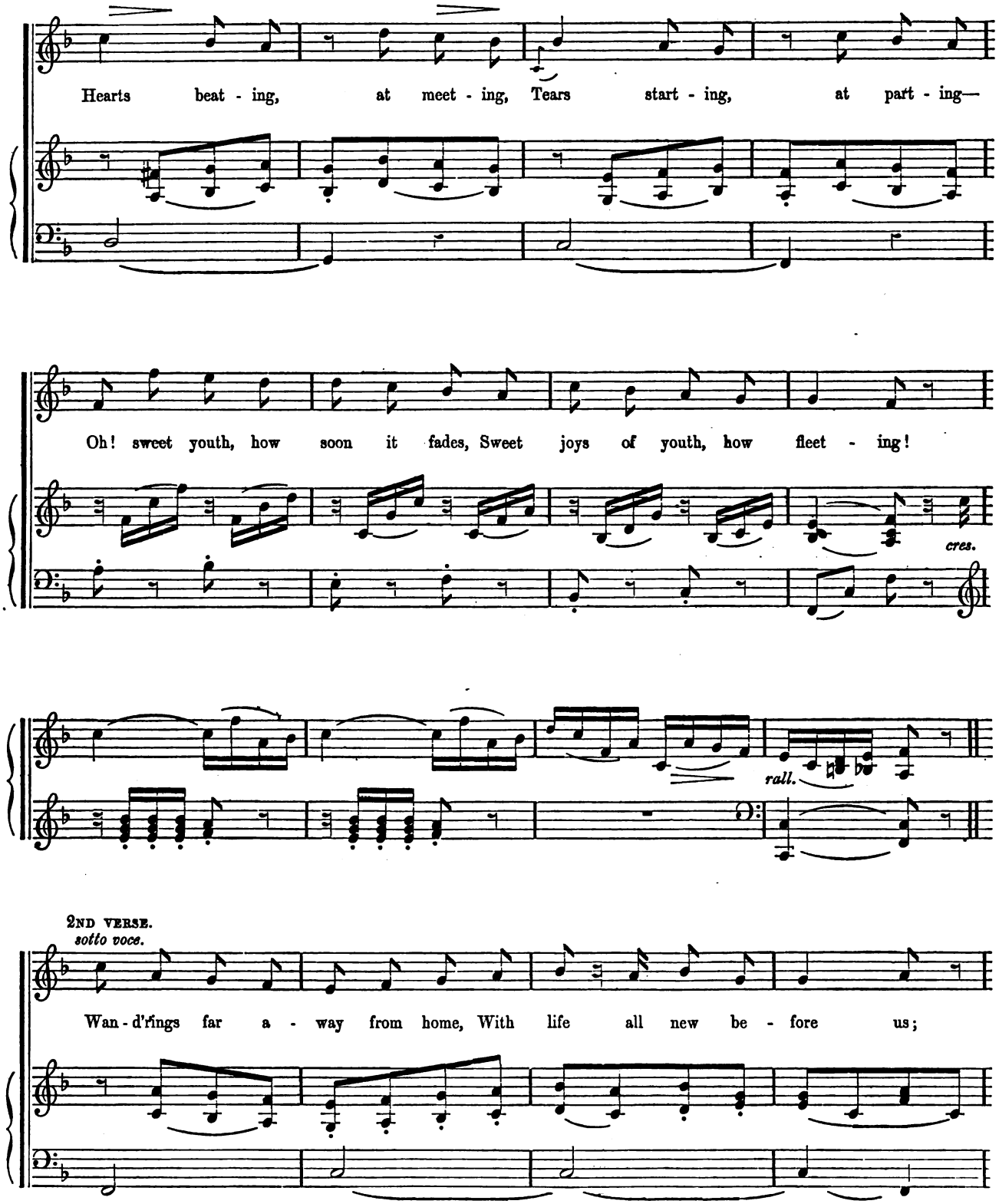

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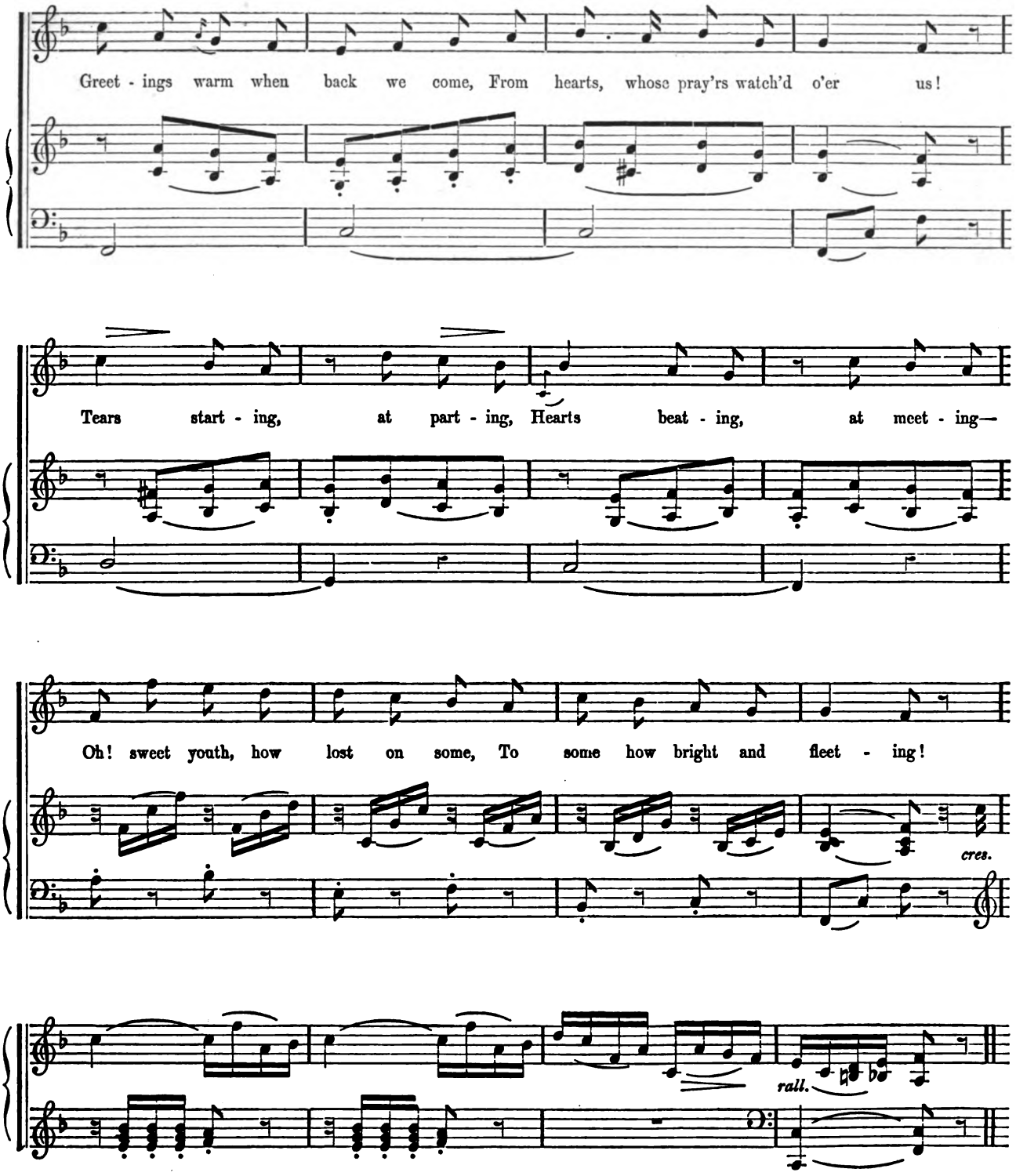

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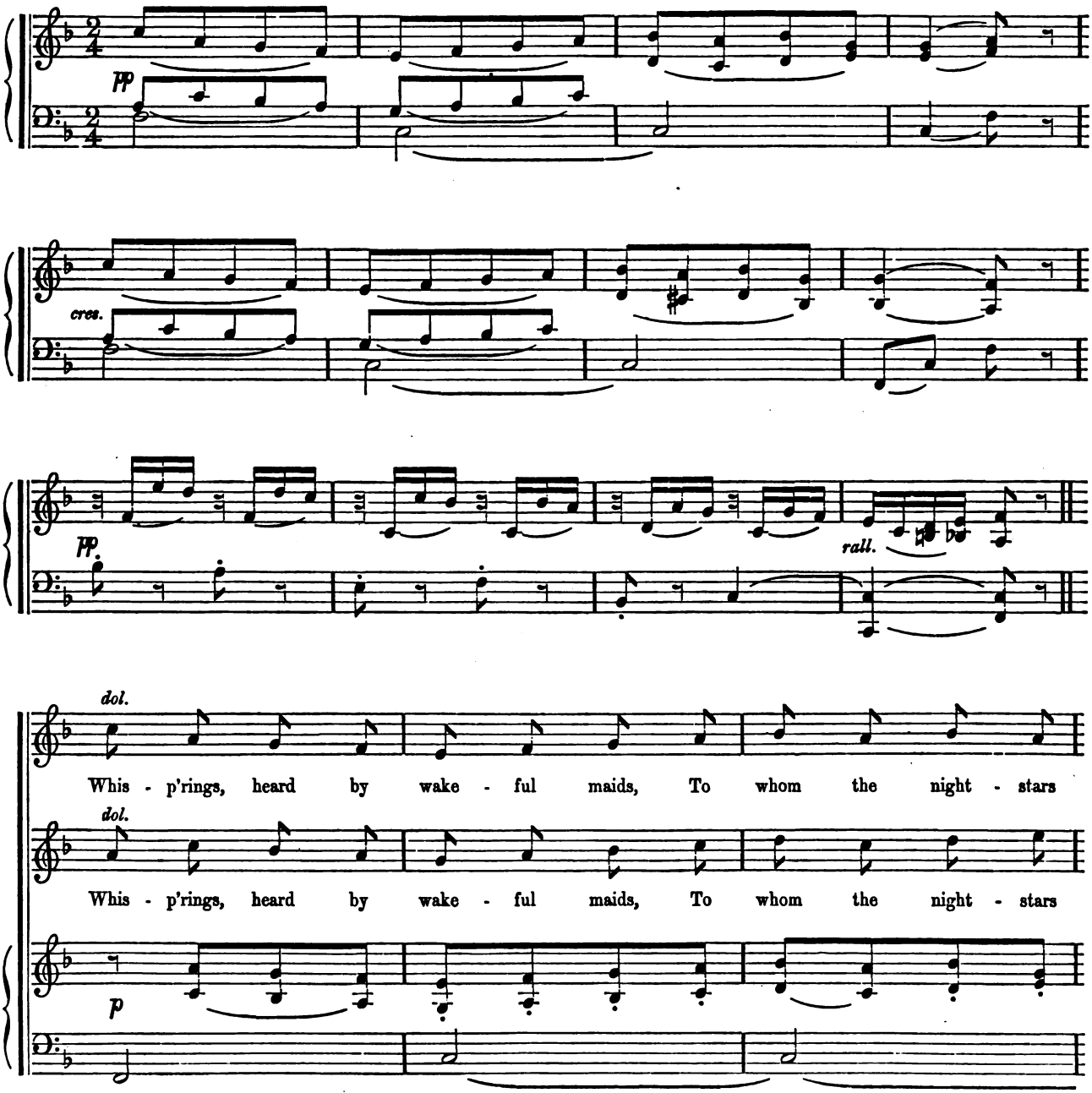
JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

FOR TWO VOICES.

Smoothly and in moderate time. PORTUGUESE AIR.



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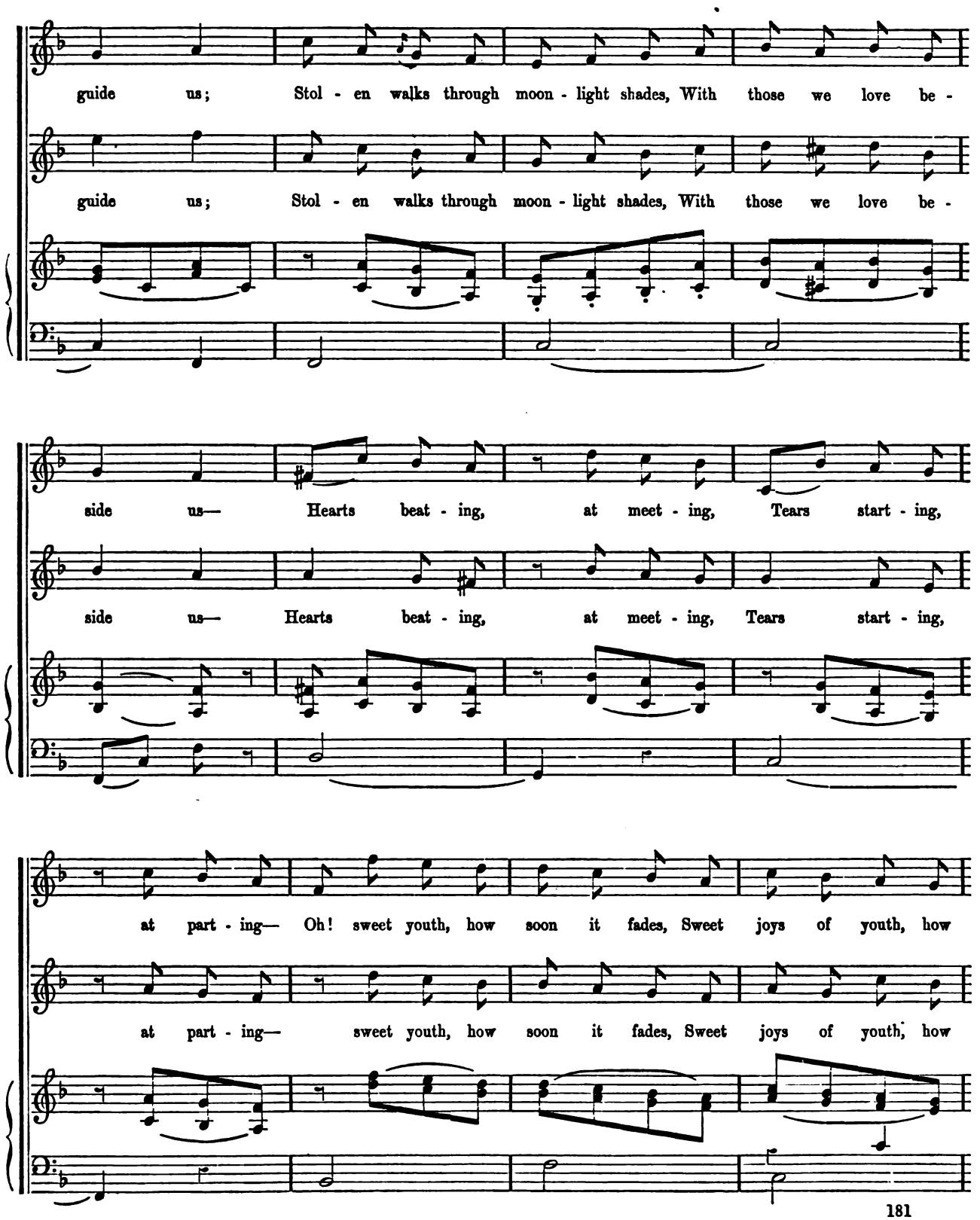

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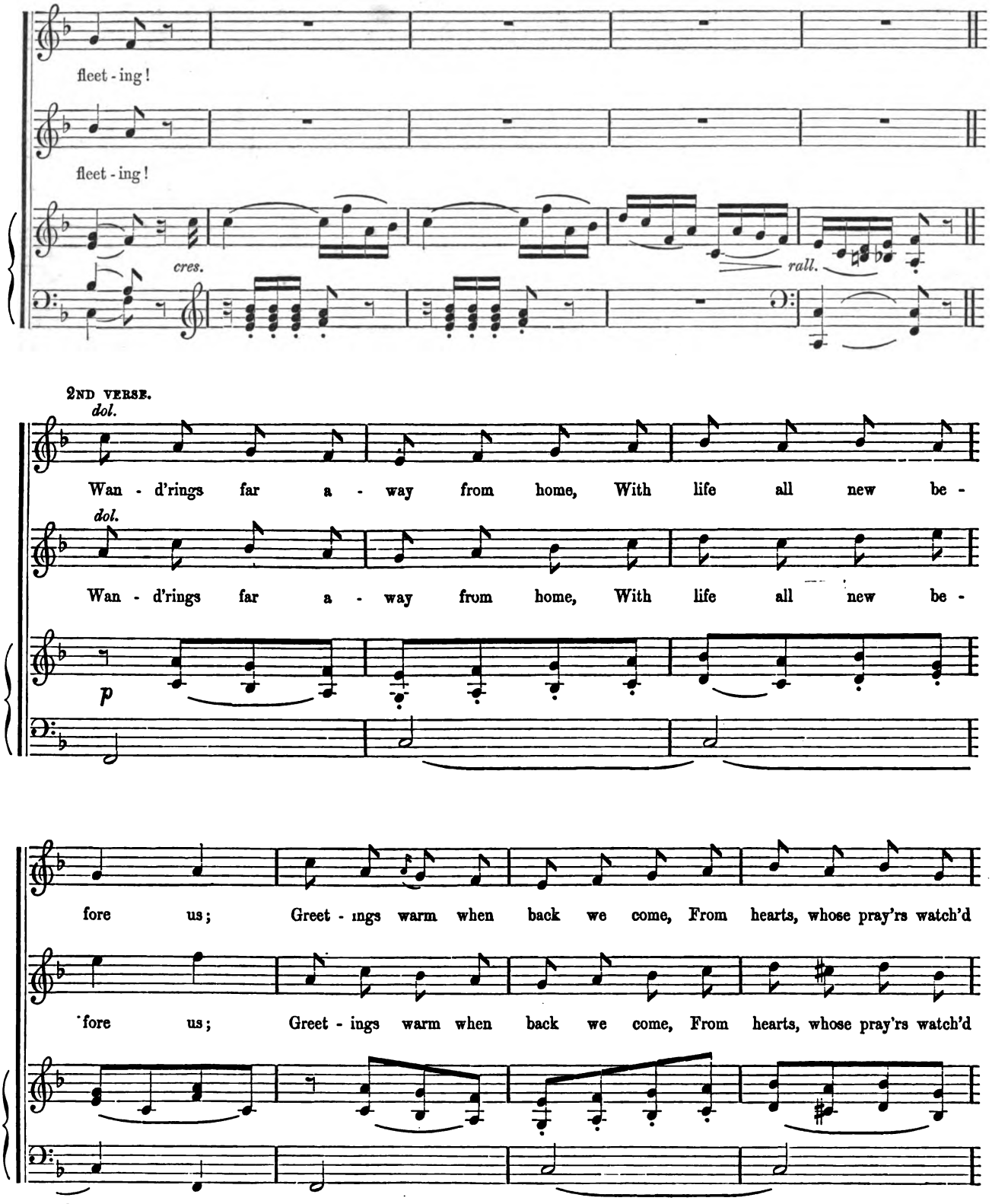

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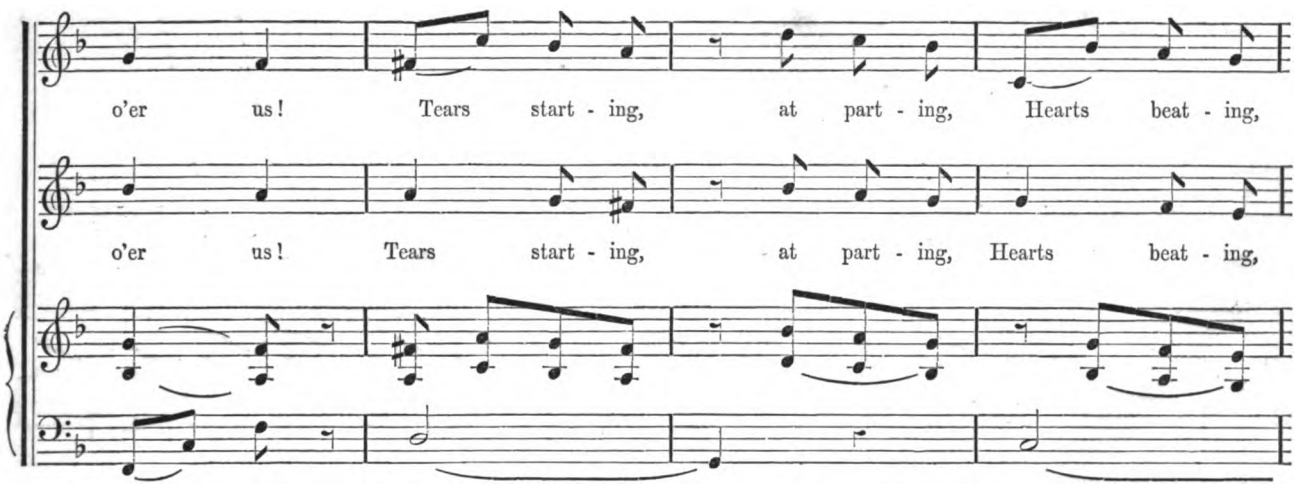

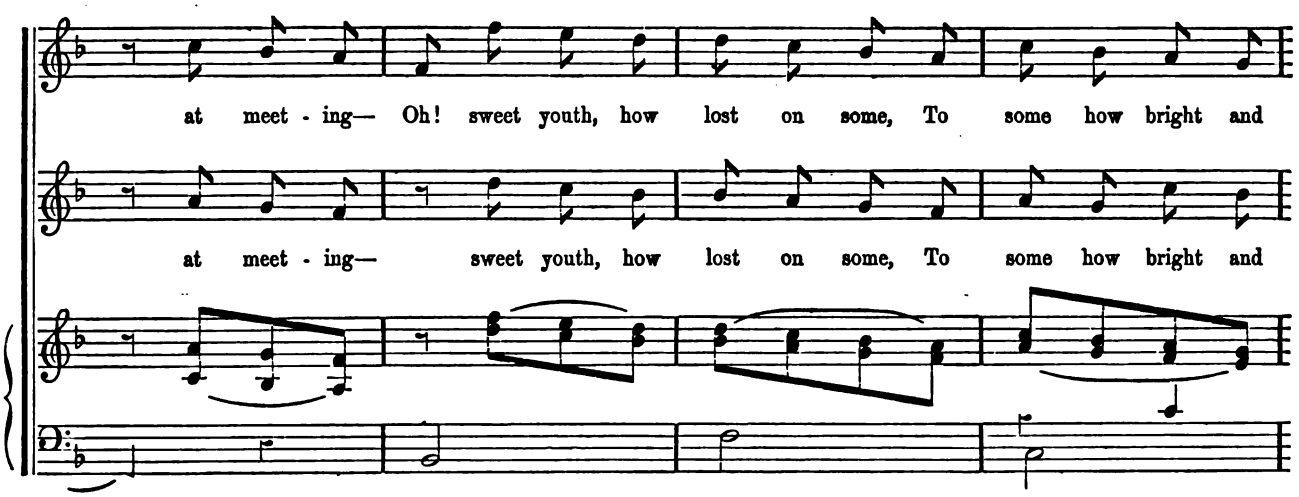

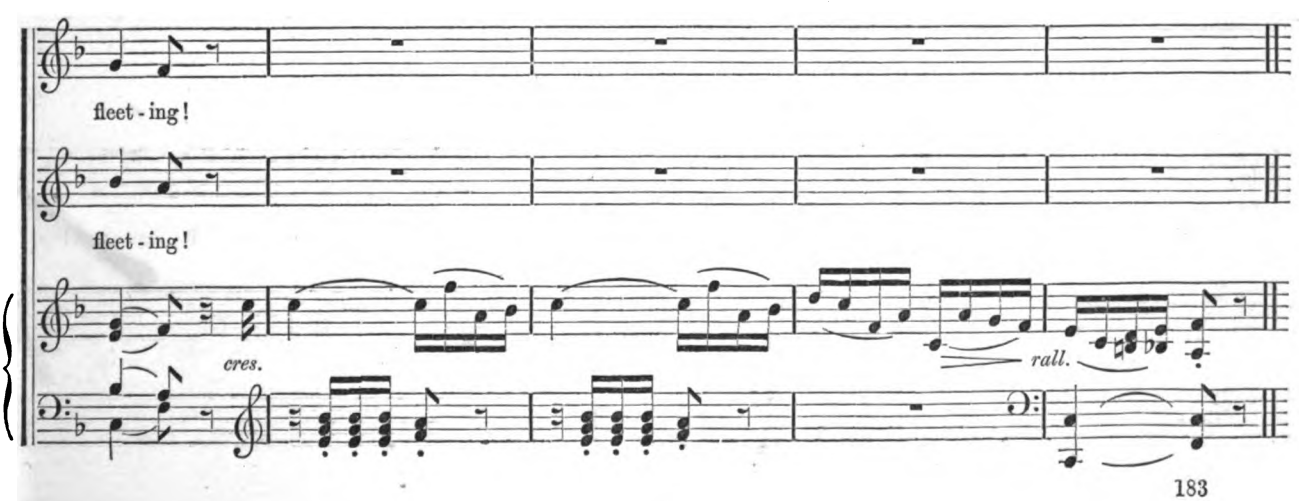

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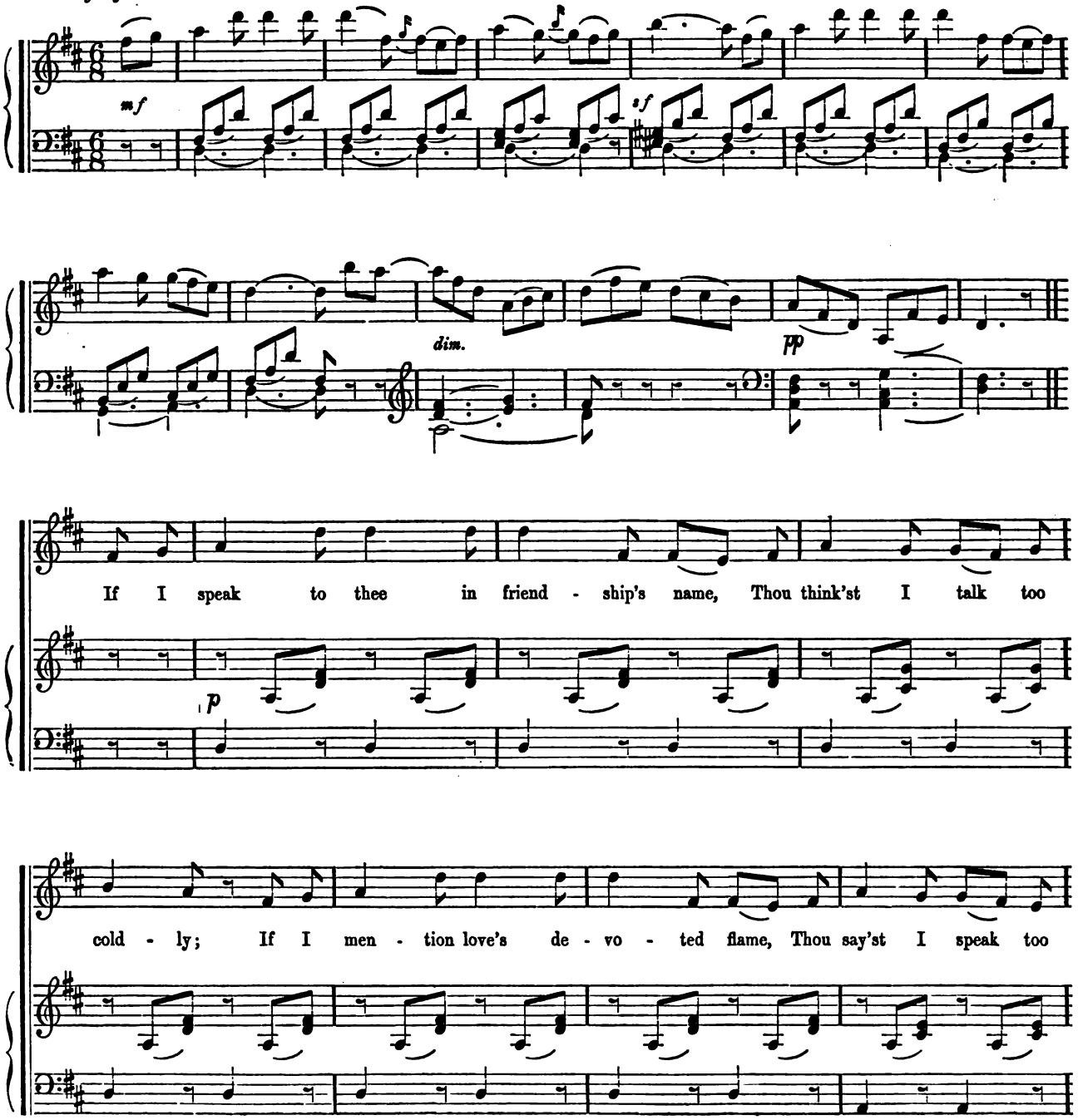
HOW SHALL I WOO?

Lightly and in moderate time. ITALIAN AIR.



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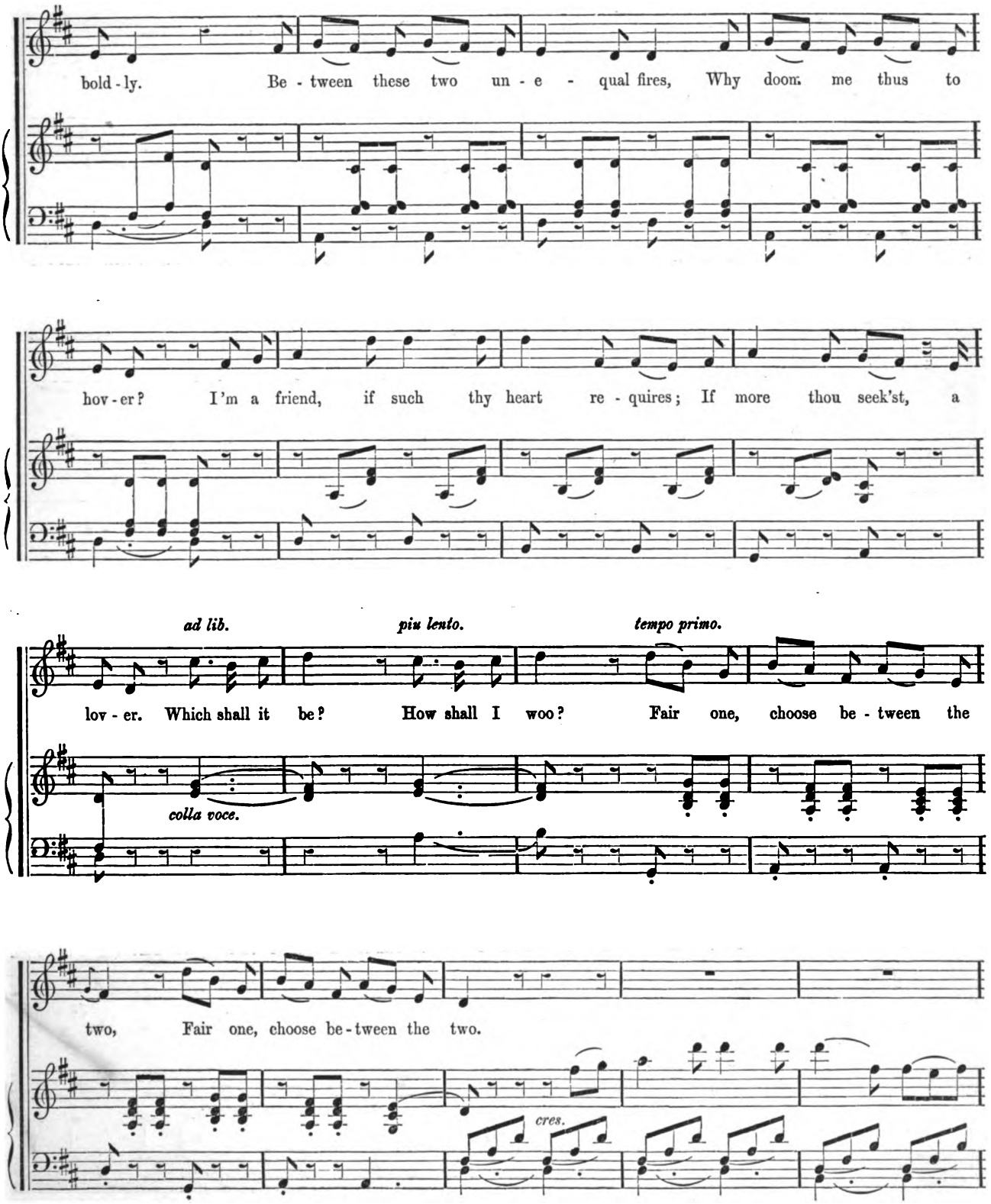

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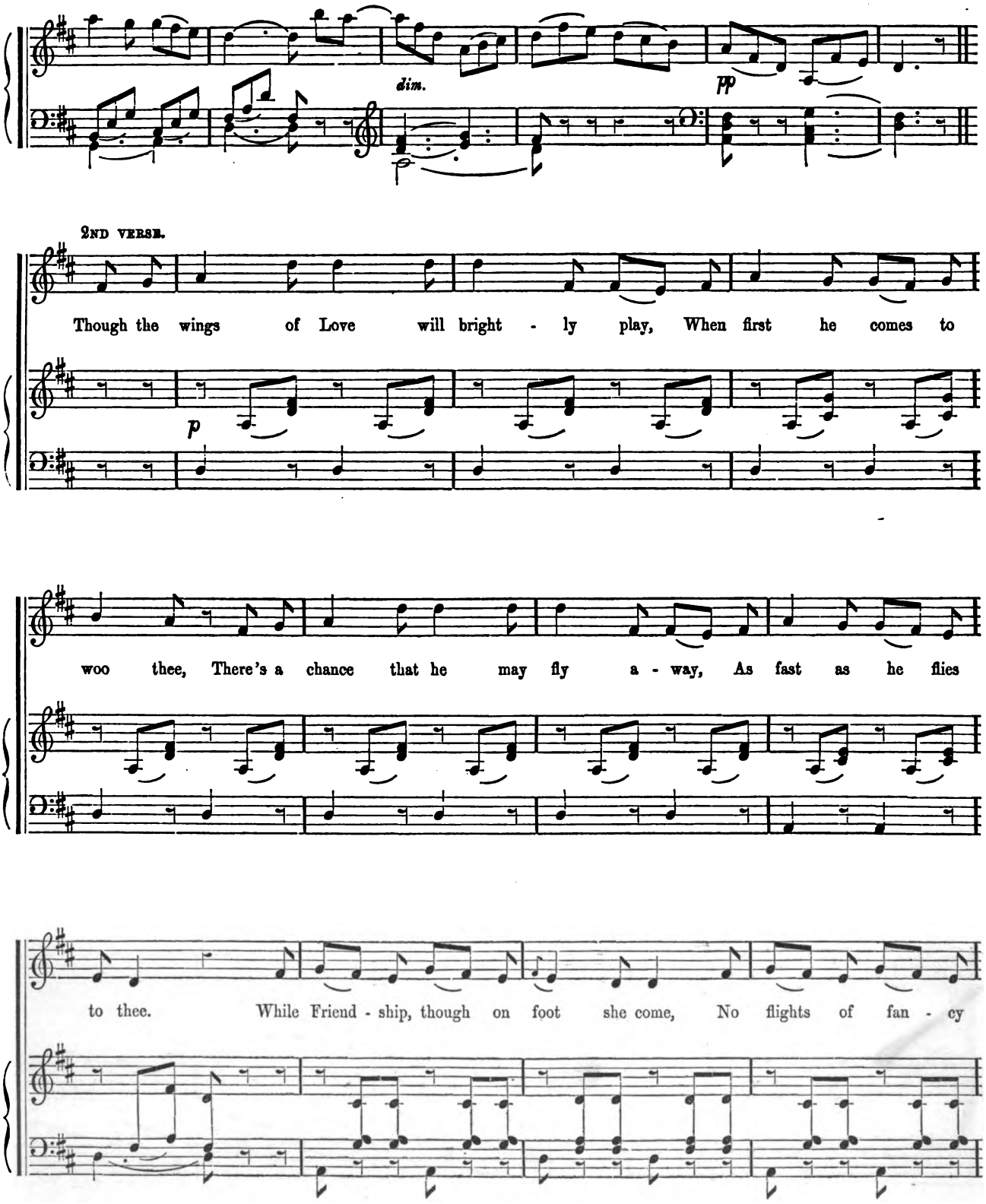

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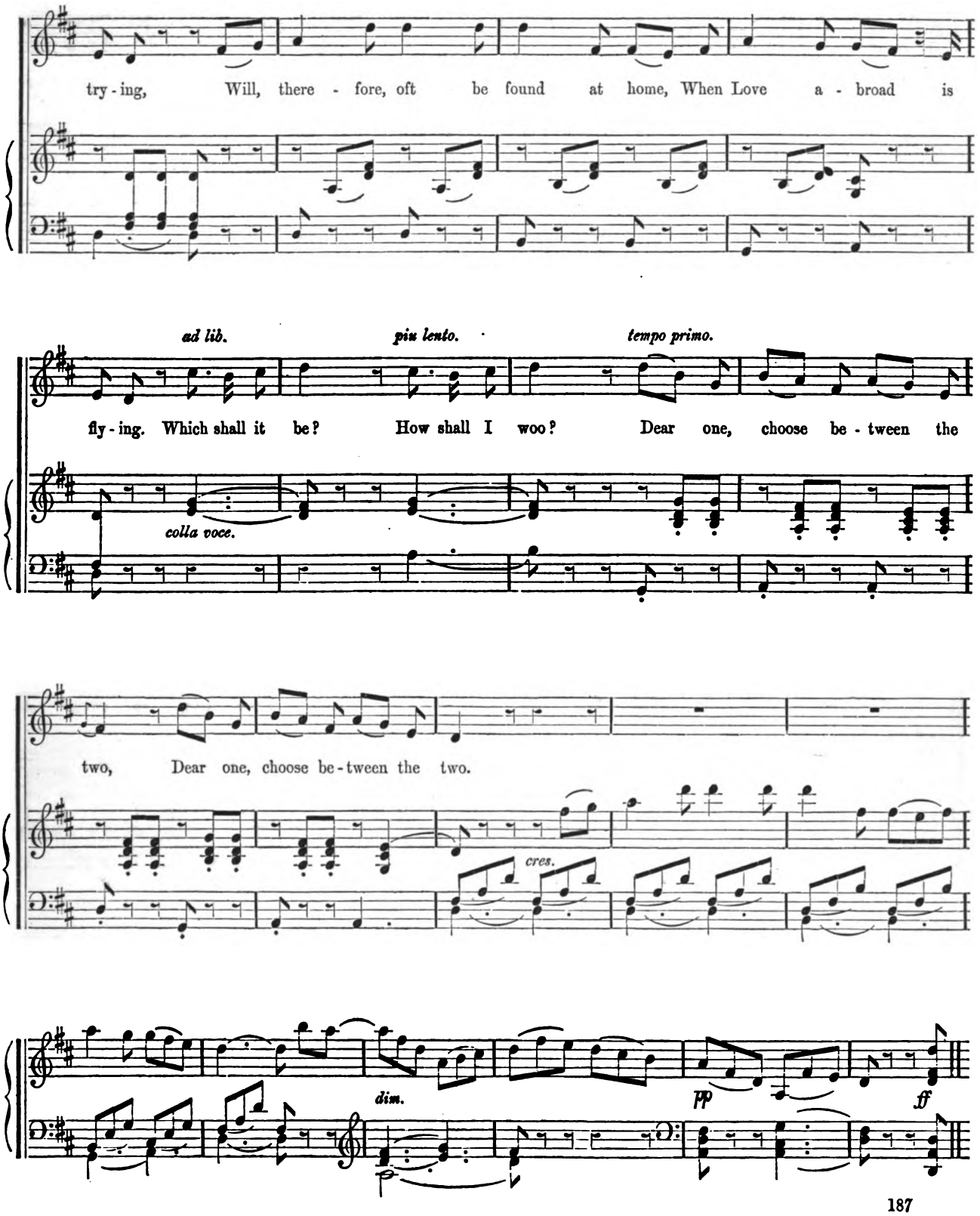

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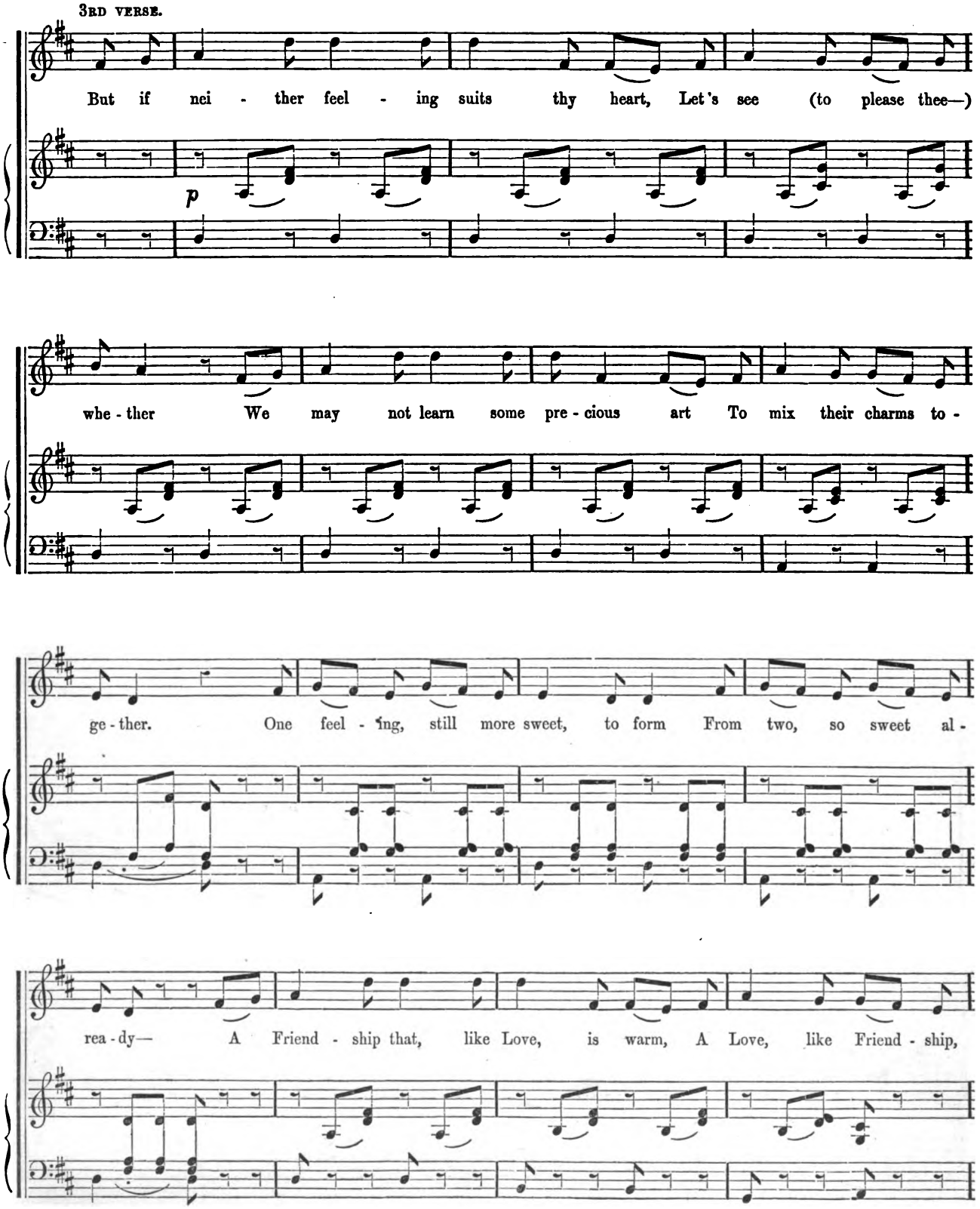

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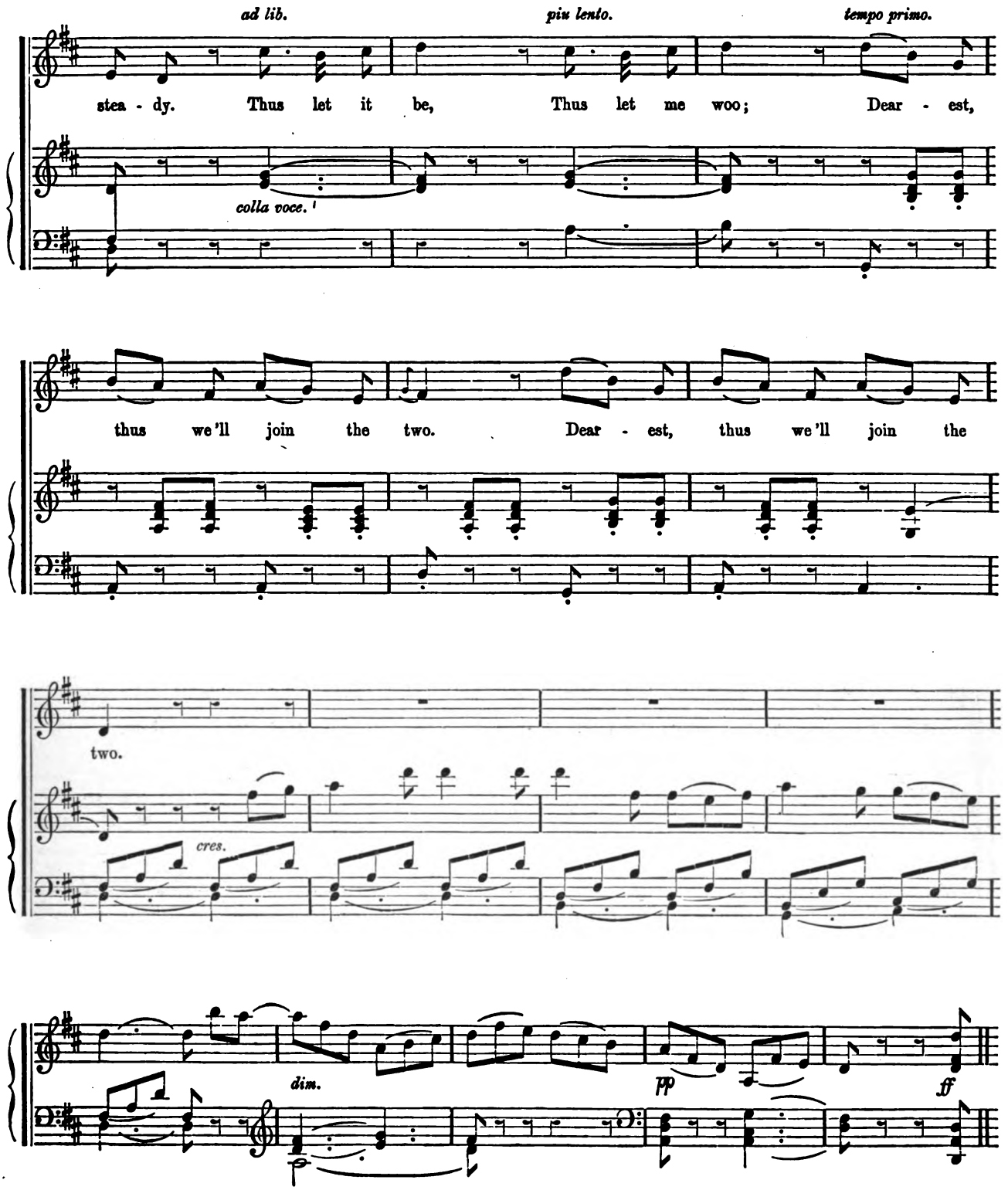

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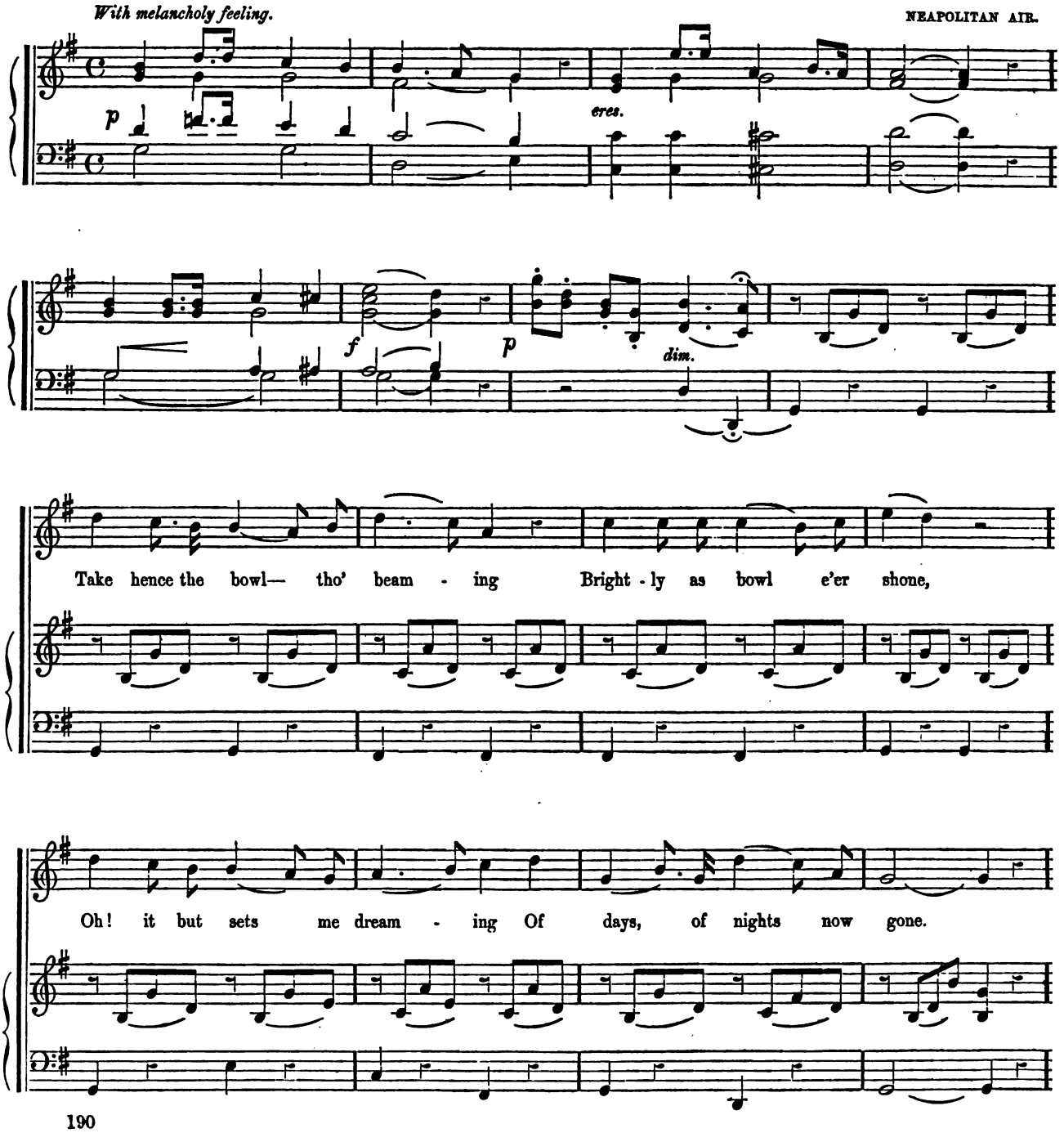
TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.



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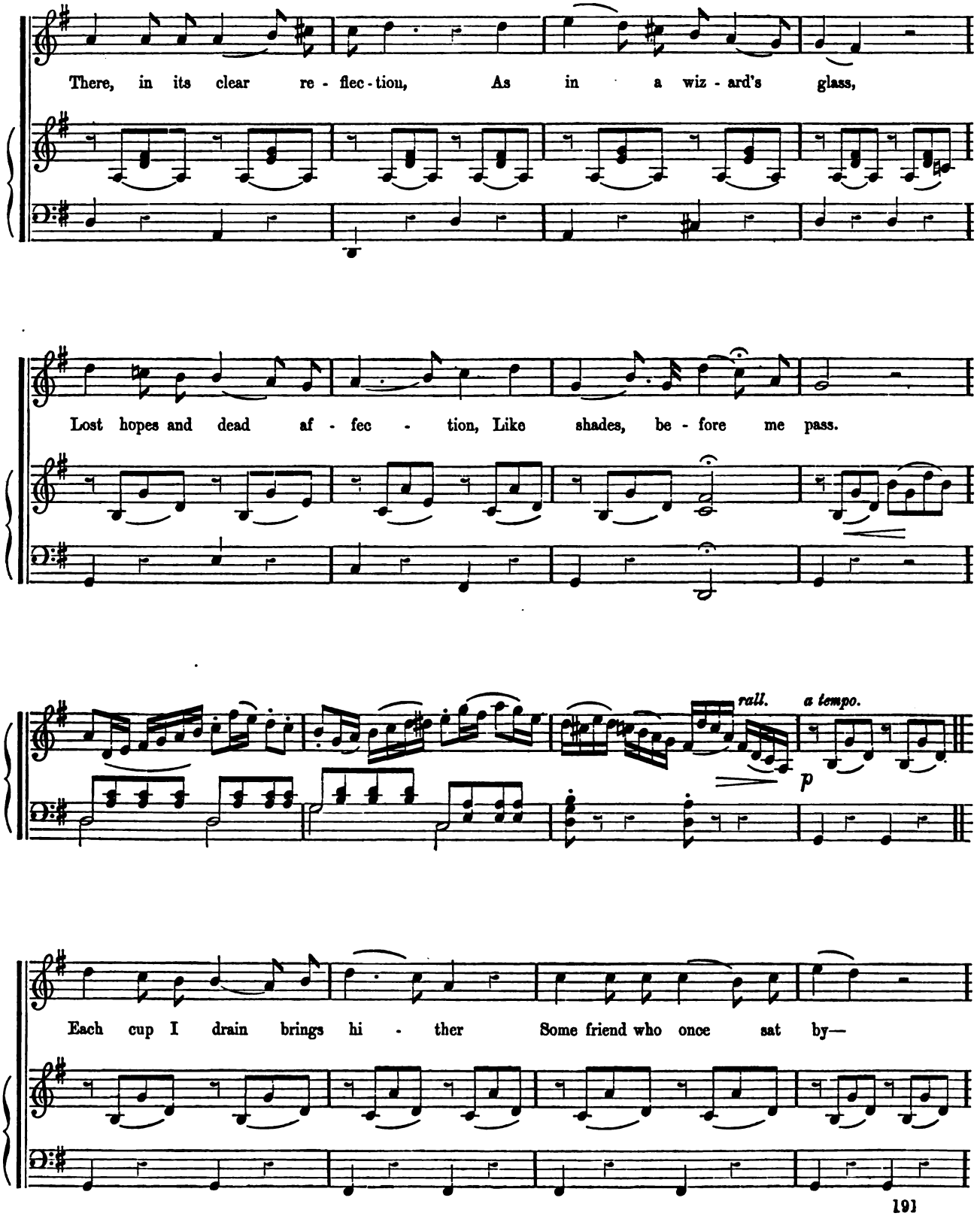

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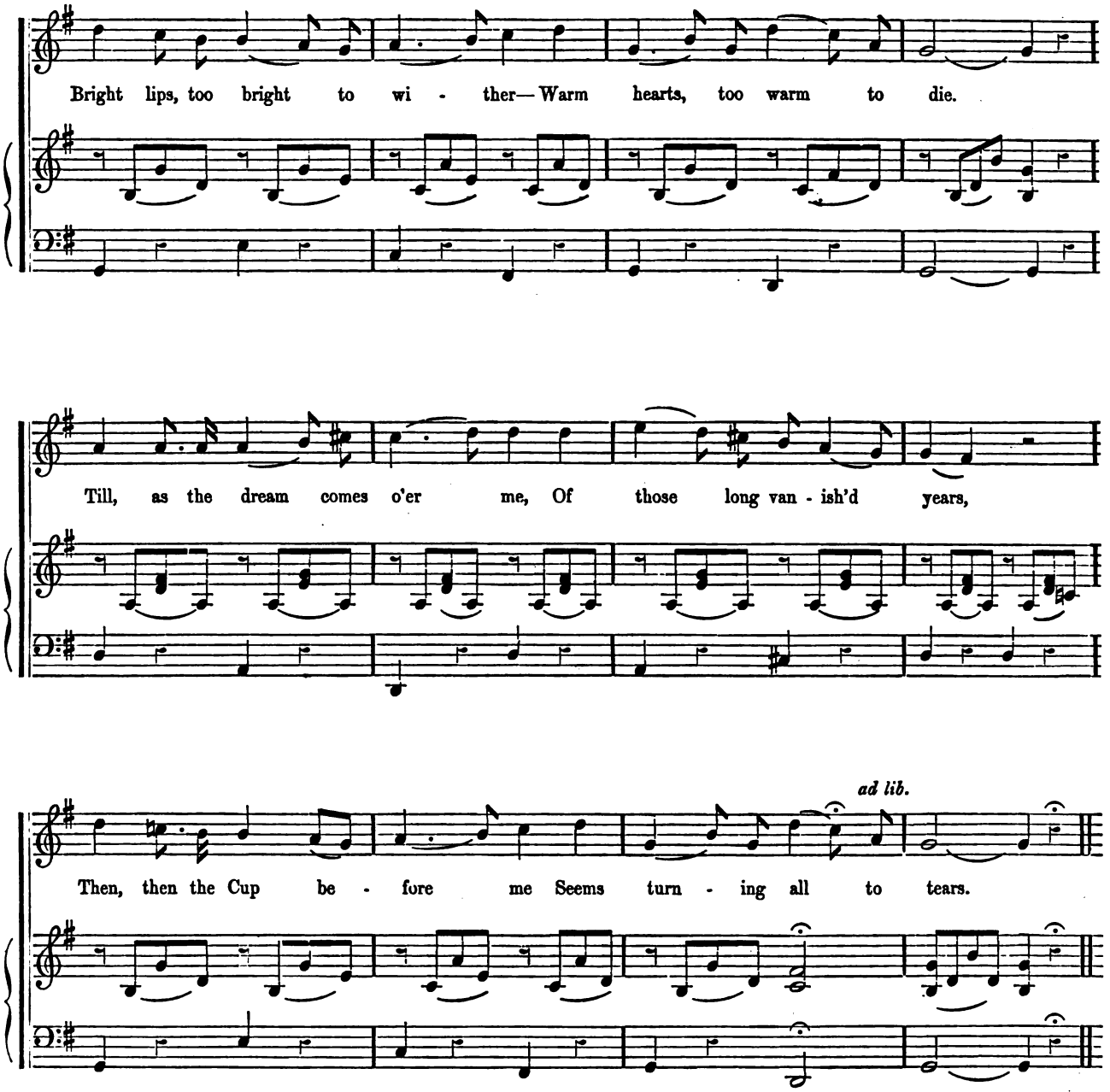

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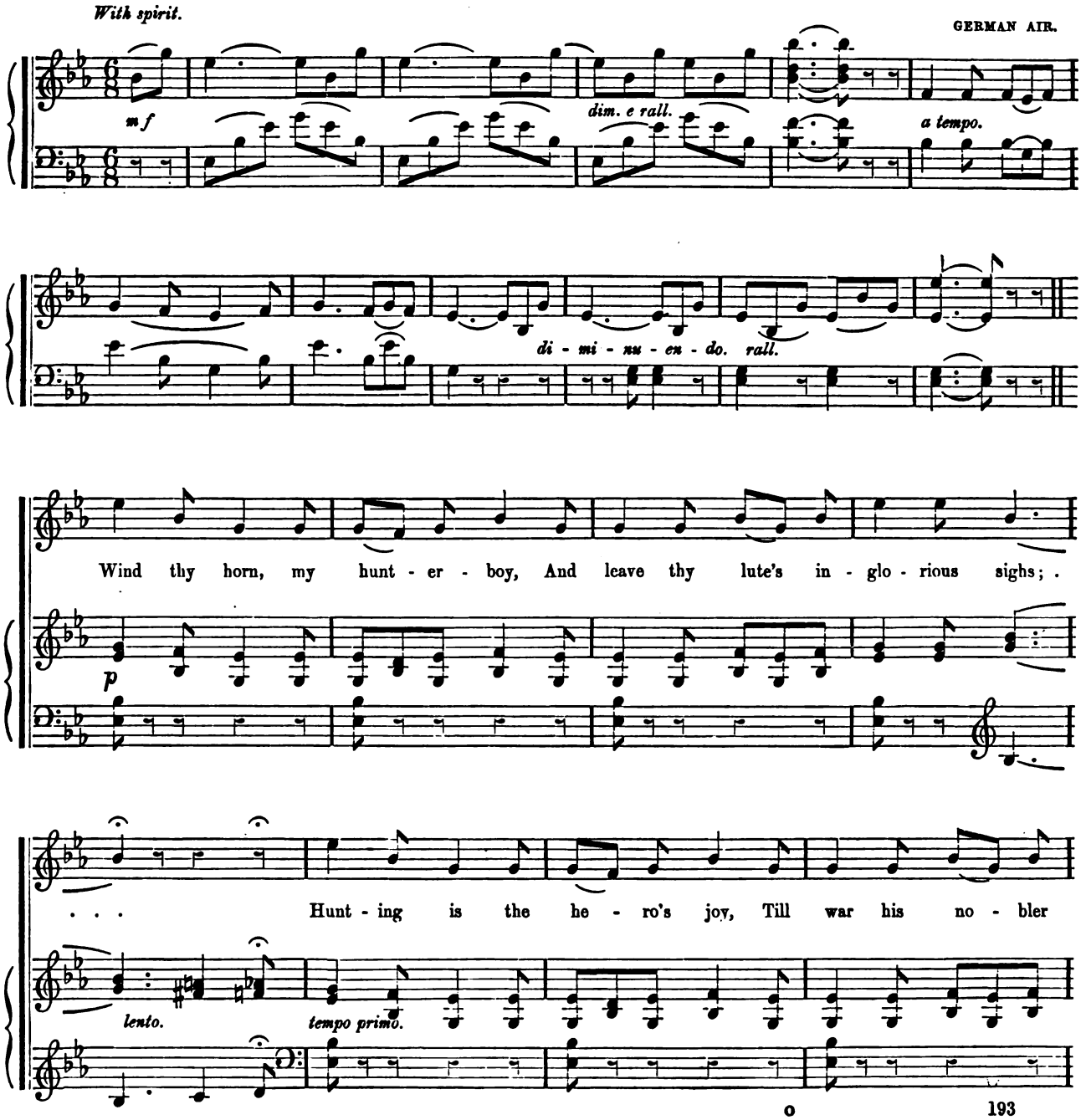
WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER-BOY.



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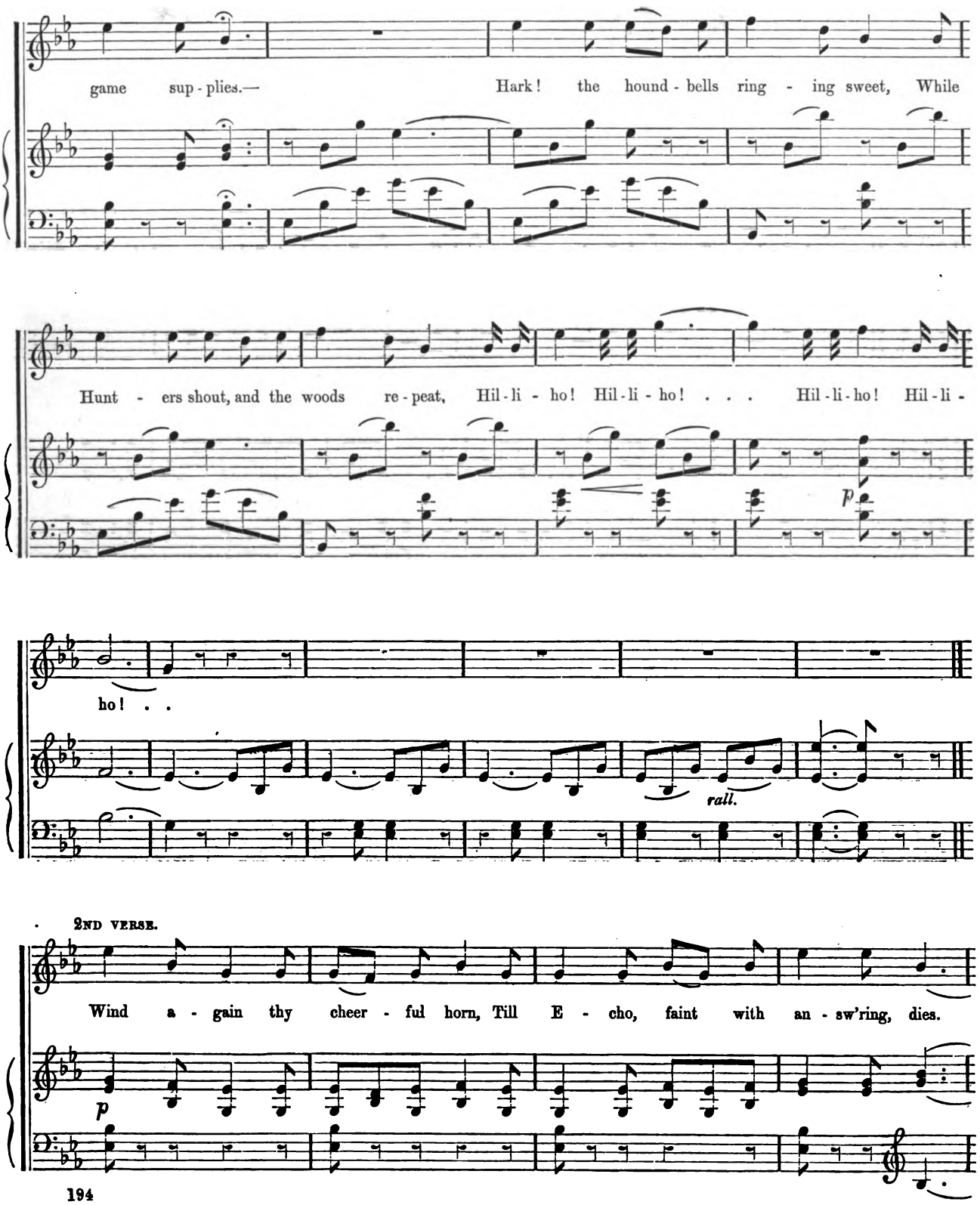

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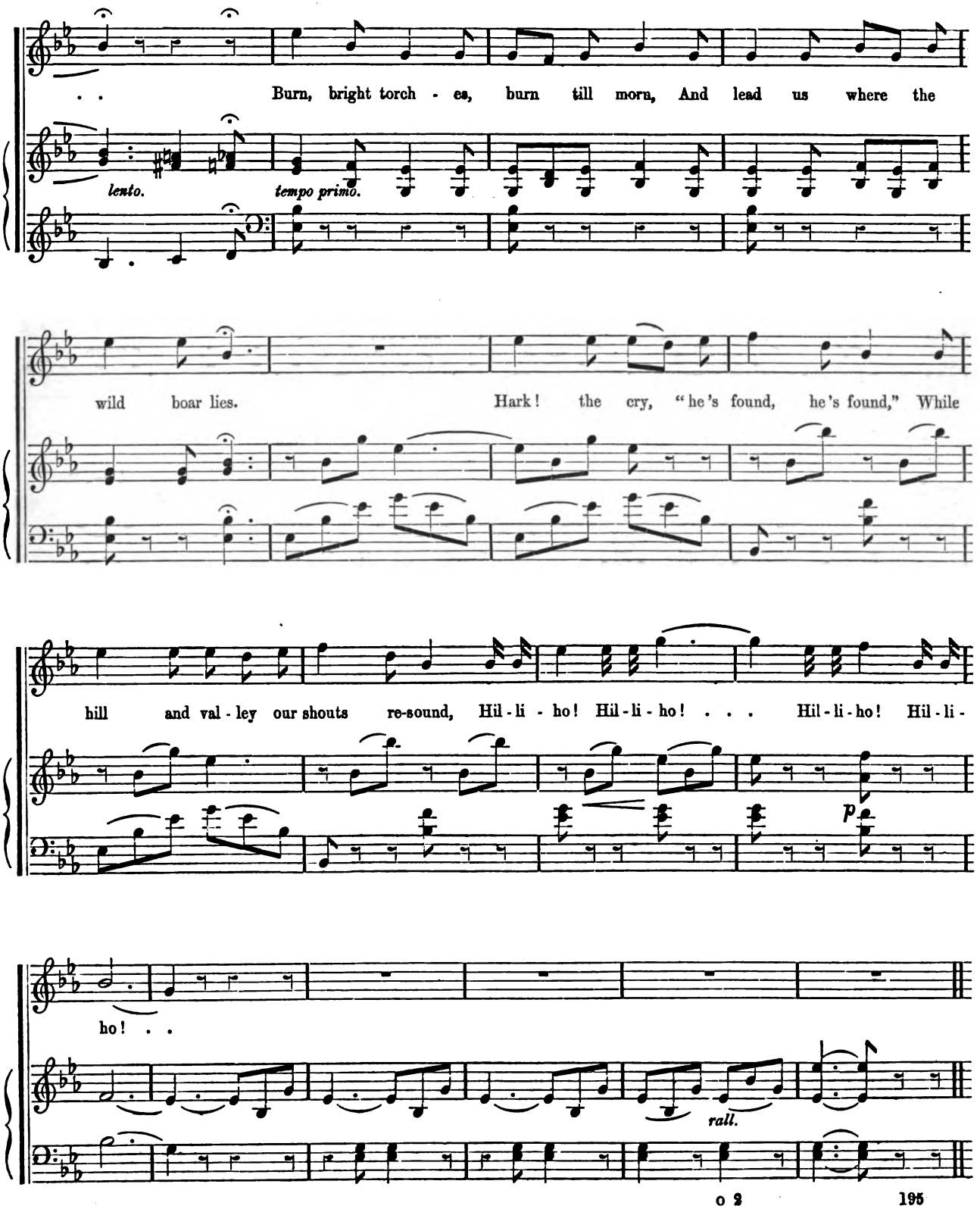

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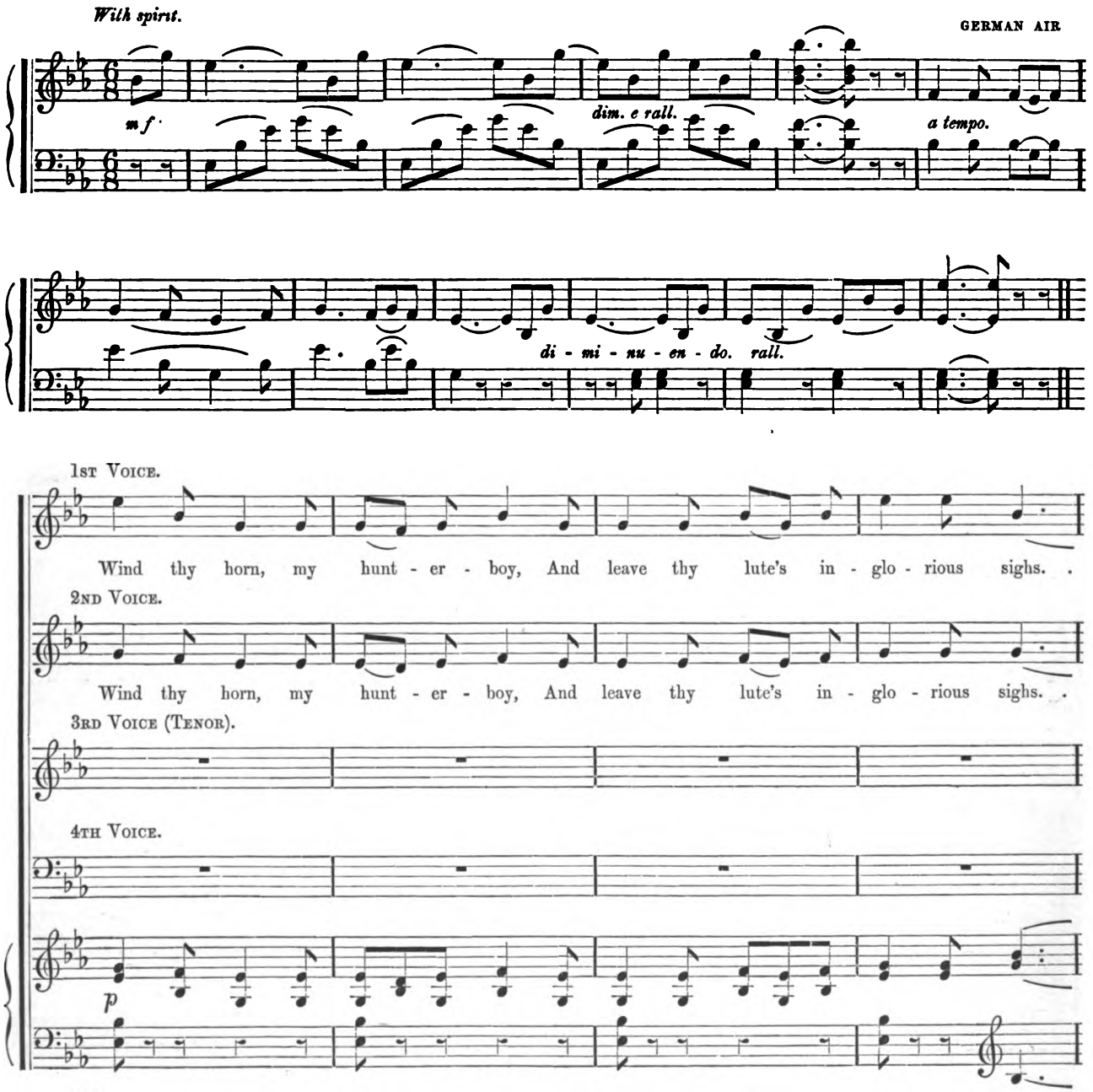
WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER-BOY.

FOR FOUR VOICES.



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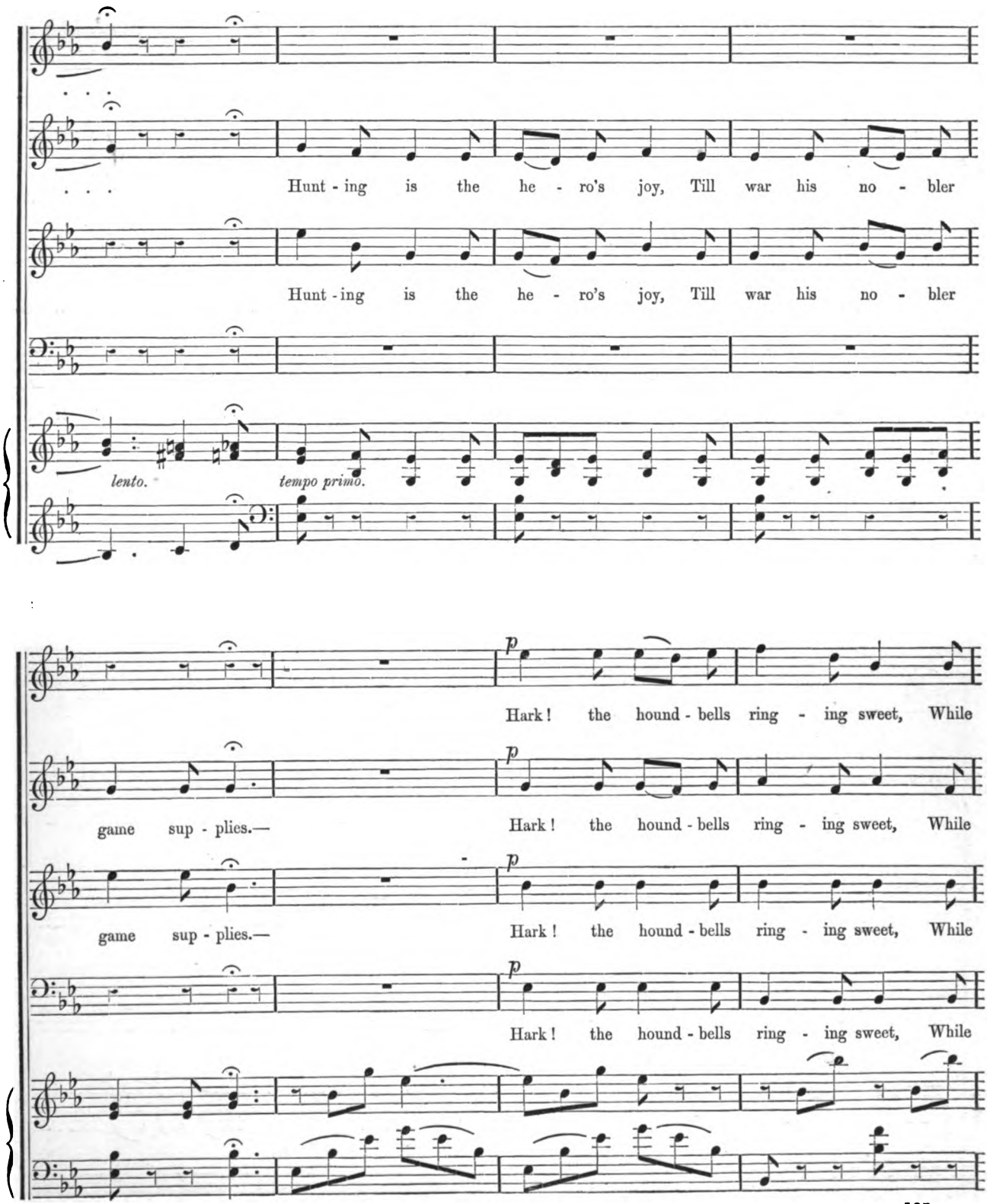

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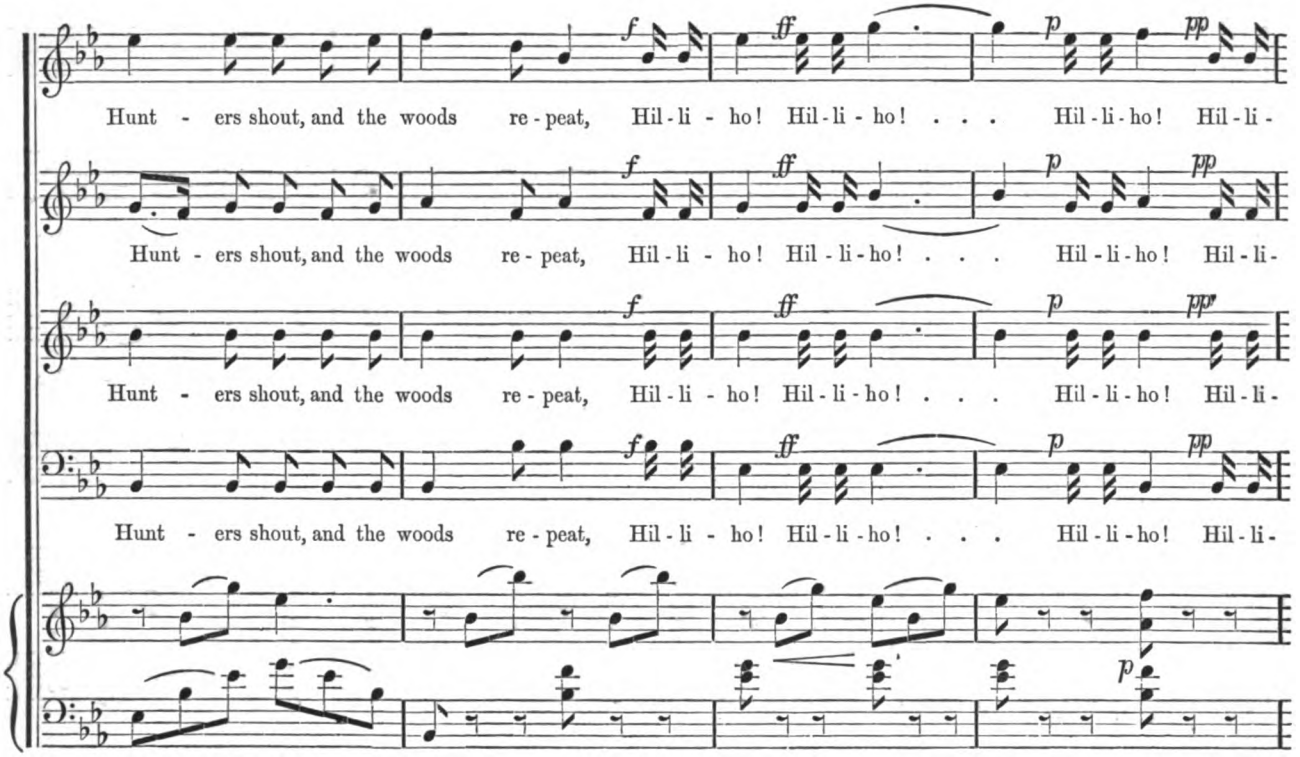

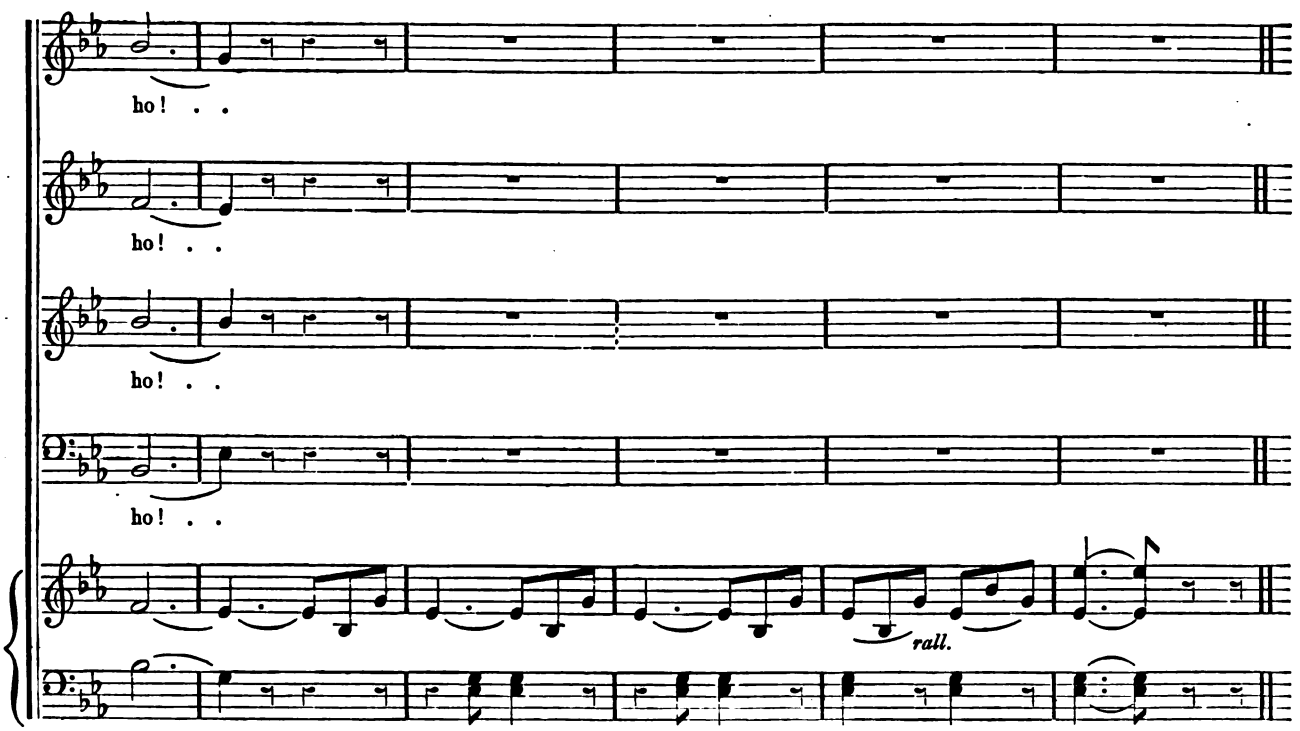

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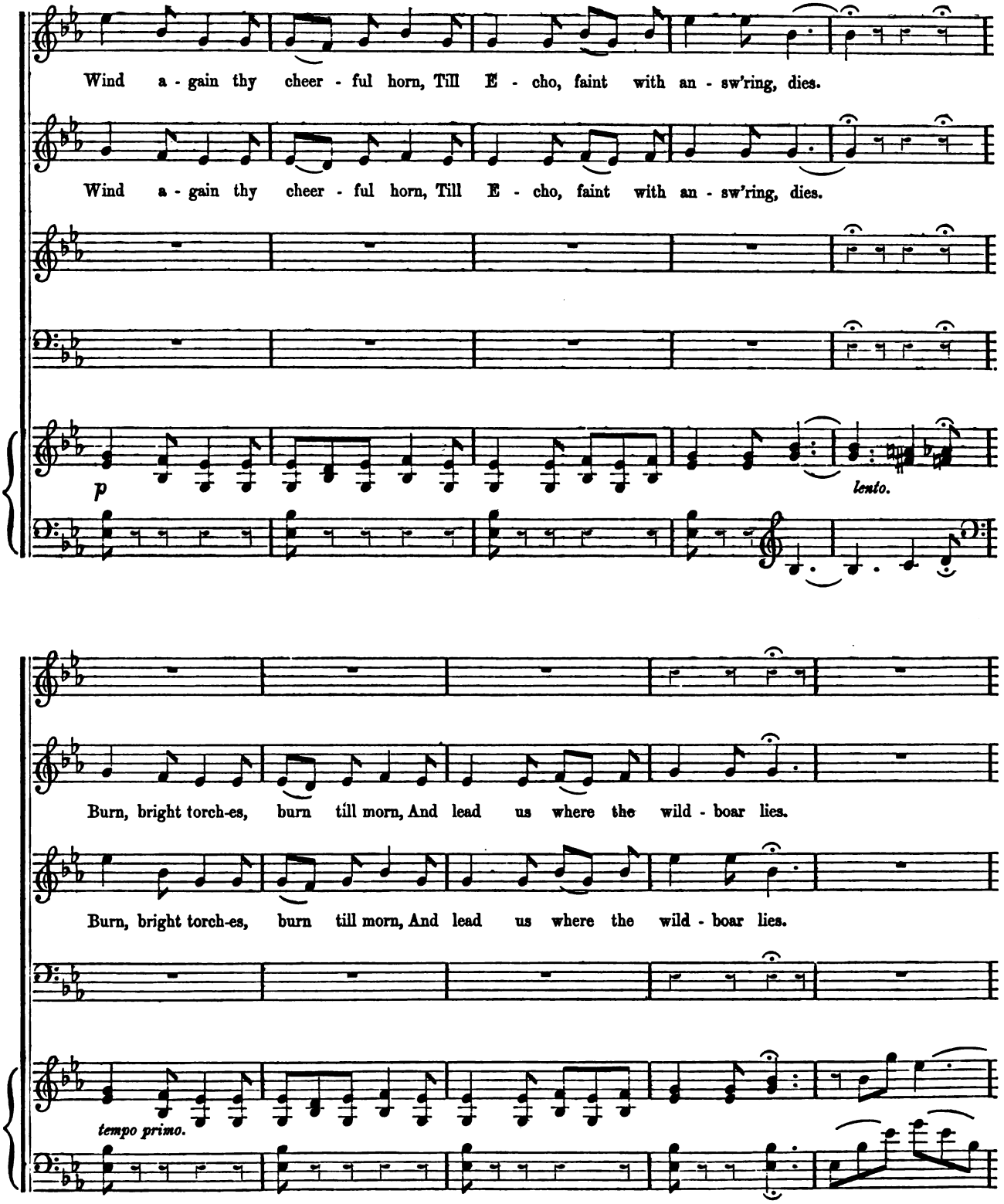

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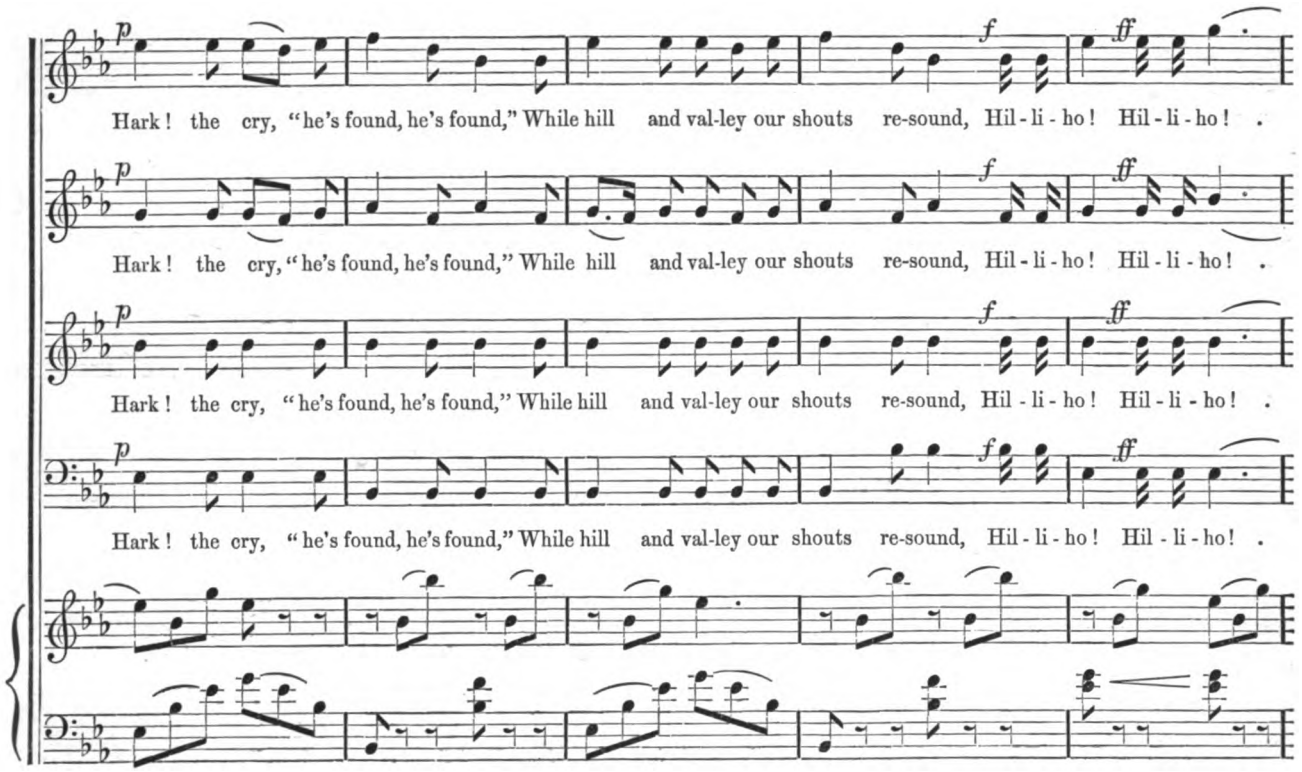

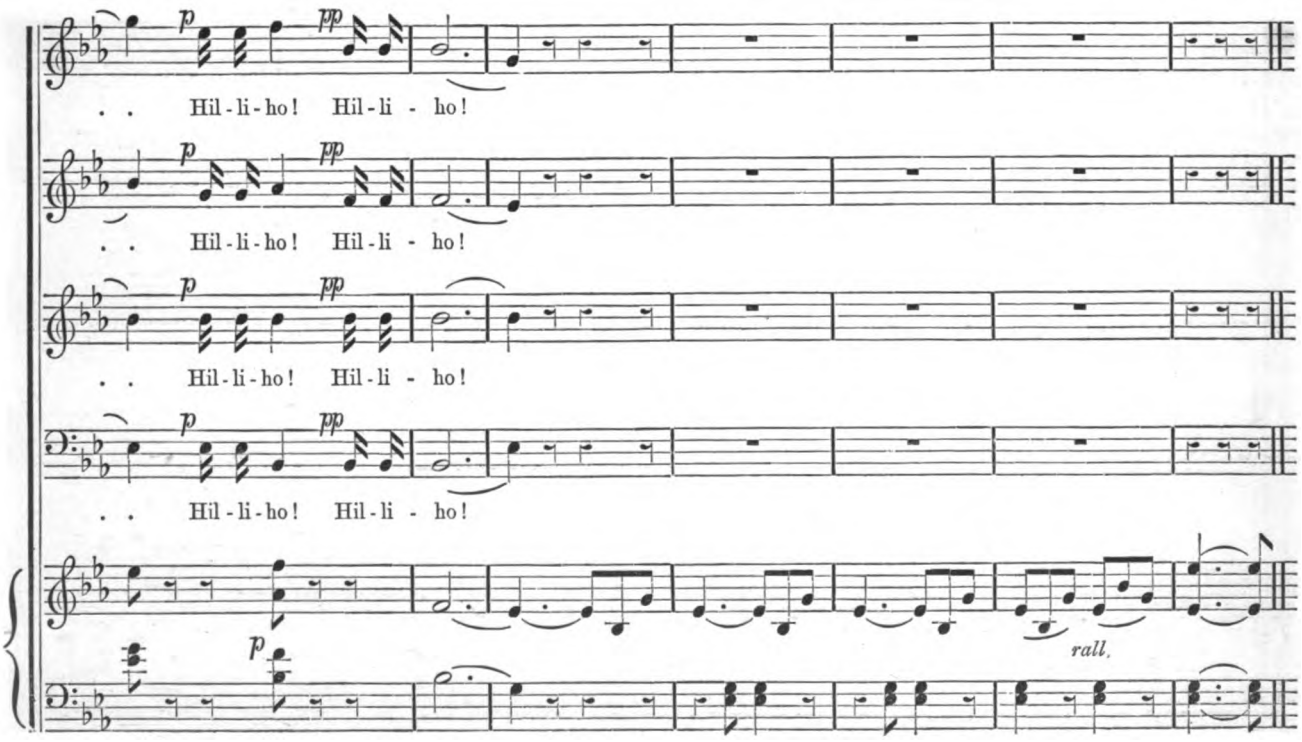

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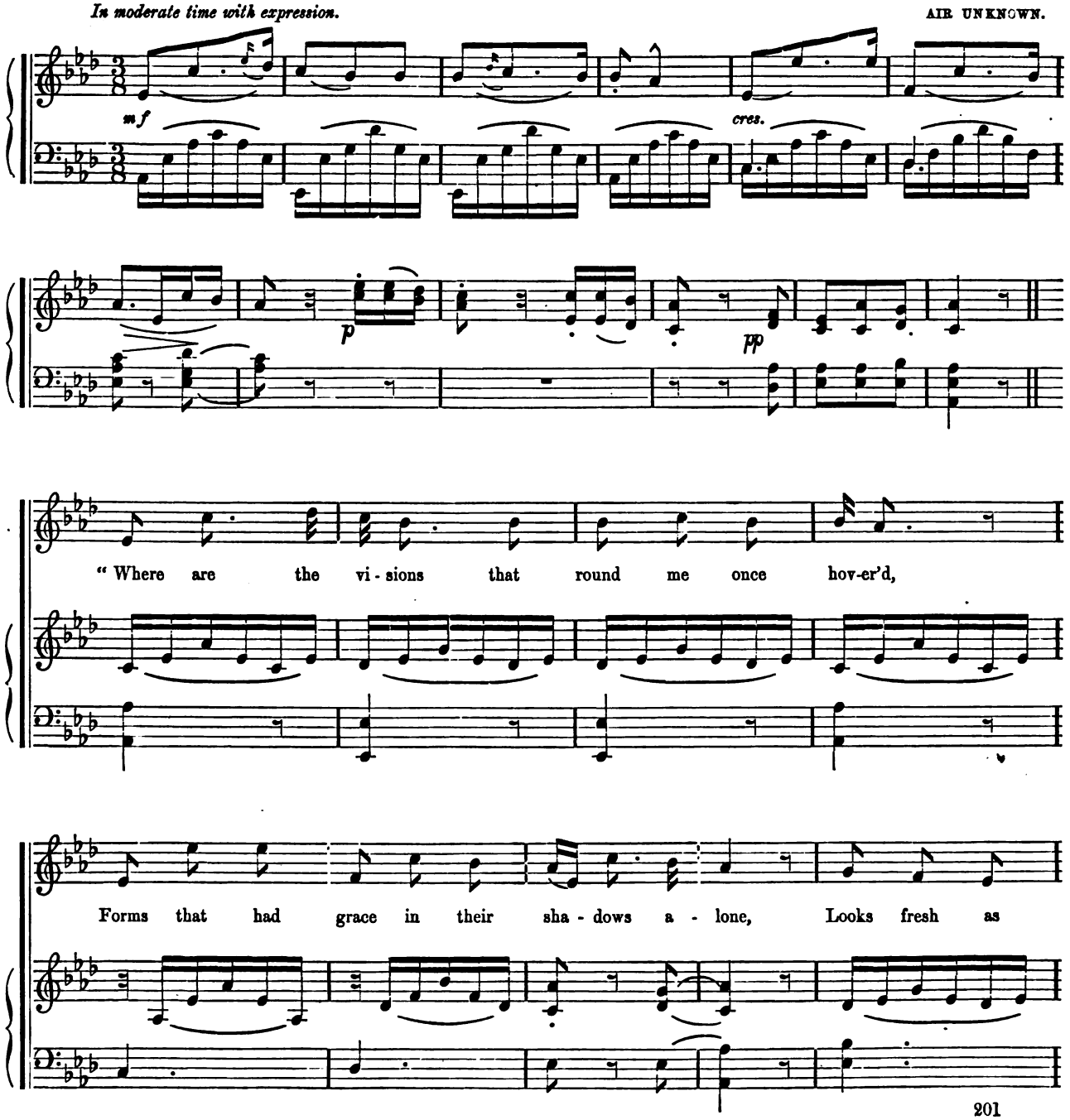
WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

In moderate time with expression. AIR UNKNOWN.



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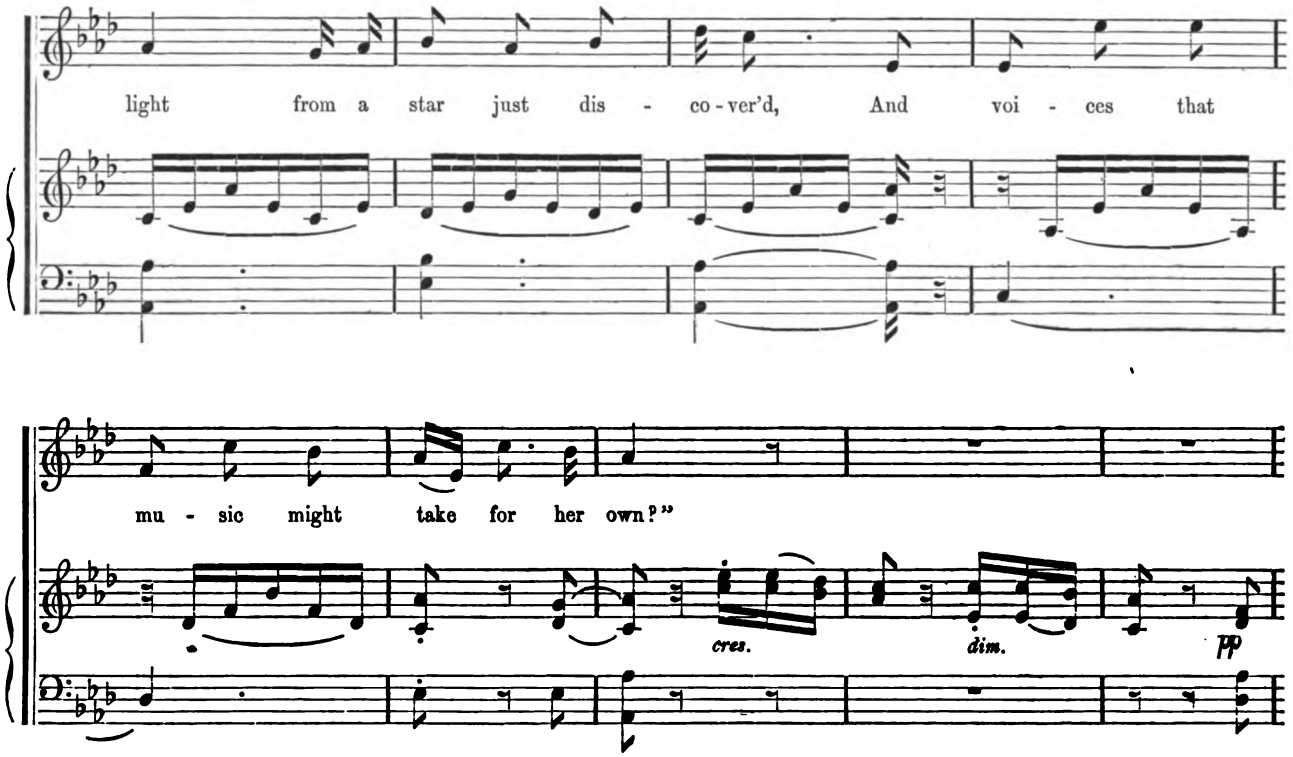

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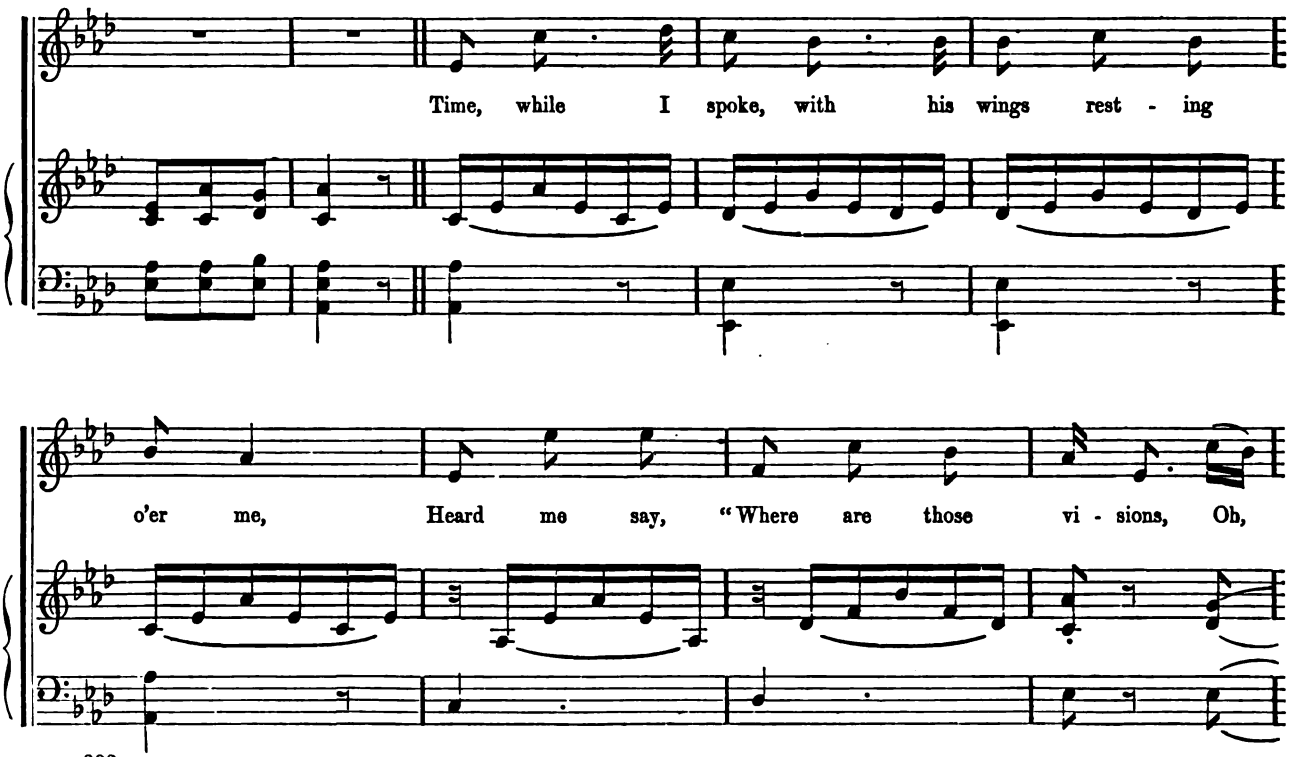

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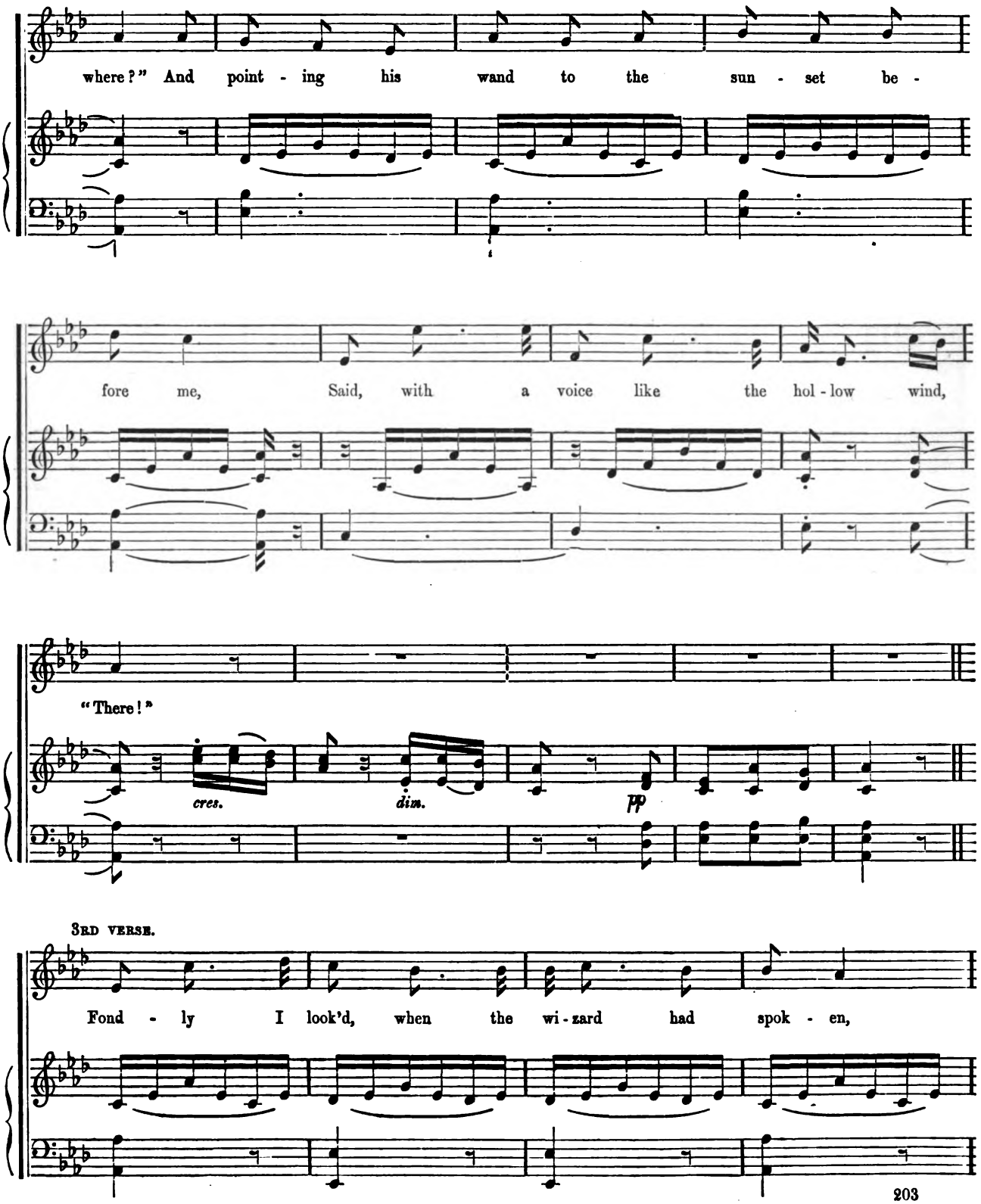

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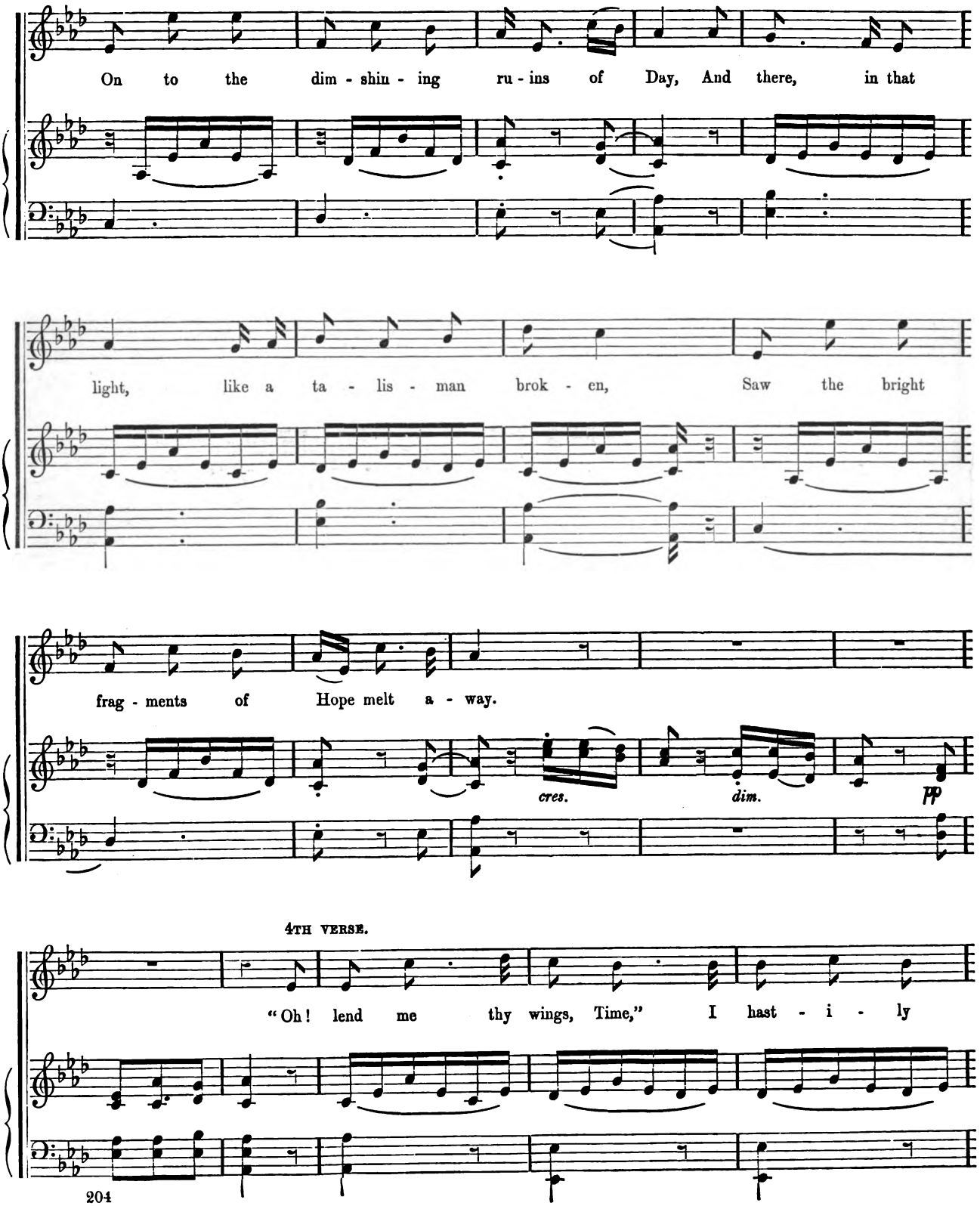

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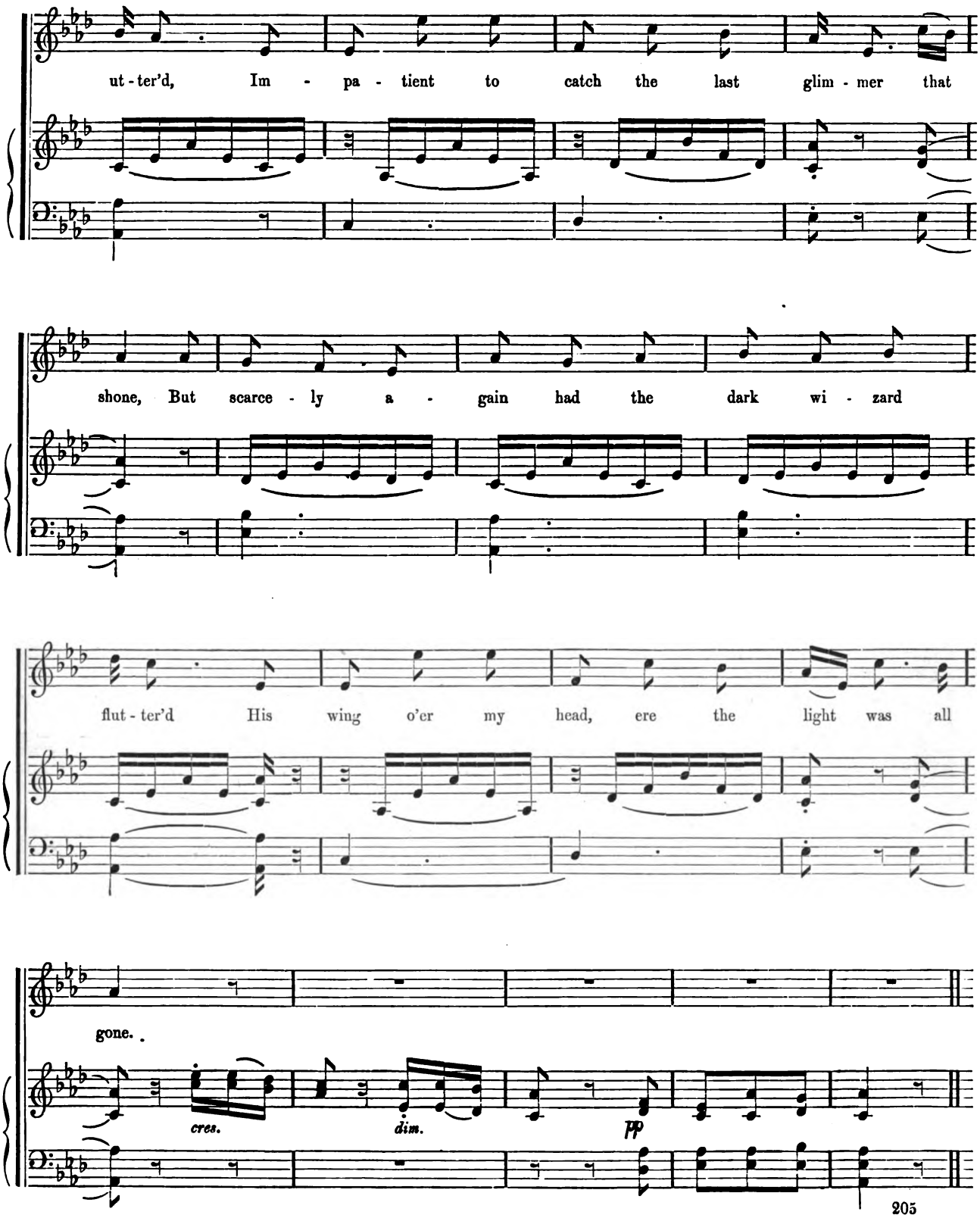

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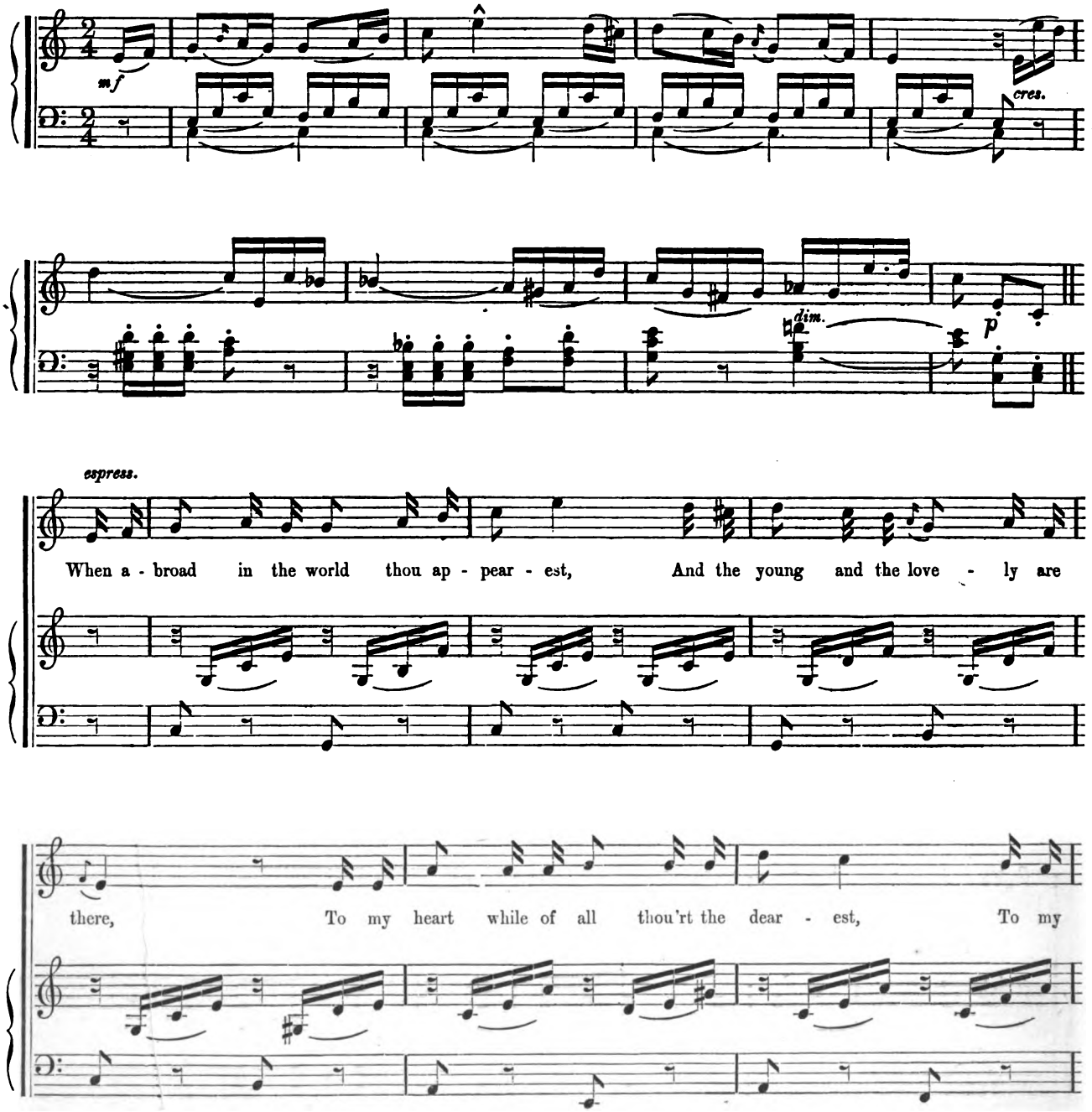
WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

Lively and with feeling. ITALIAN AIR.



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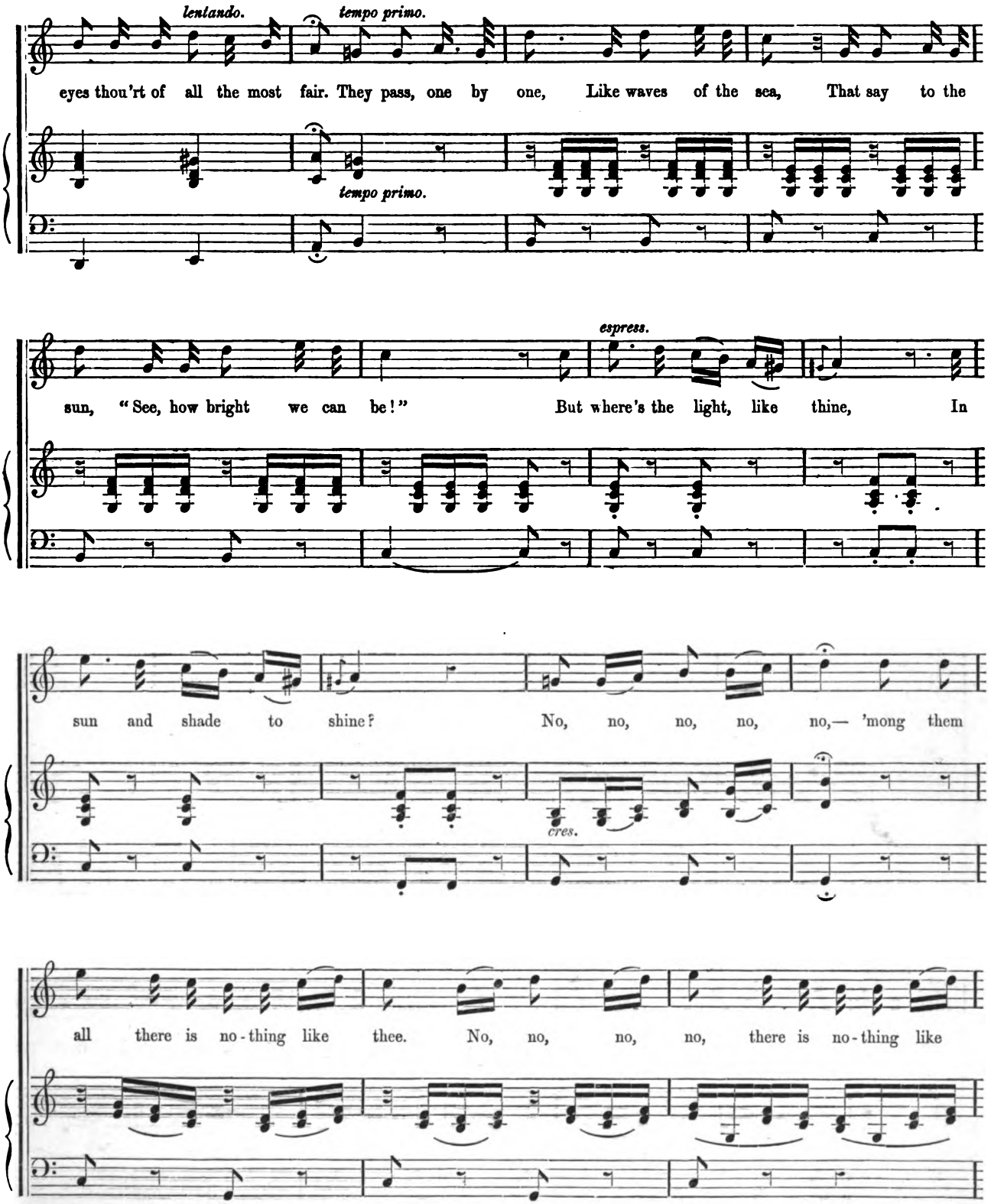

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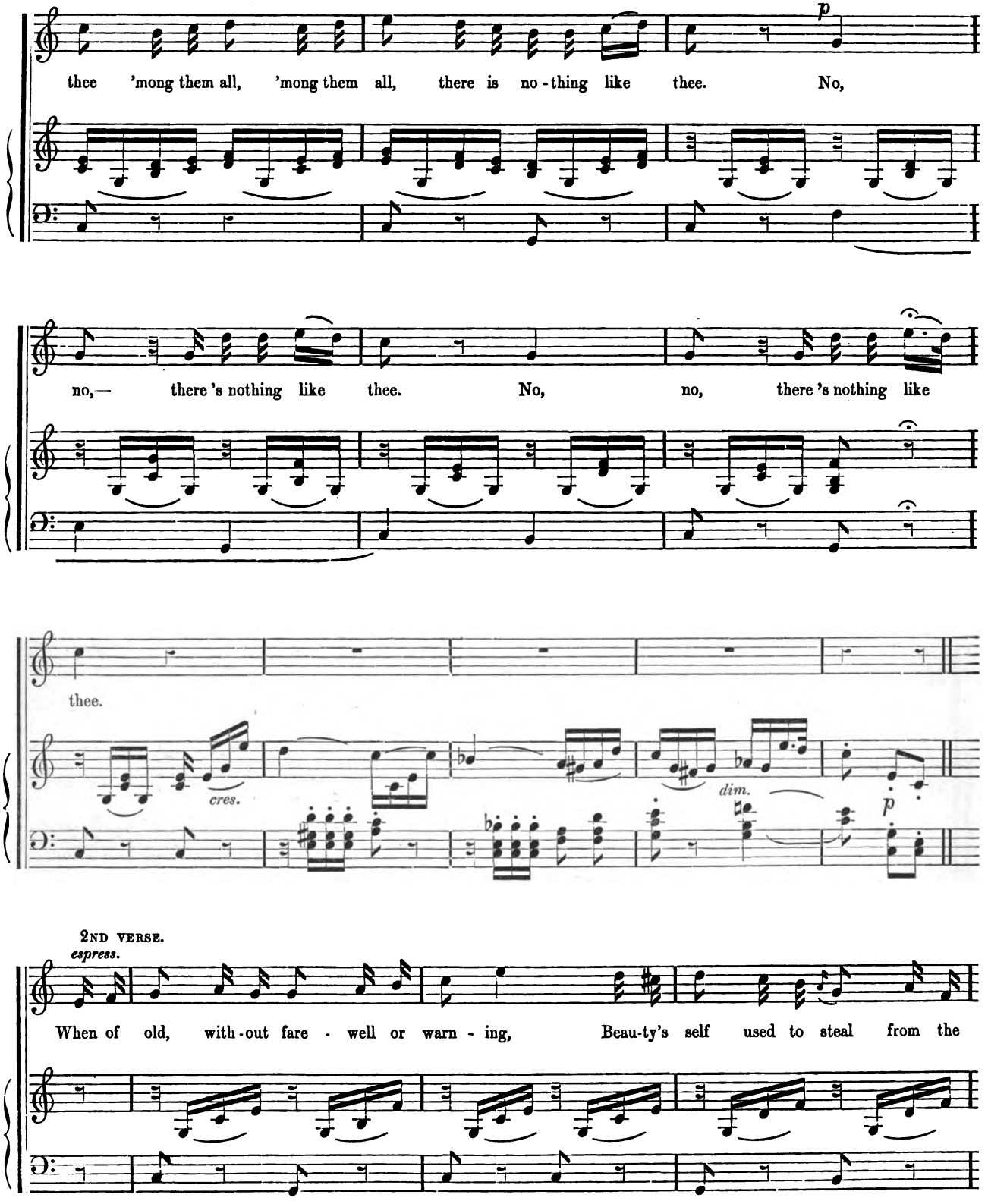

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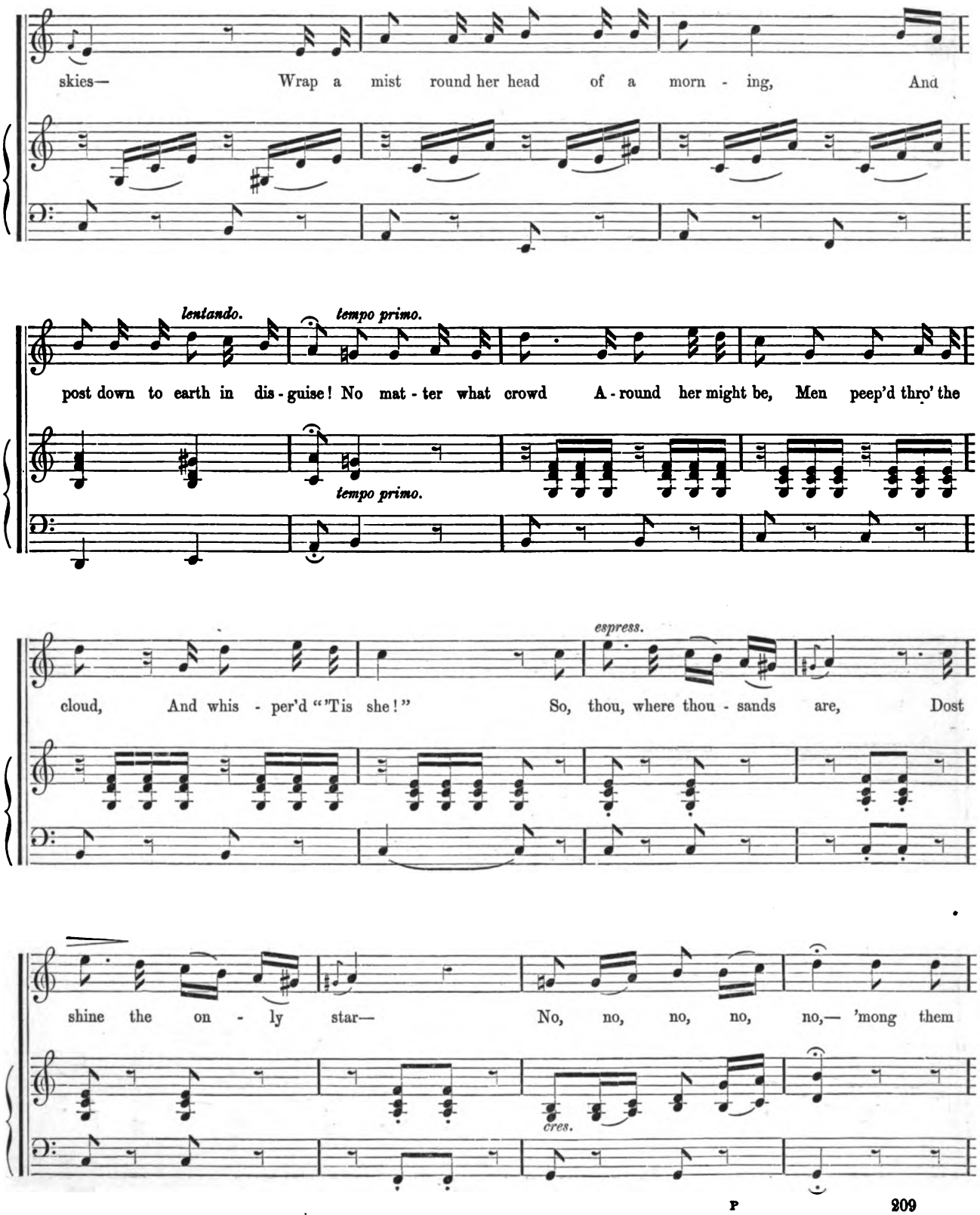

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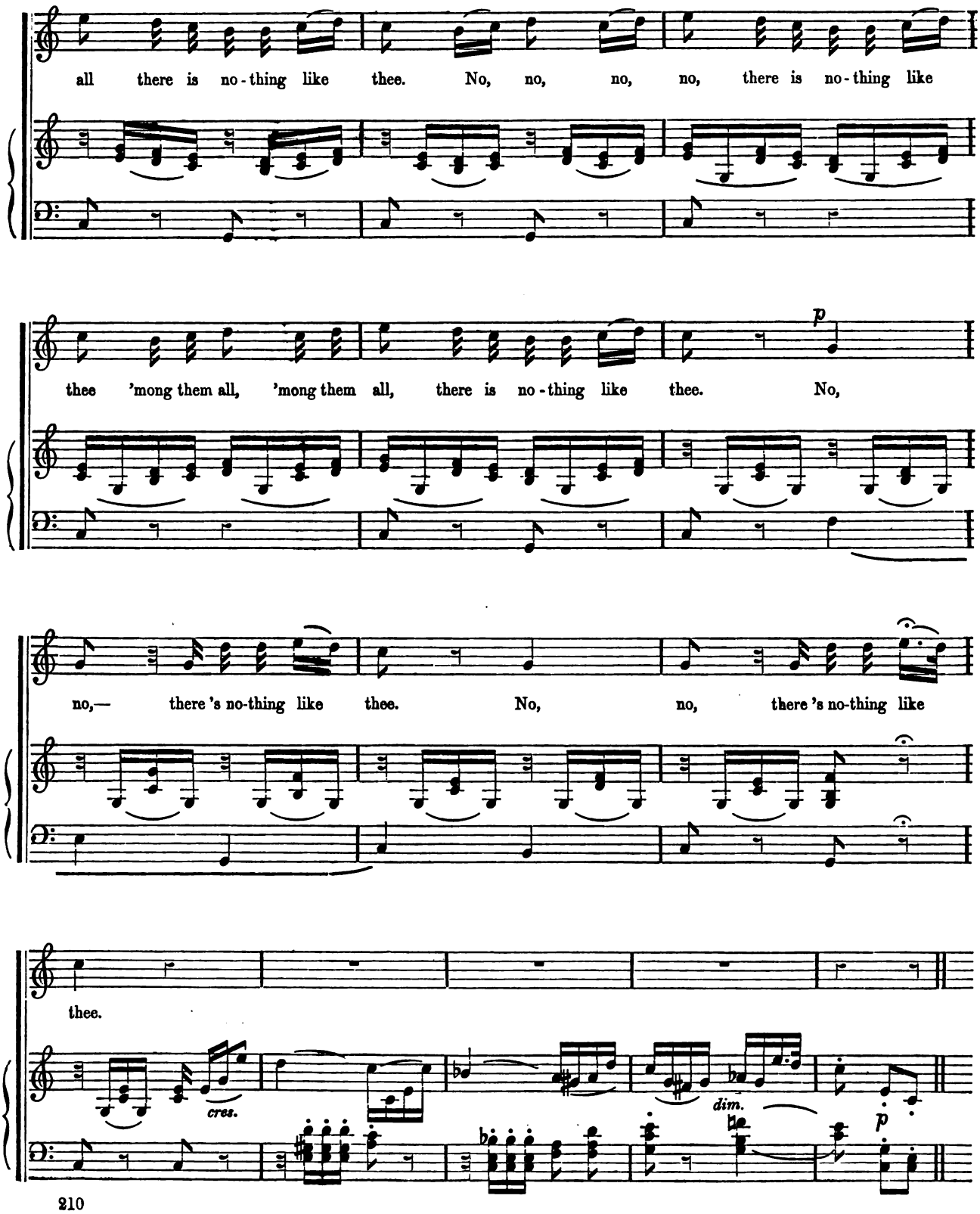

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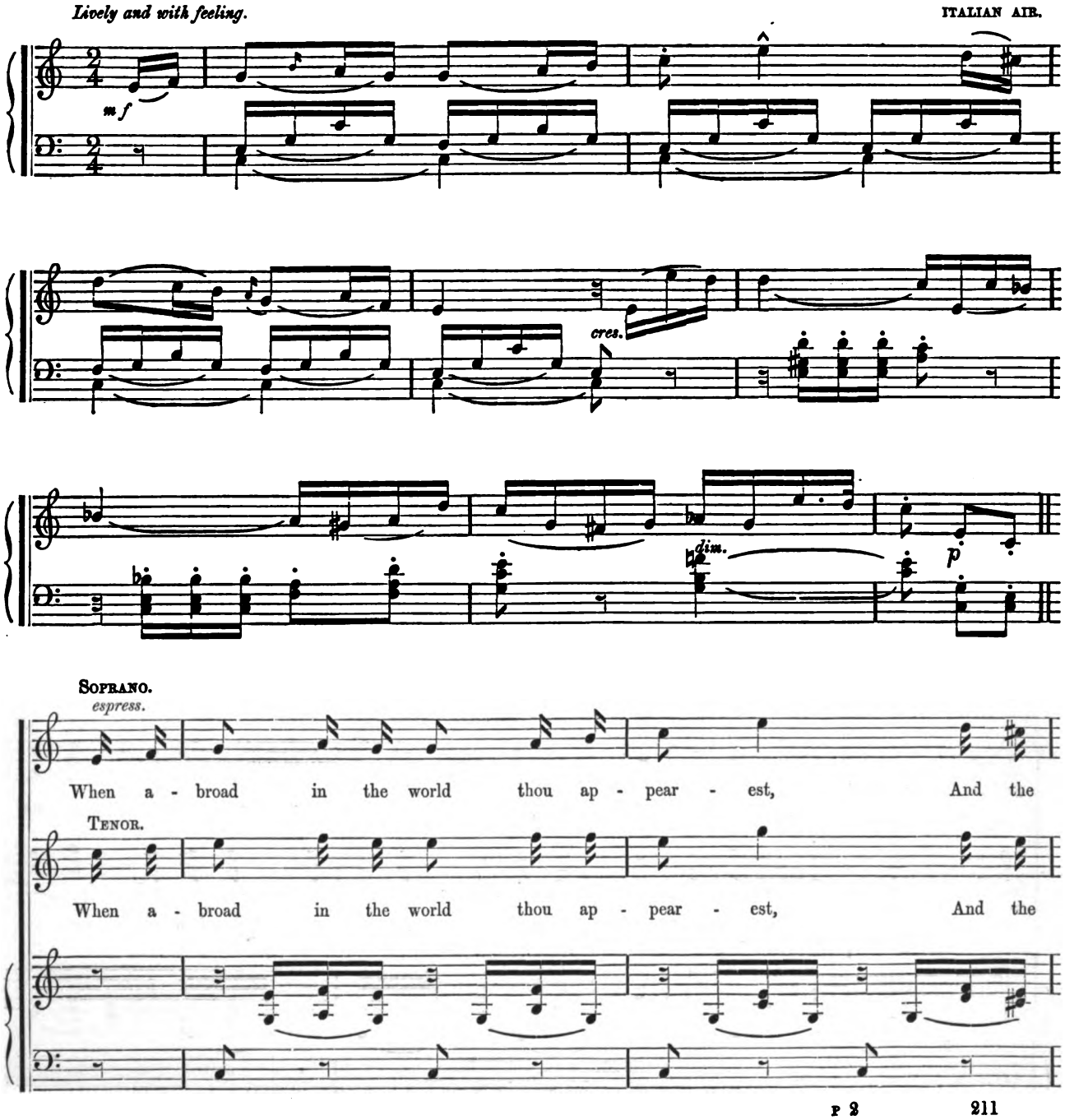
WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Lively and with feeling. ITALIAN AIR.



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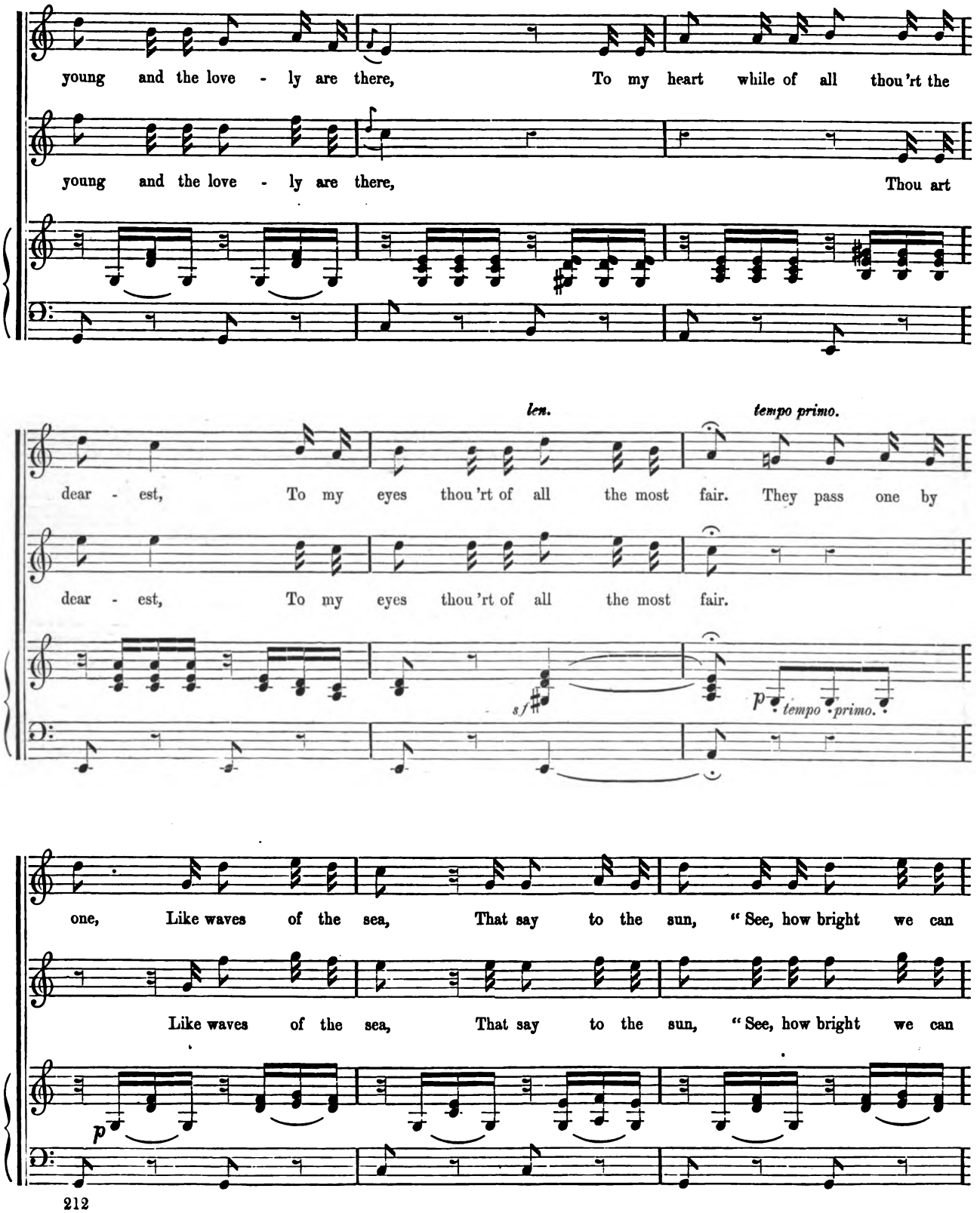

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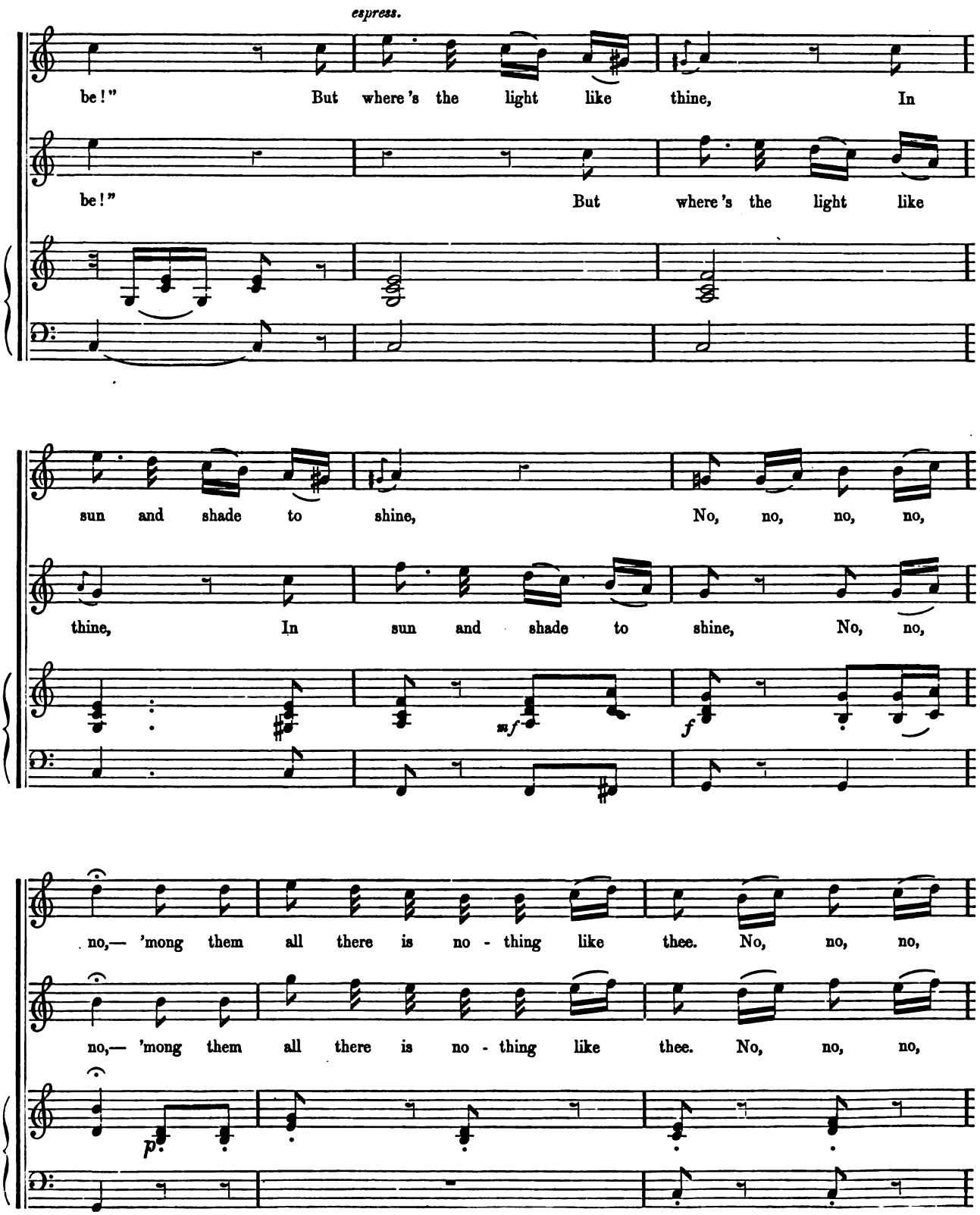

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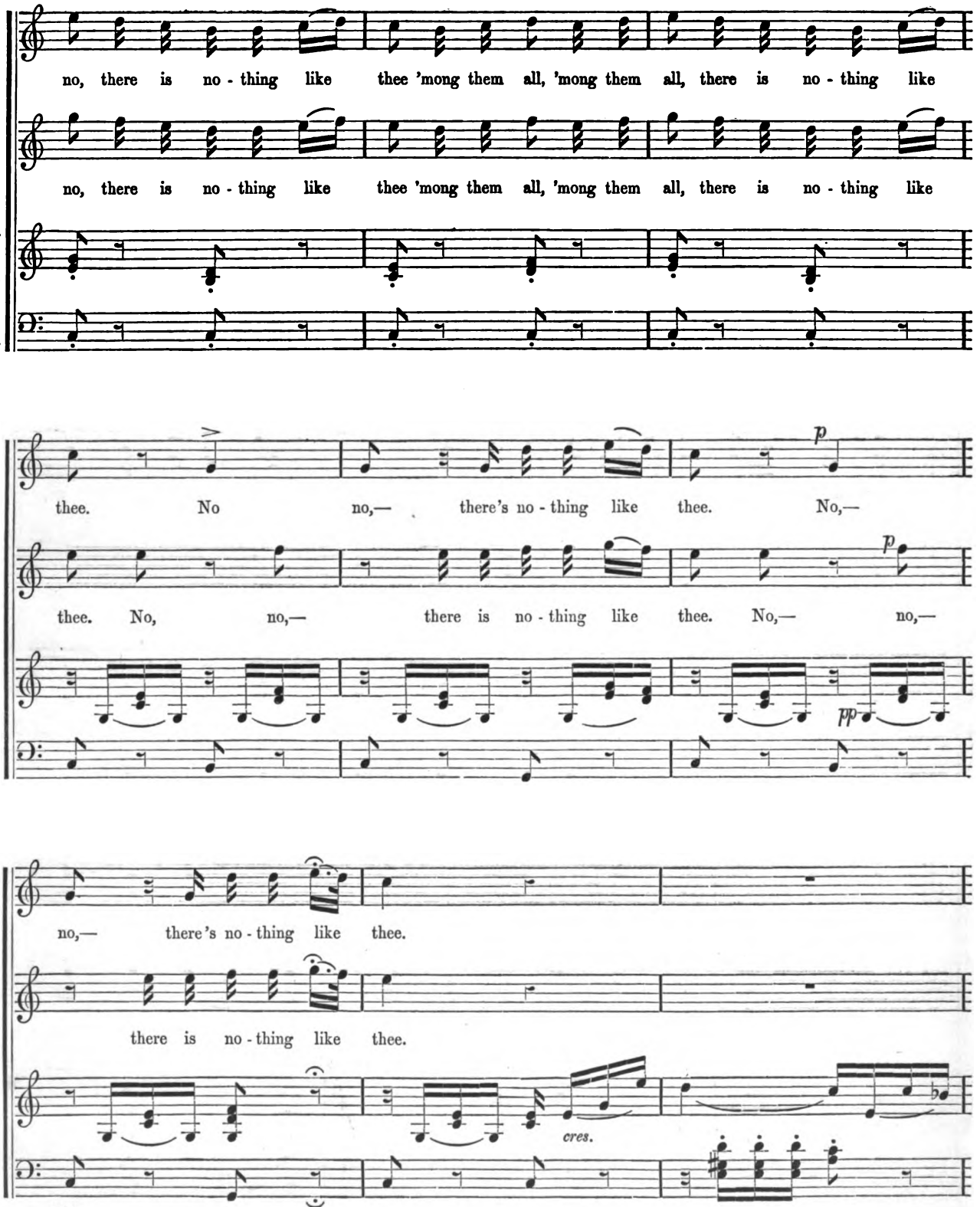

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WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

2ND VERSE.

espress.

When of old, with-out fare - well or

When of old, with-out fare - well or

dim. *p*

warn - ing, Beau-ty's self used to steal from the skies— Wrap a mist round her head of a

warn - ing, Beau-ty's self used to steal from the skies— of a

len. *tempo primo.*

morn - ing, And post down to earth in dis - guise! No mat - ter what crowd A-round her might

morn - ing, And post down to earth in dis - guise! A-round her might

sf *p* *tempo primo.* *p*

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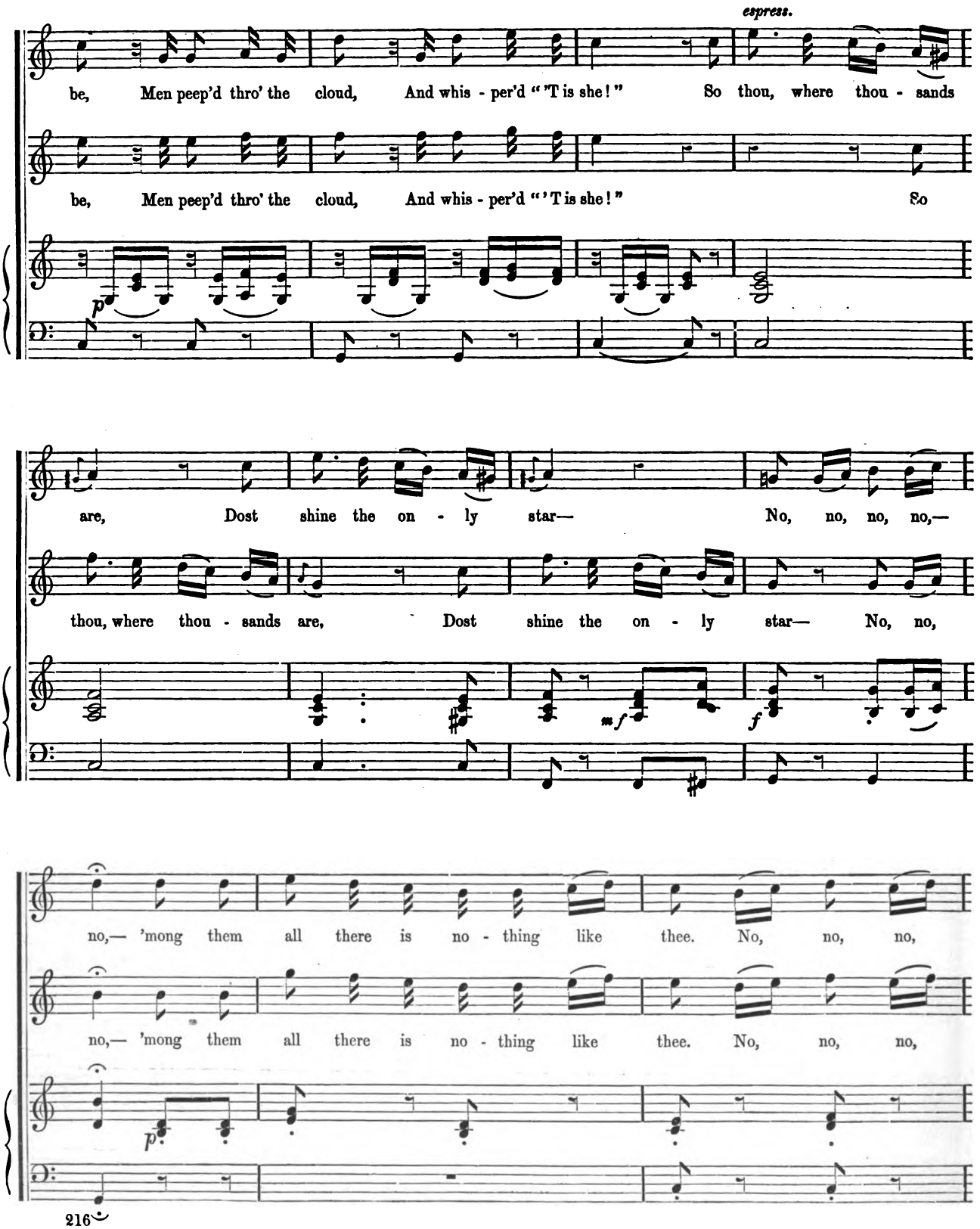

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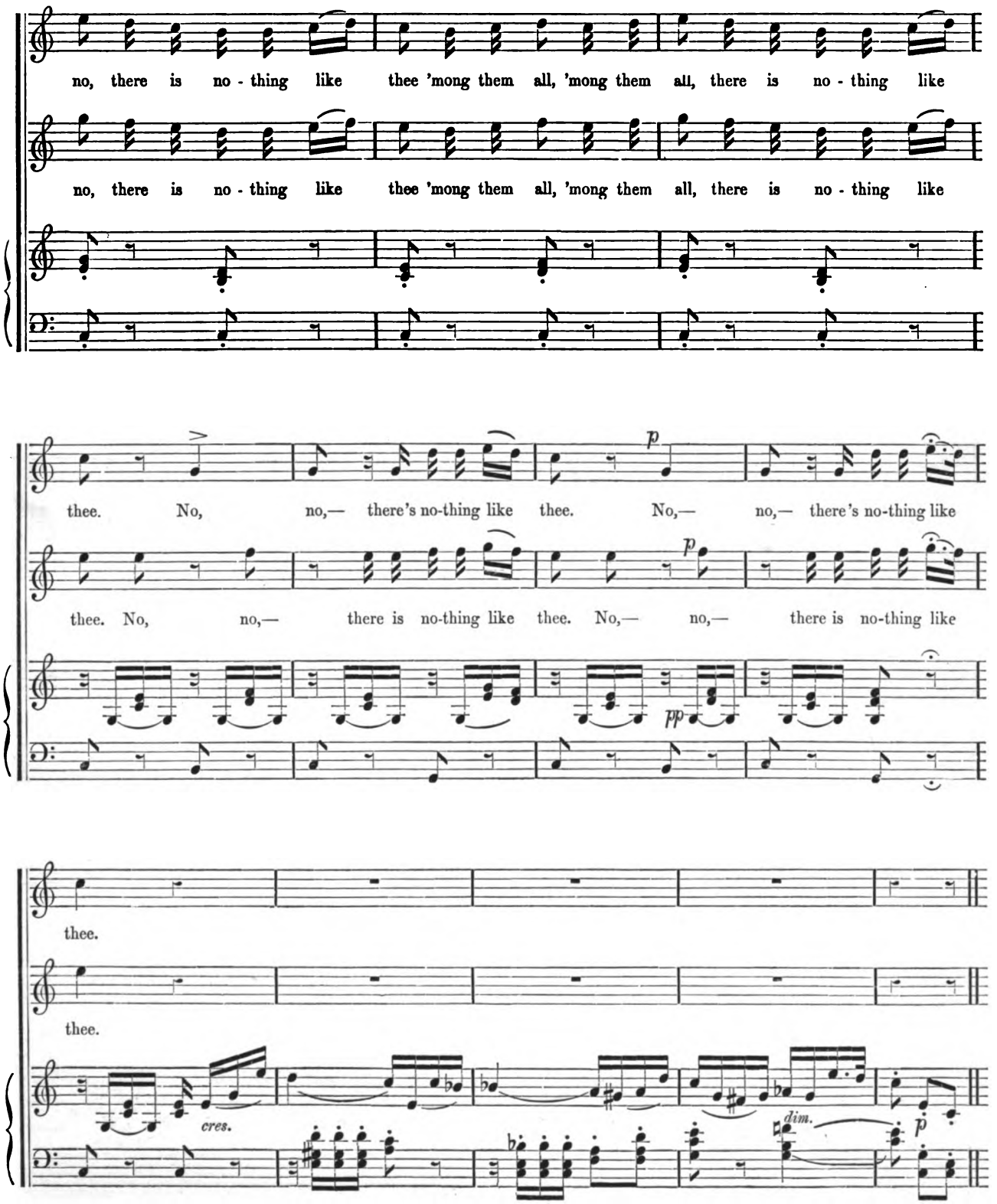

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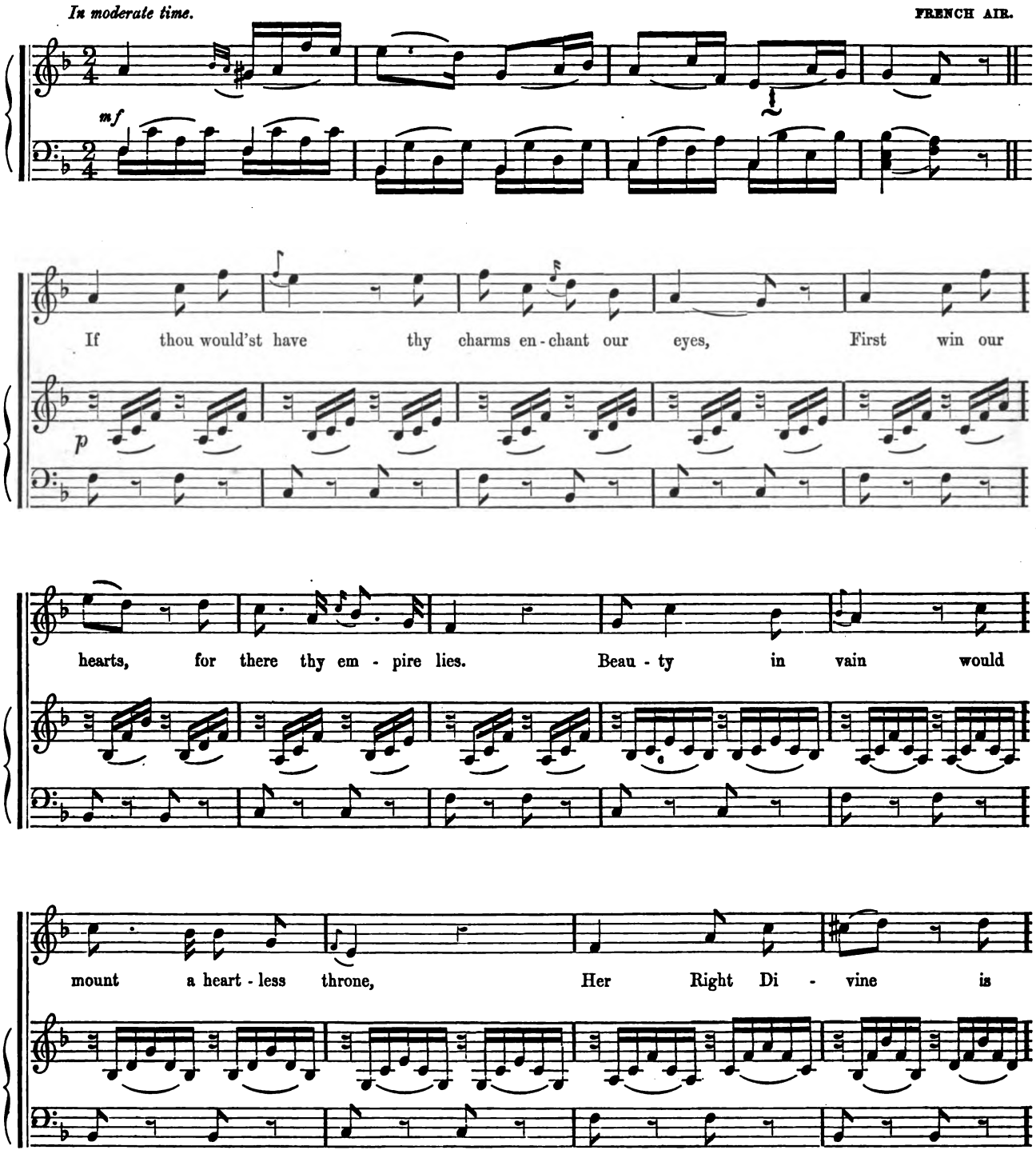
LOVE ALONE.

In moderate time. FRENCH AIR.



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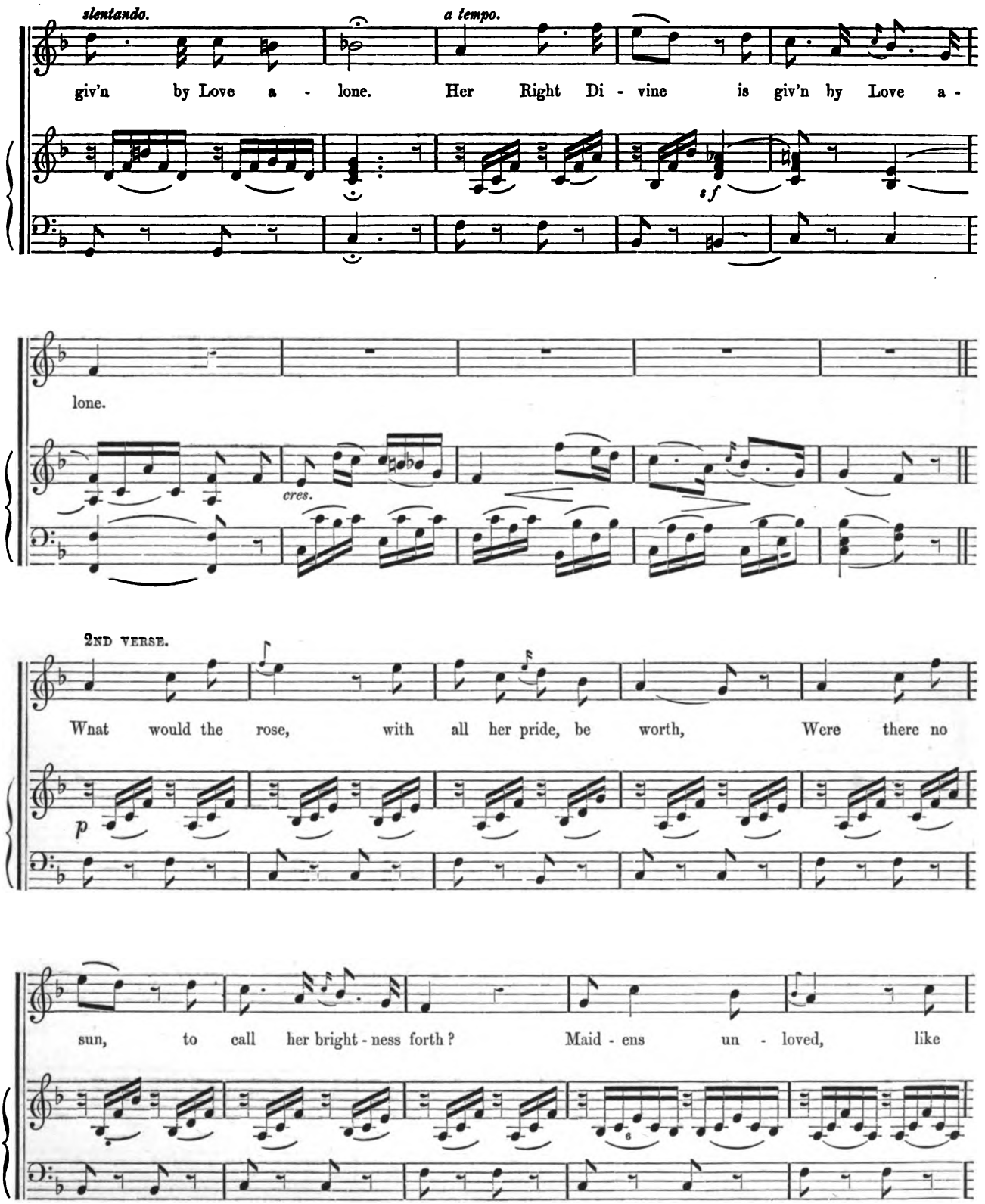

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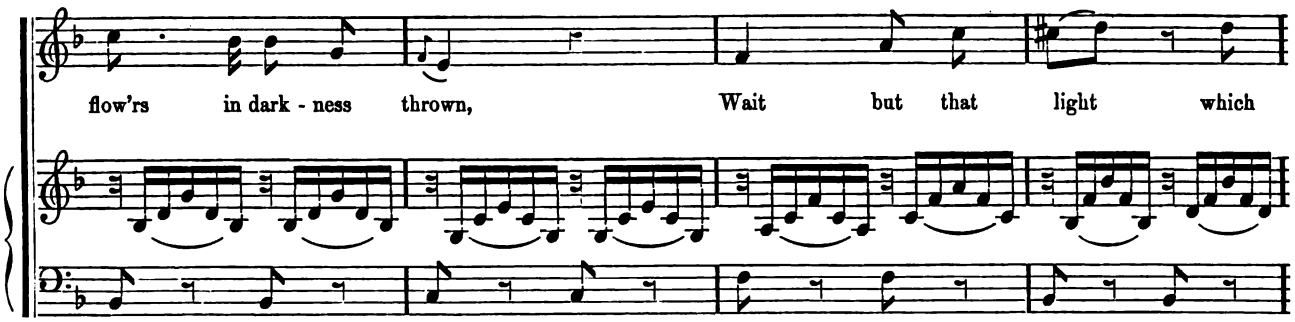

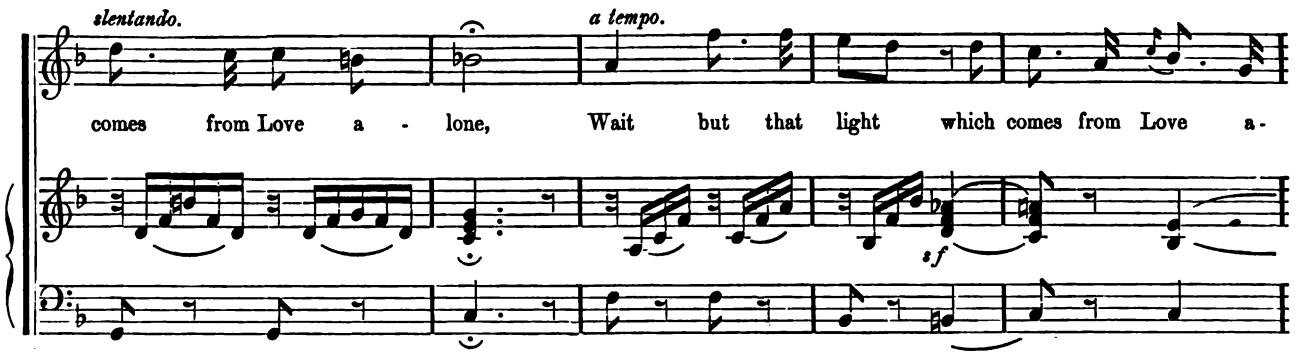

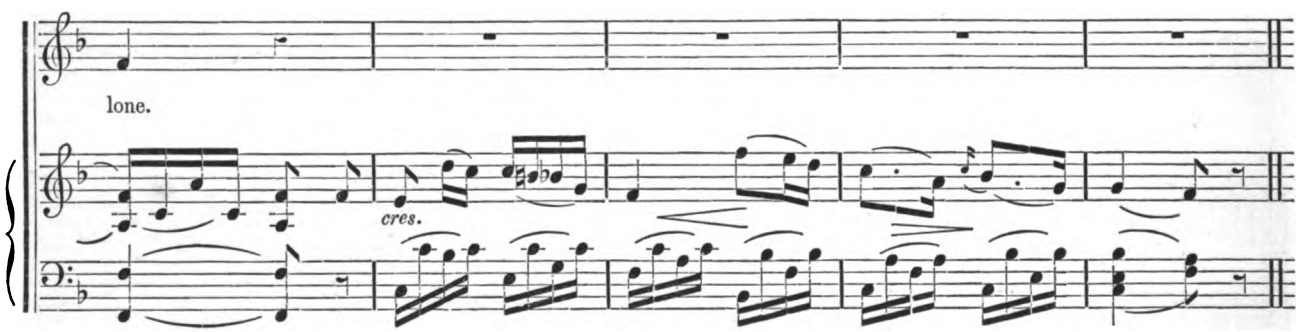

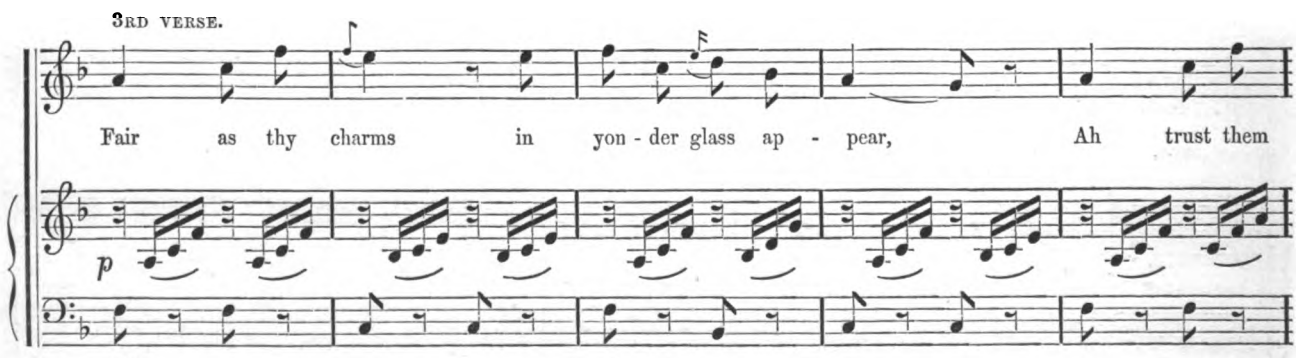

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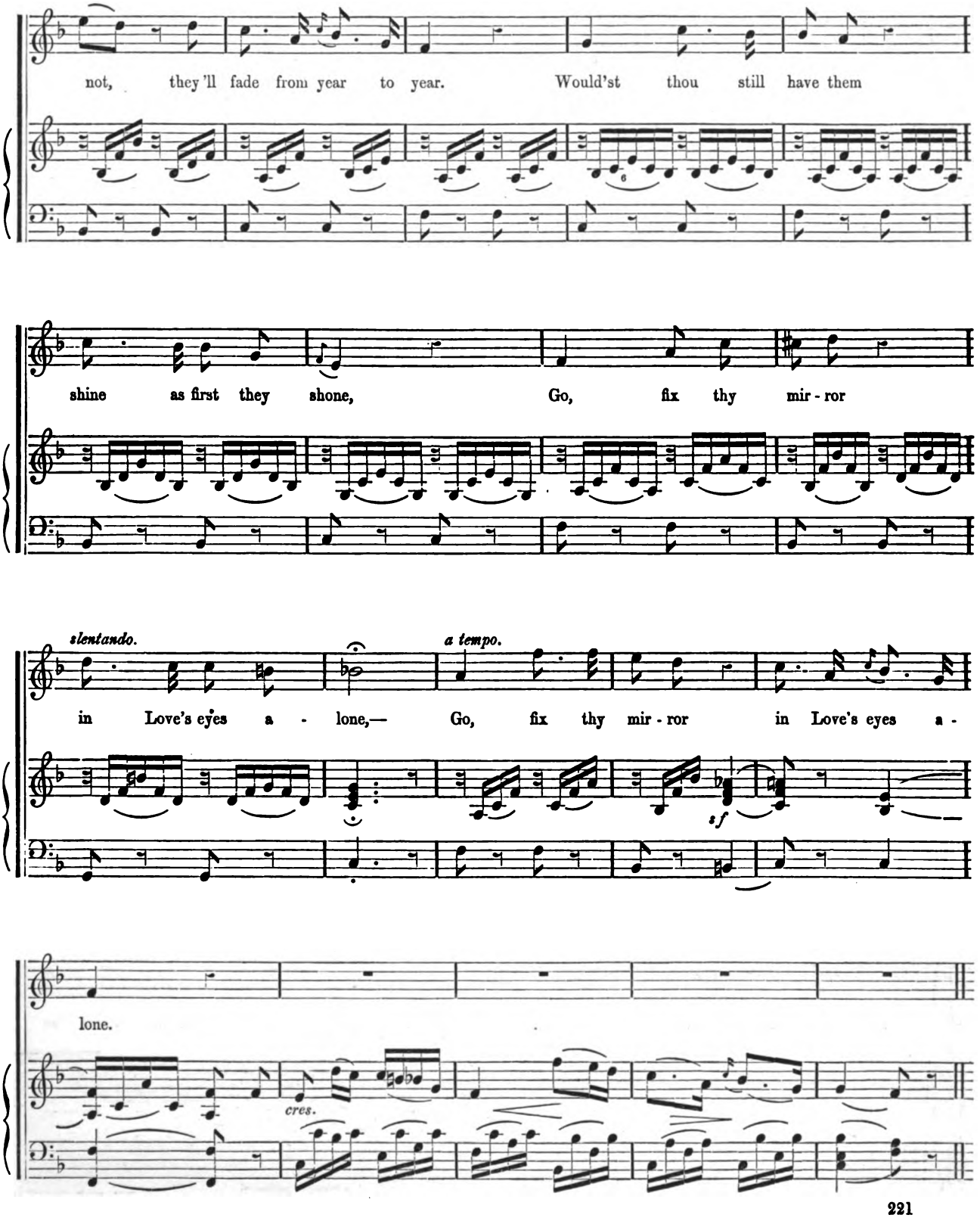

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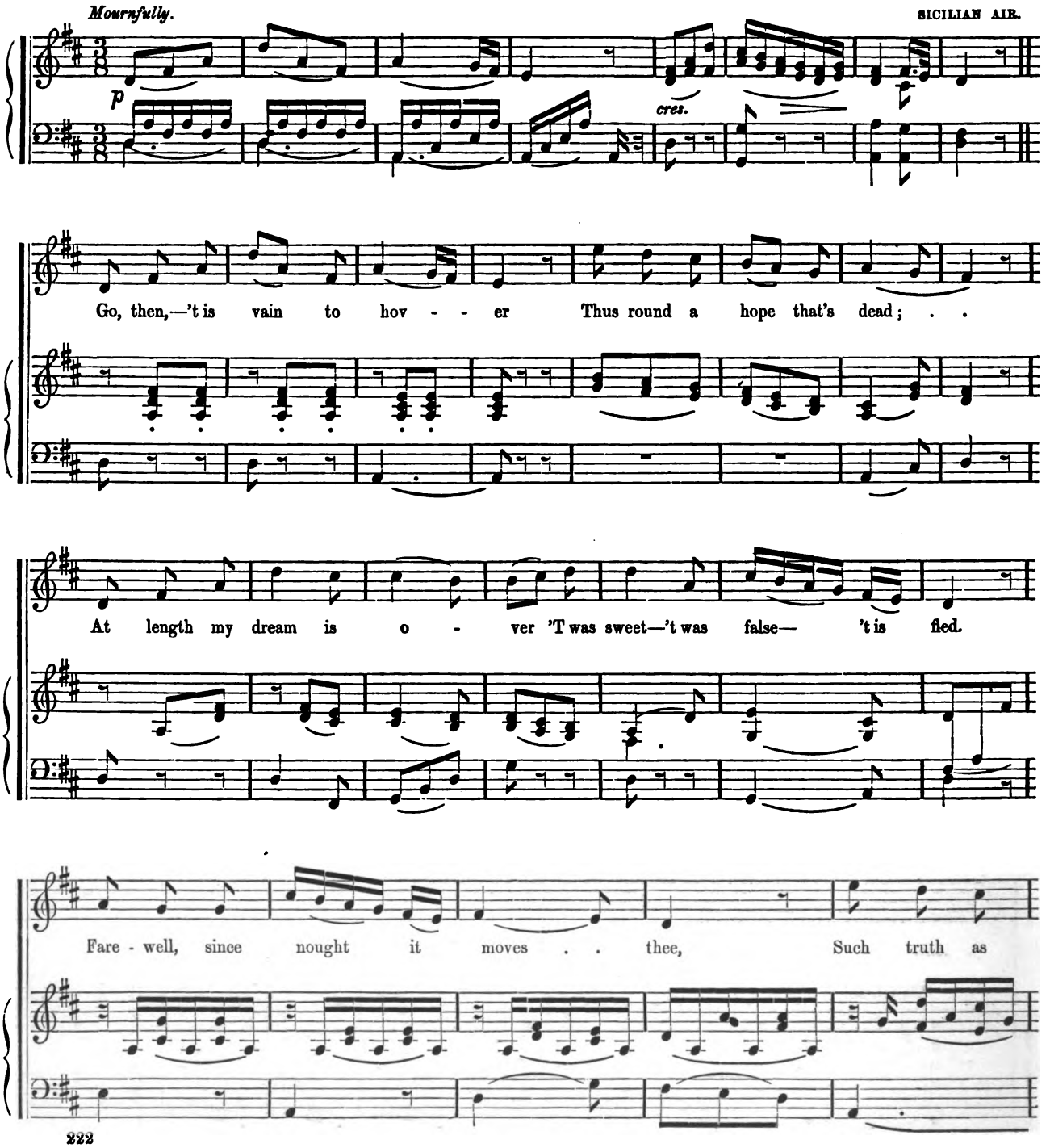
GO THEN—'TIS VAIN.



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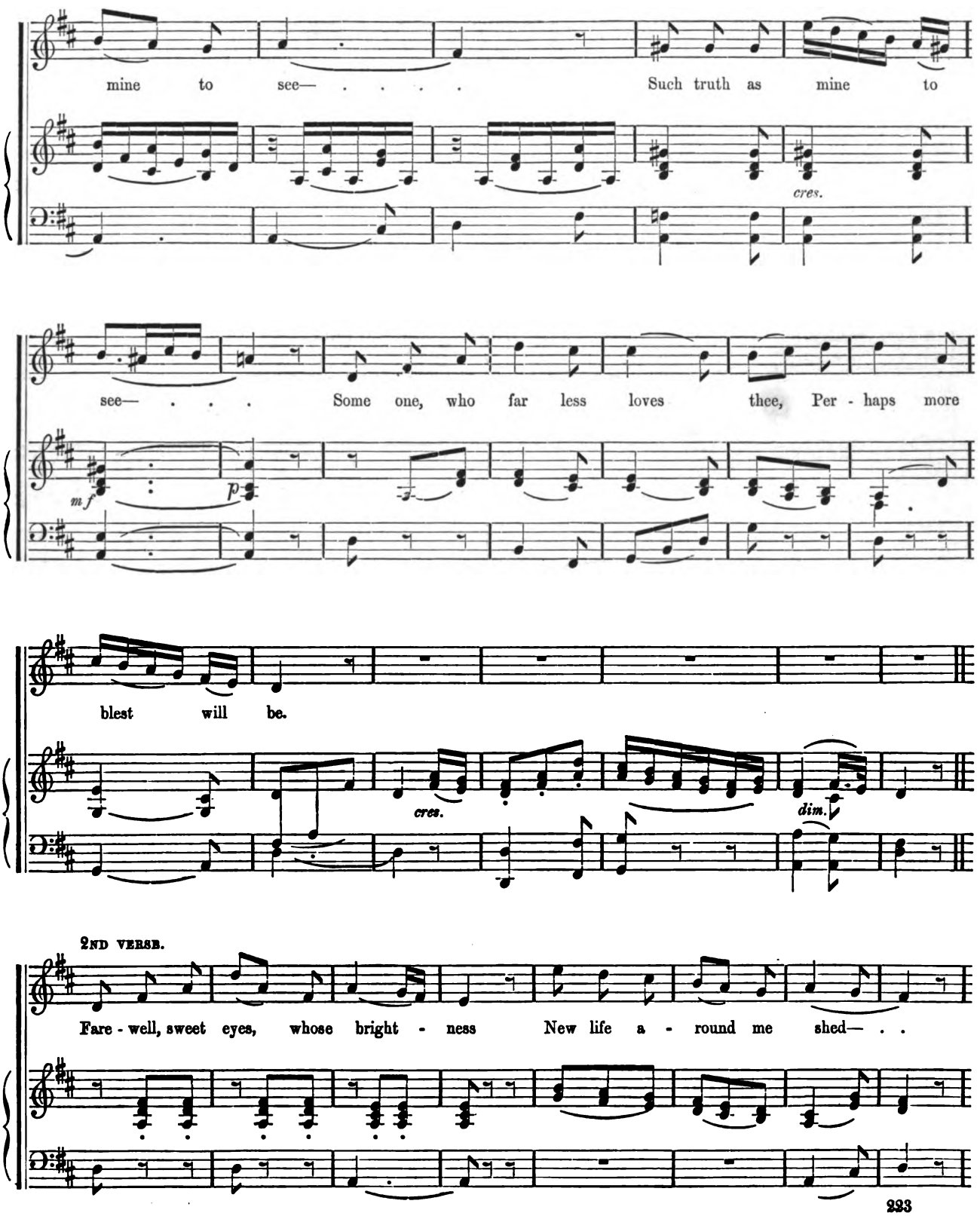

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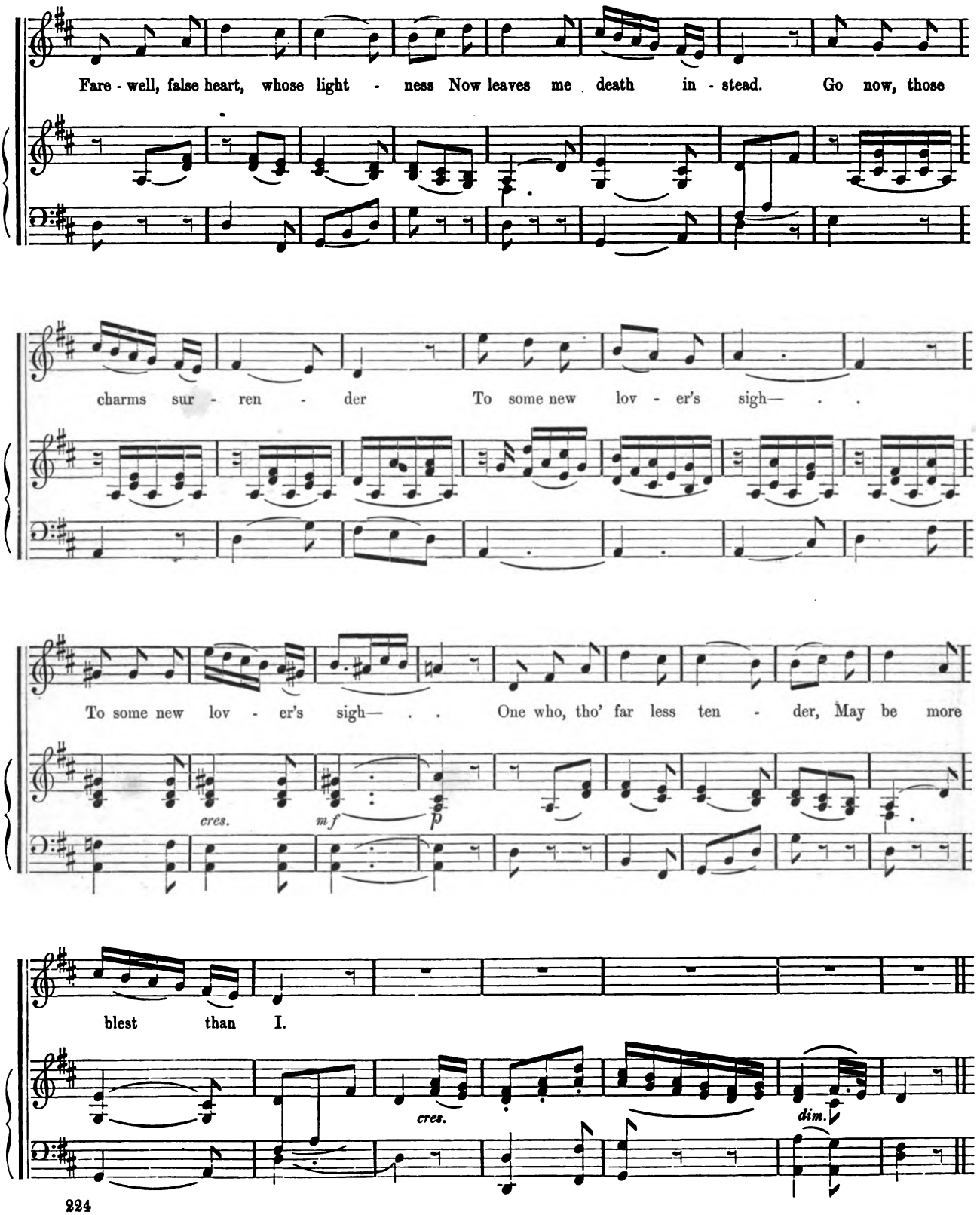

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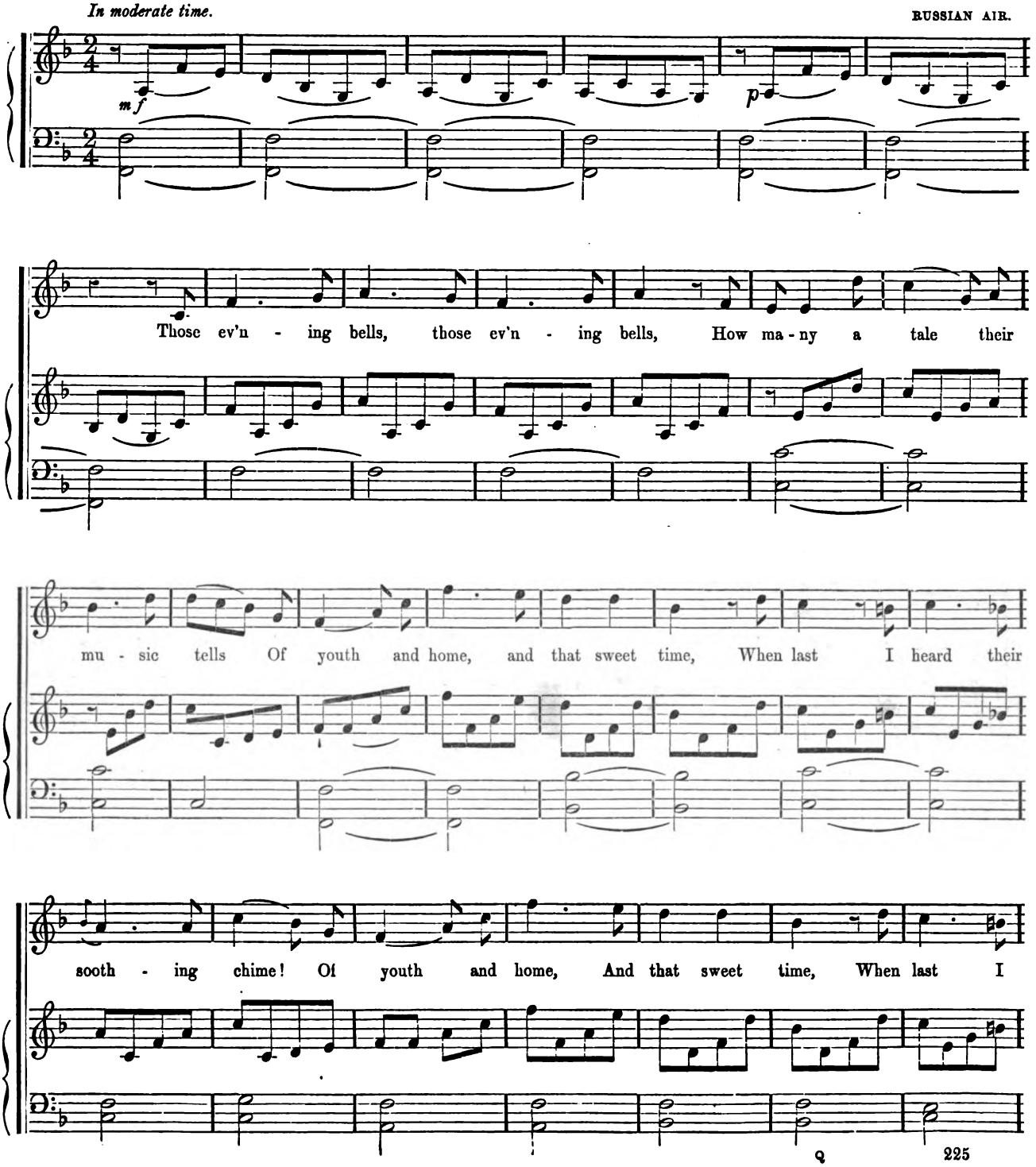
THOSE EV'NING BELLS.

In moderate time.

RUSSIAN AIR.



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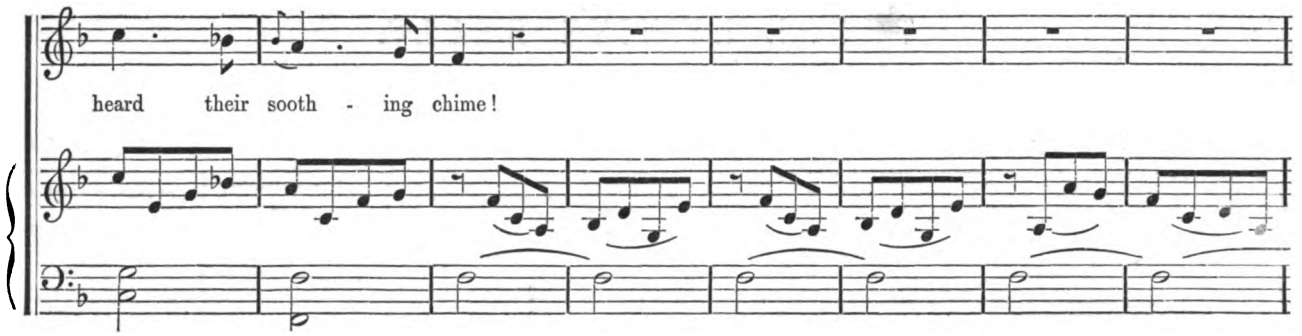
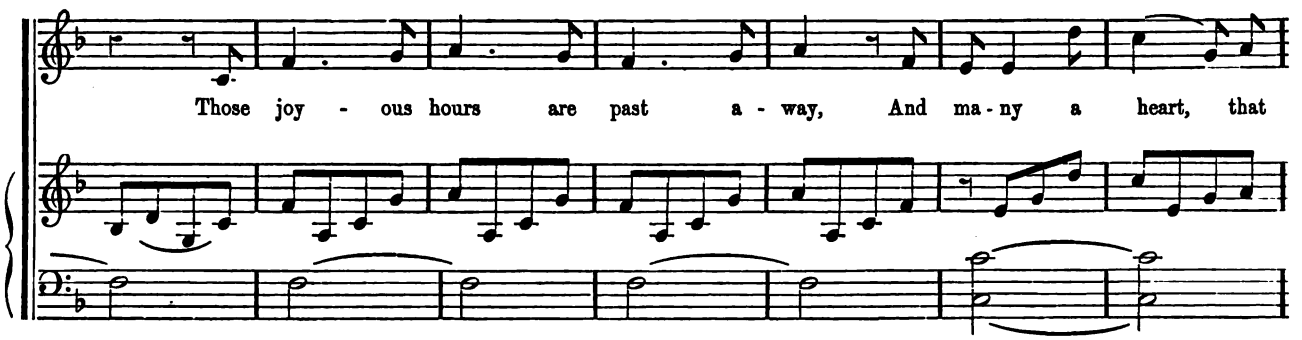
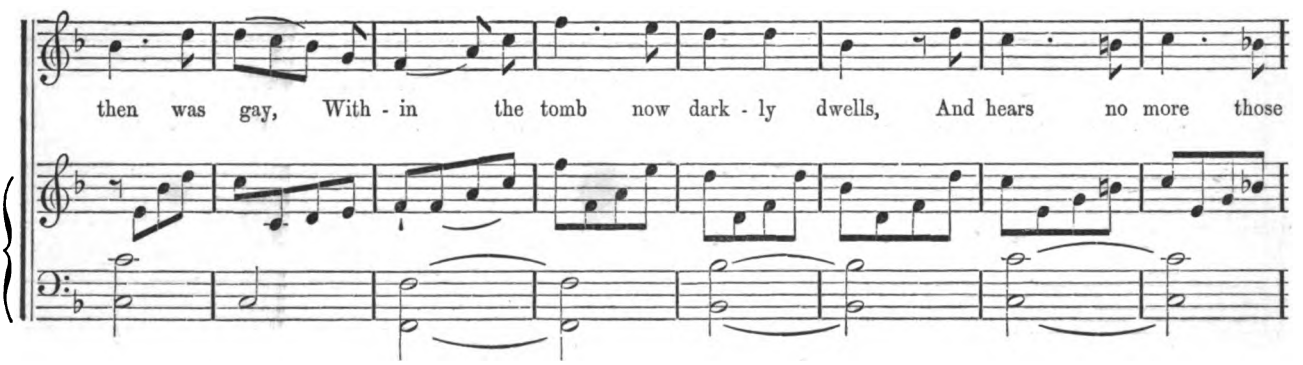
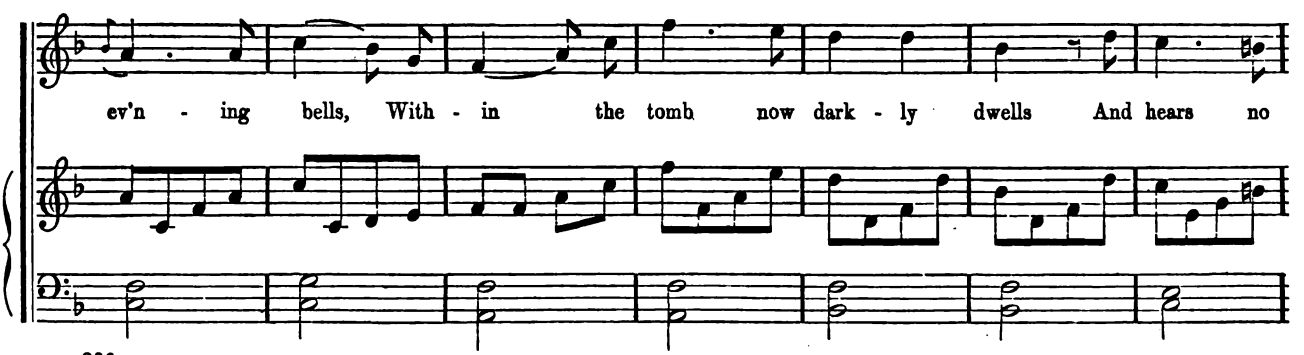


2ND VERSE.







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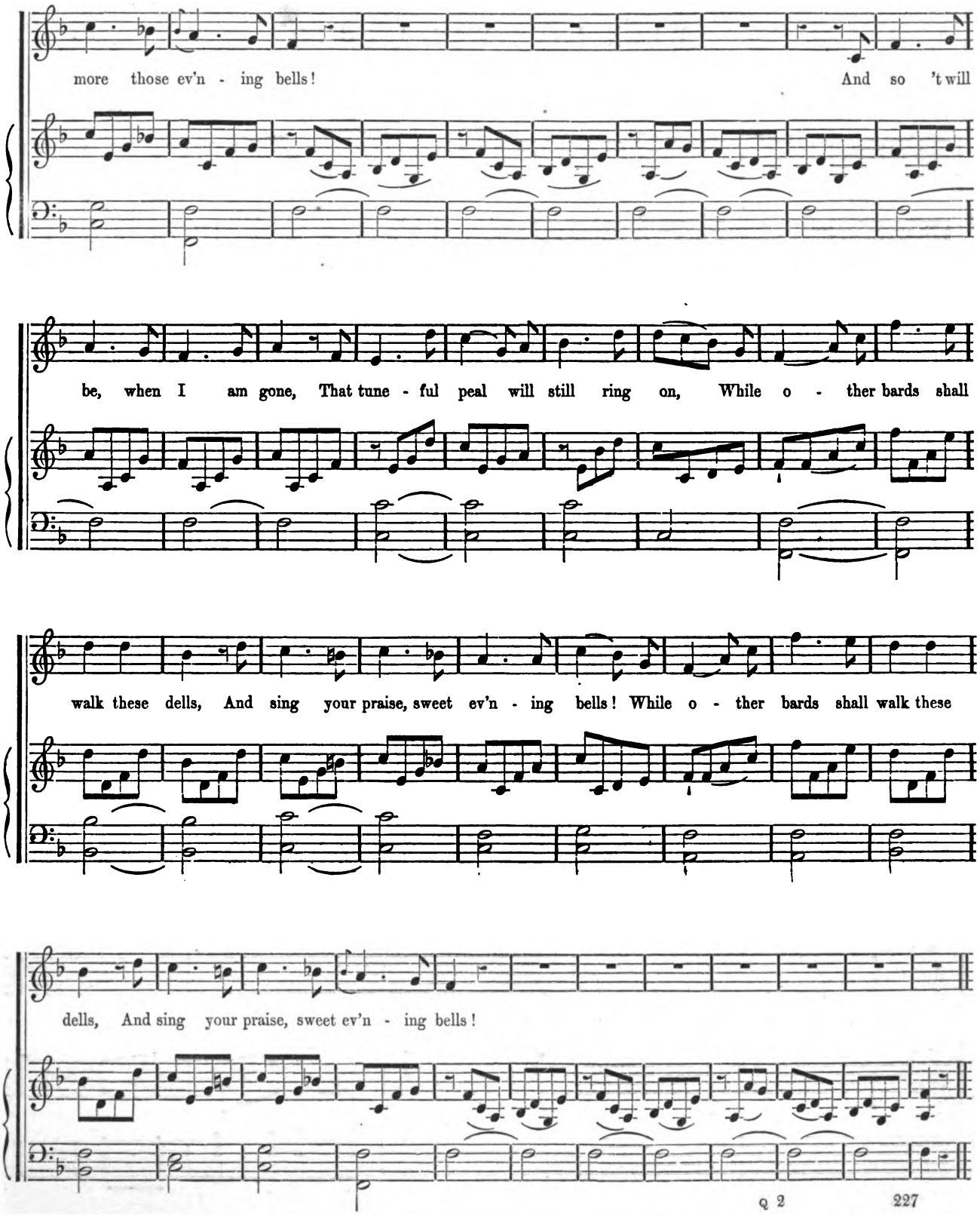
3RD VERSE.



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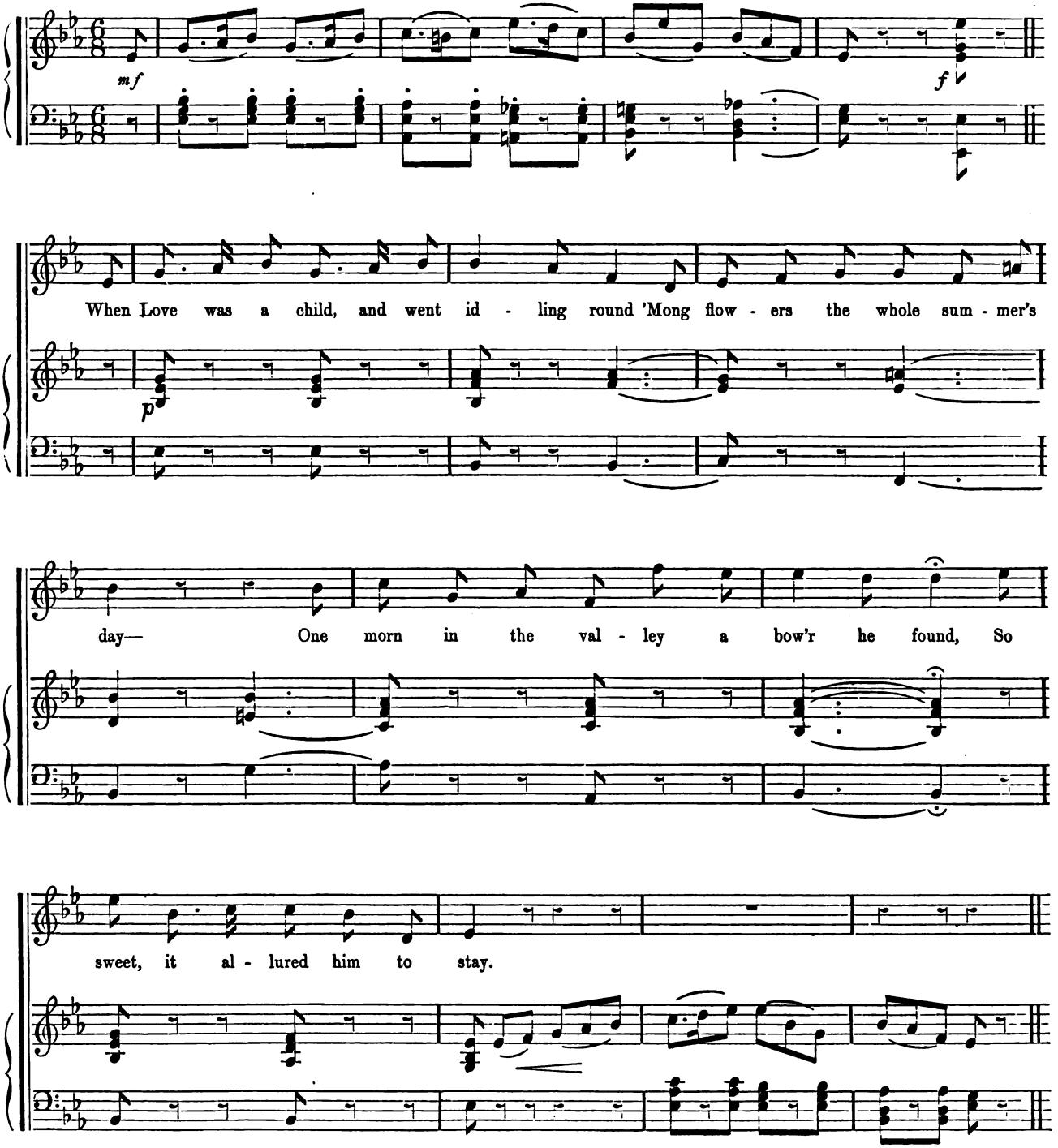
WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

In moderate time. SWEDISH AIR.



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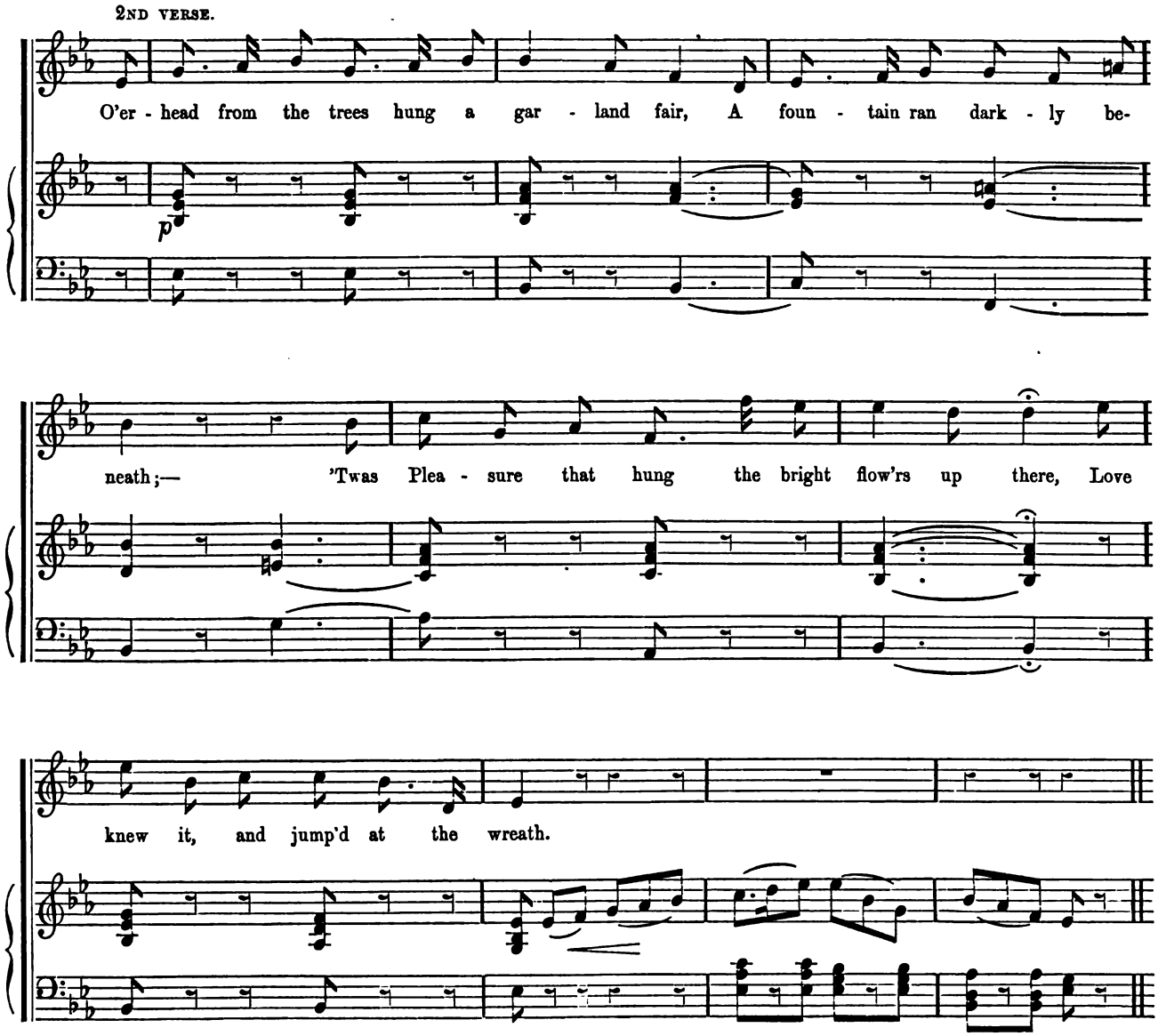

III.

But Love did not know—and at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
That fountain which murmur'd below.

IV.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys, when impatient, will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

V.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day,
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

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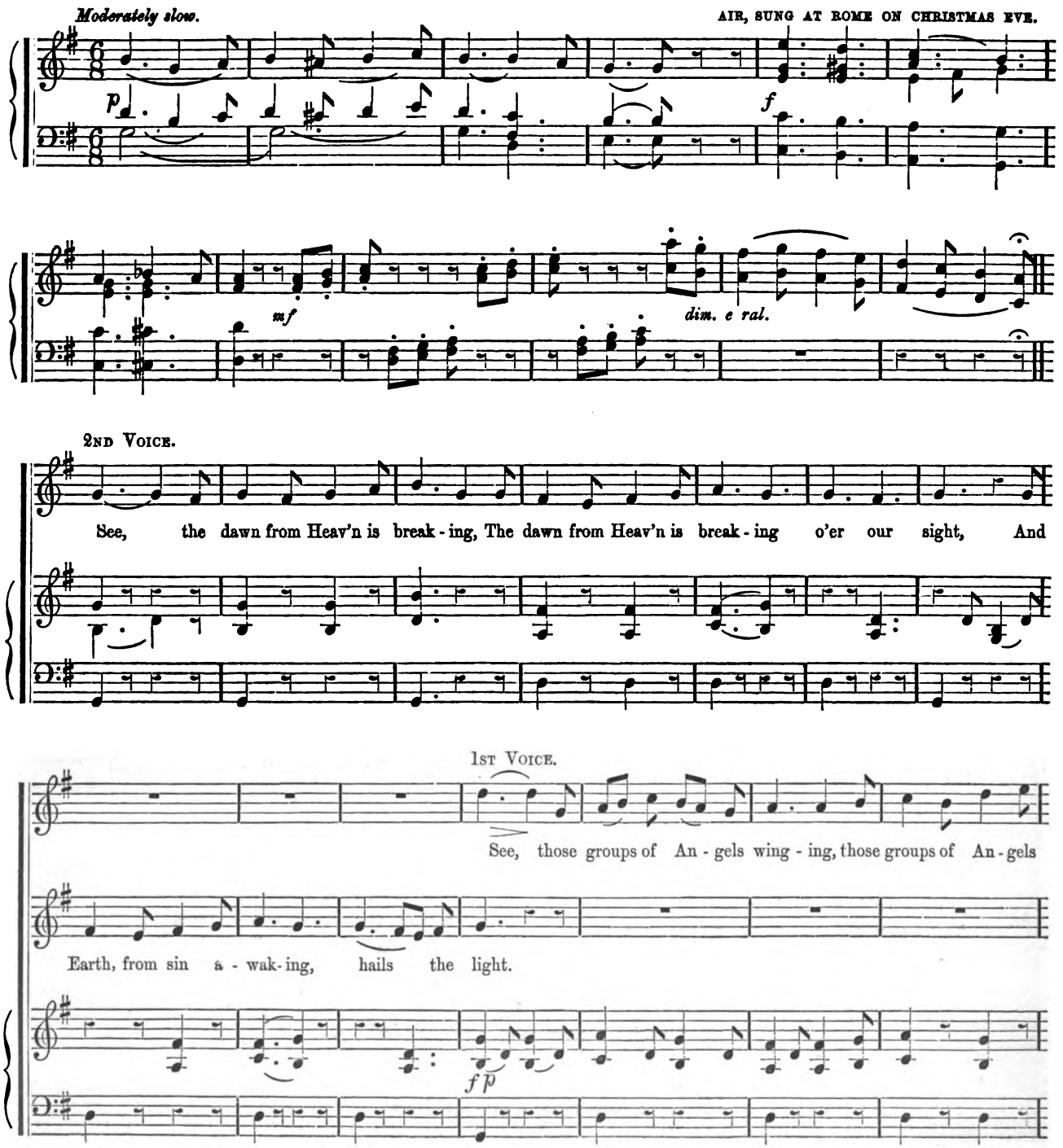
SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

FOR THREE VOICES.



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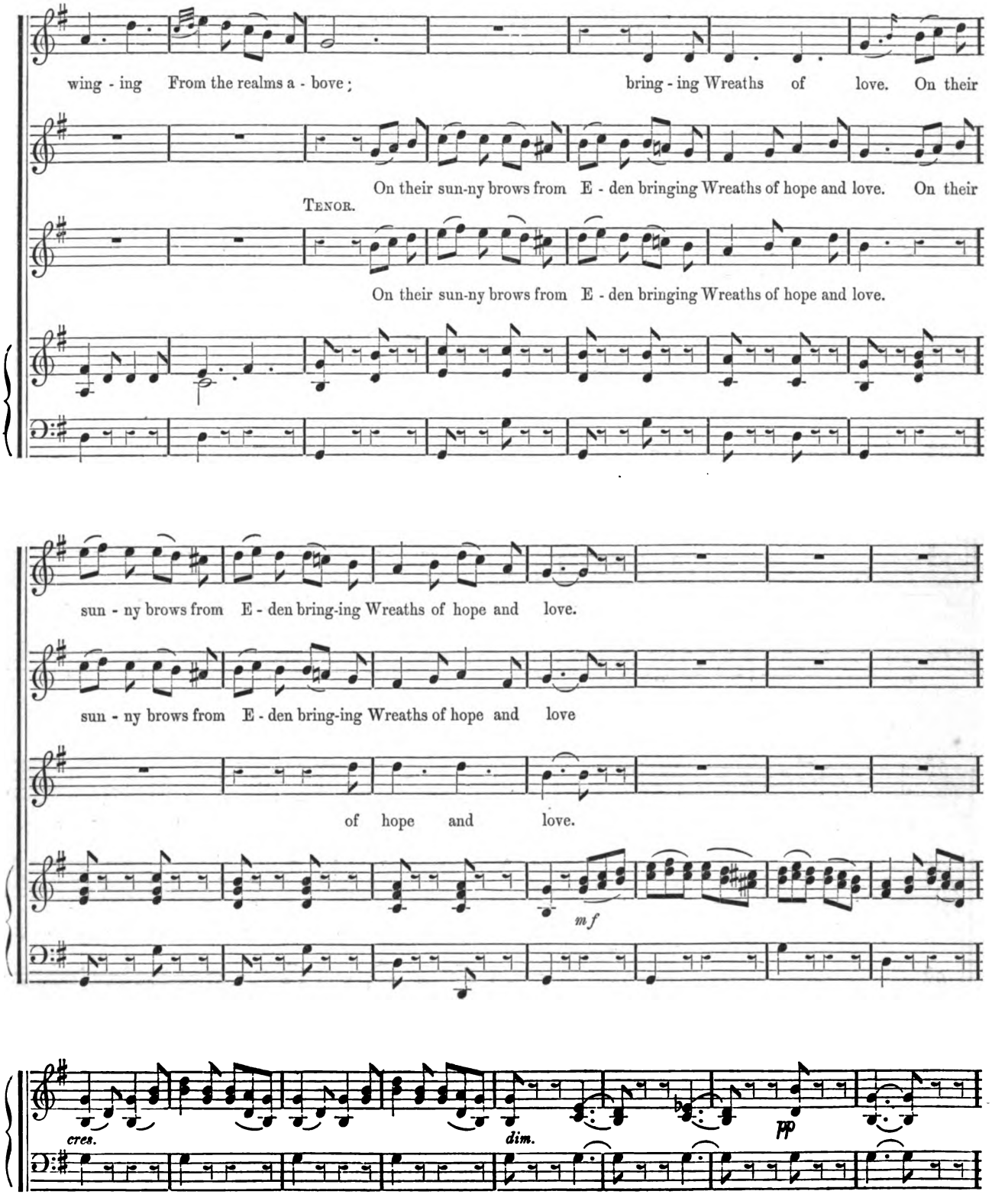

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SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

2ND VERSE.

2ND VOICE.

Hark— their hymns of glo - ry peal - ing, Their hymns of glo - ry peal - ing through the air, To

1ST VOICE.

There, in that dwell-ing dark and low - ly, That dwell - ing dark and

mor - tal ears re - veal-ing, Who lies there.

f p

low - ly, Sleeps the hea - ven - ly Son. the Ho - ly

He whose home is in the skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly

TENOR.

He whose home is in the skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly

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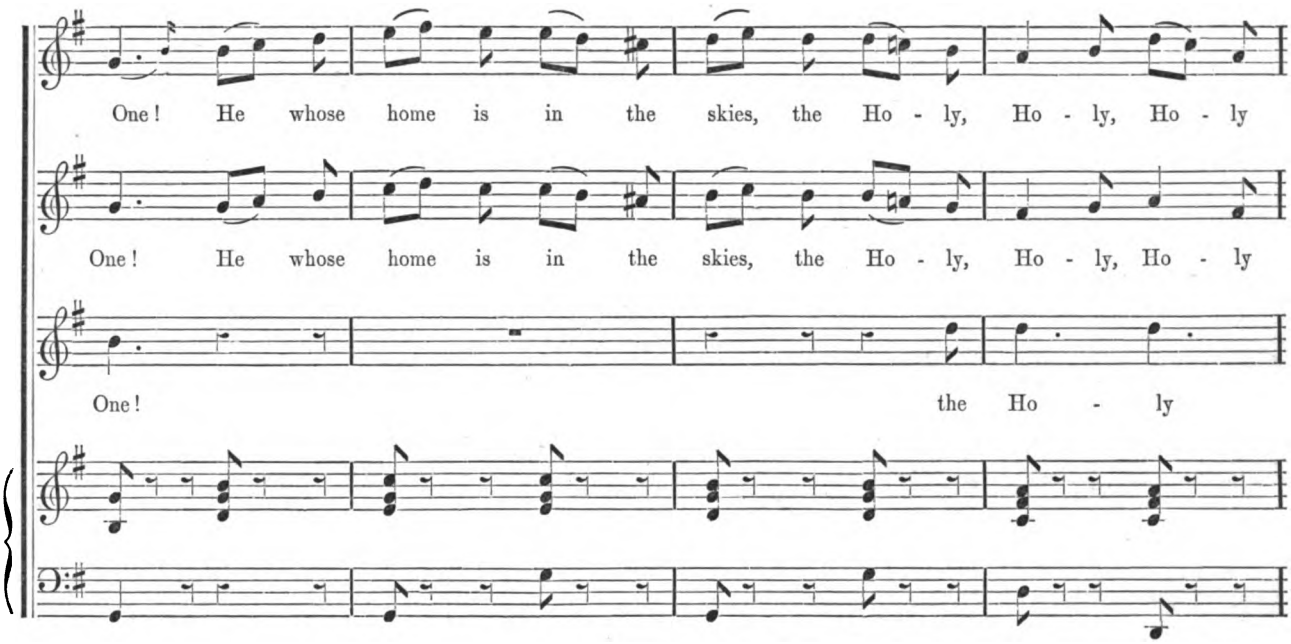

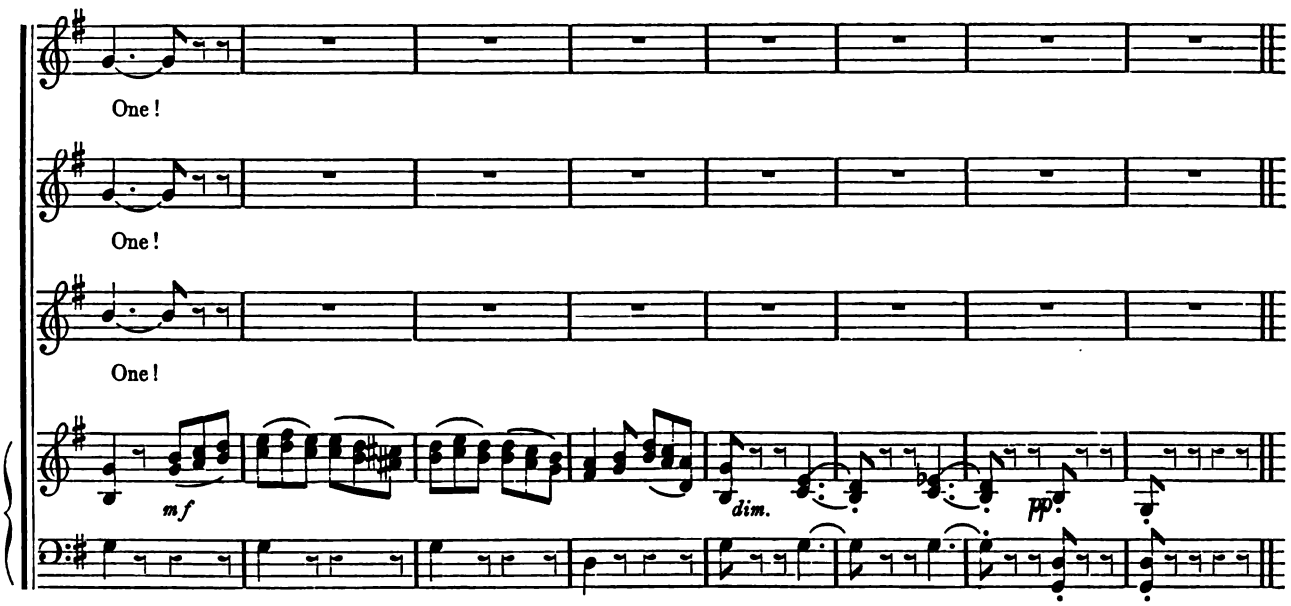

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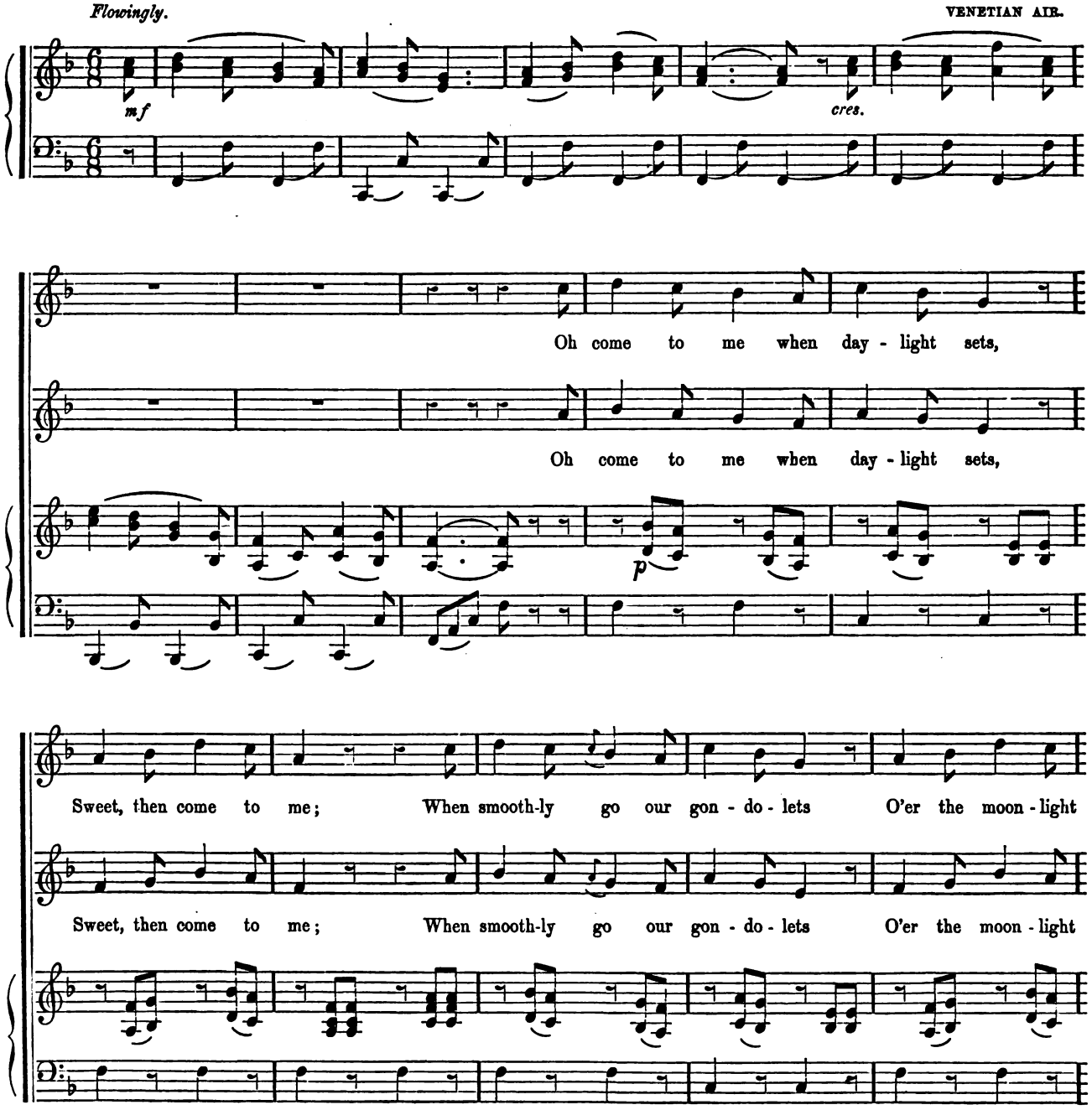
OH COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Flowingly. VENETIAN AIR.



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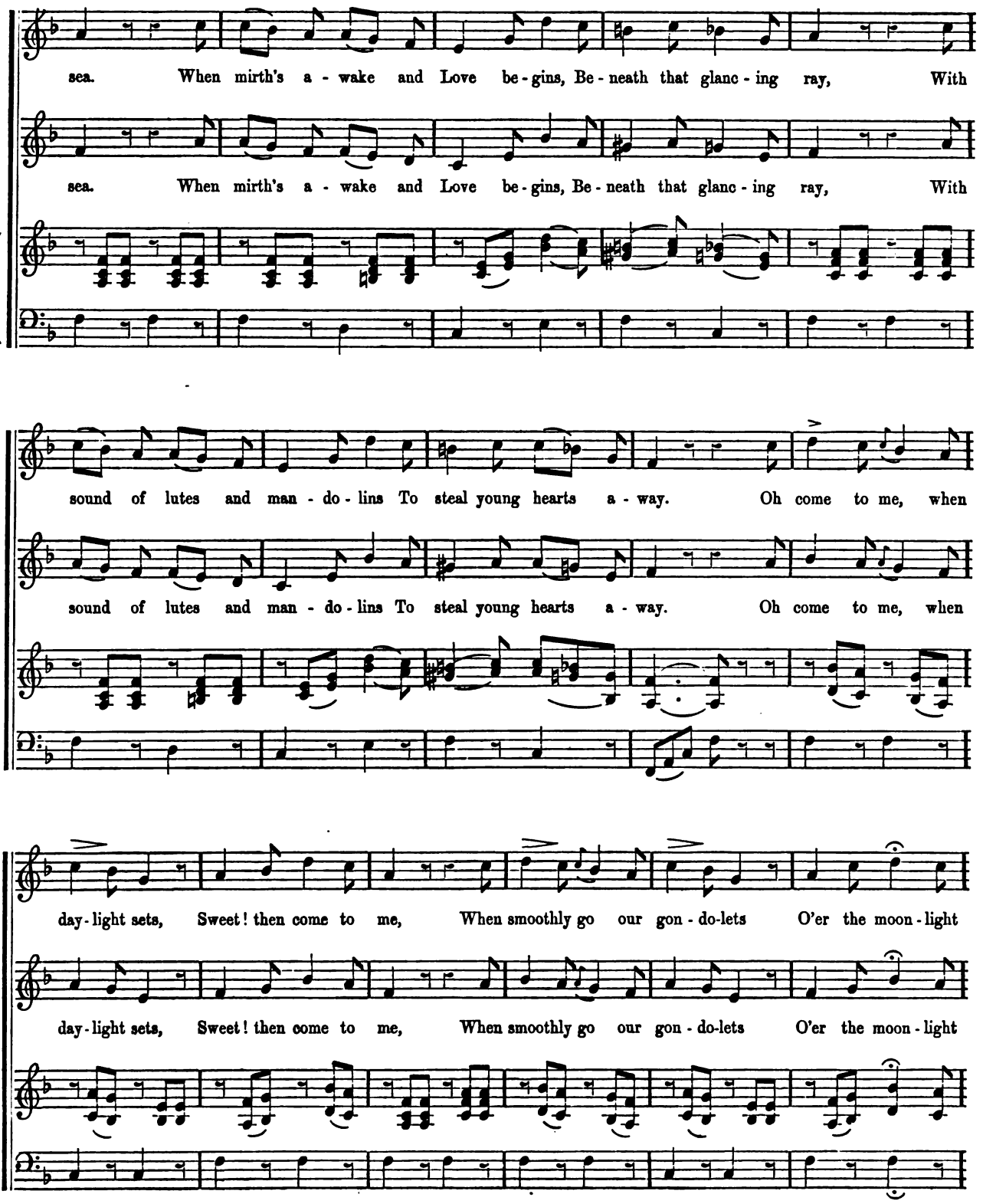

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2ND VERSE.

sea. Oh! then's the hour for those who love,

sea. Oh! then's the hour for those who love,

p

Sweet, like thee and me; When all's so calm be - low, a - bove, In heav'n and o'er the

Sweet, like thee and me; When all's so calm be - low, a - bove, In heav'n and o'er the

sea. When maid - ens sing sweet bar - ca-rolles, And E - cho sings a - gain, So

sea. When maid - ens sing sweet bar - ca-rolles, And E - cho sings a - gain, So

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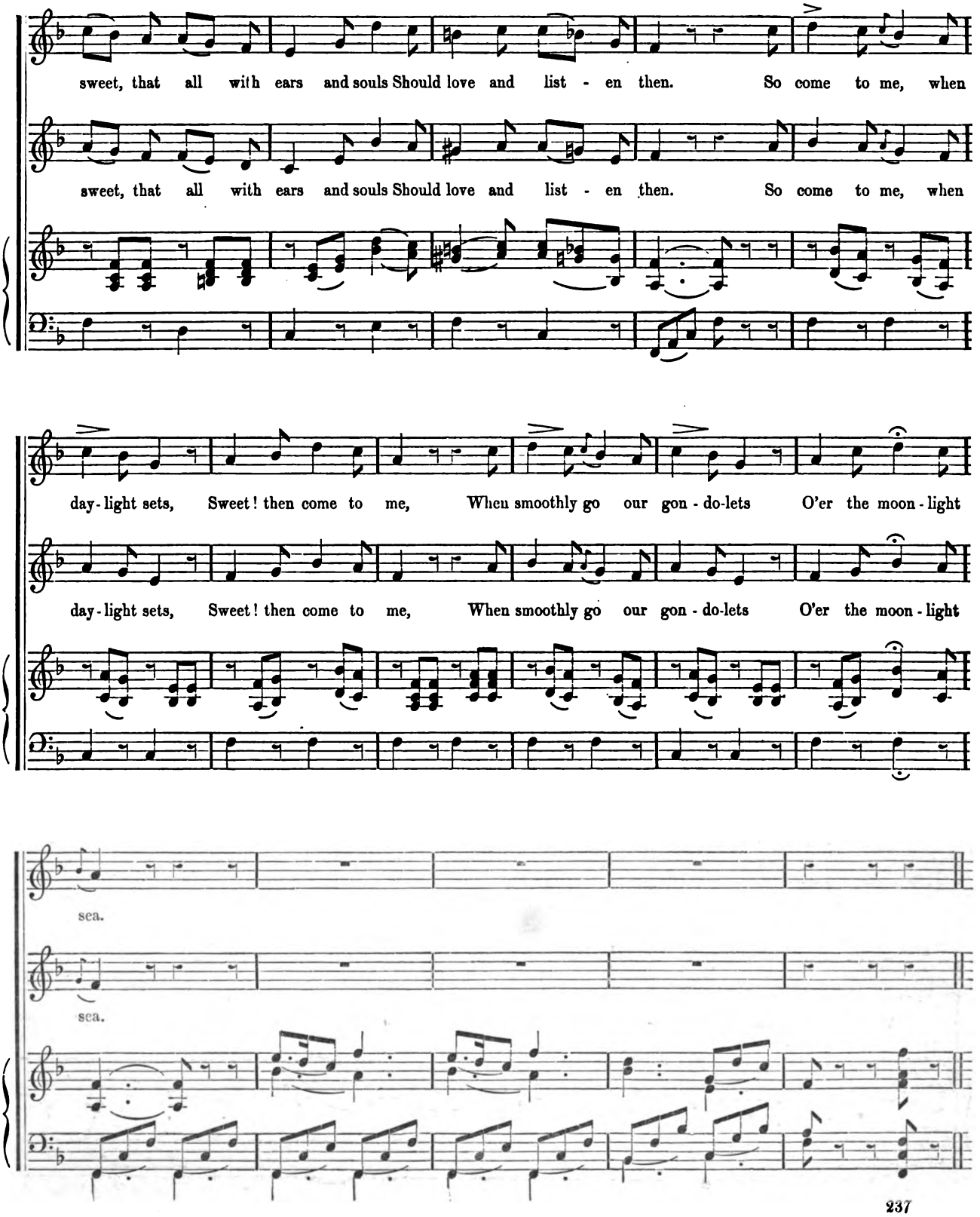

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OH DAYS OF YOUTH.

With impassioned melancholy. FRENCH AIR.

con espress.

cres. *dim.*

p

Oh days of youth and joy, long cloud - ed, Why thus for ev - er

haunt my view? When in the grave your light lay shroud - ed,

Why did nôt mem - o - ry die there too? Vain - ly doth Hope her

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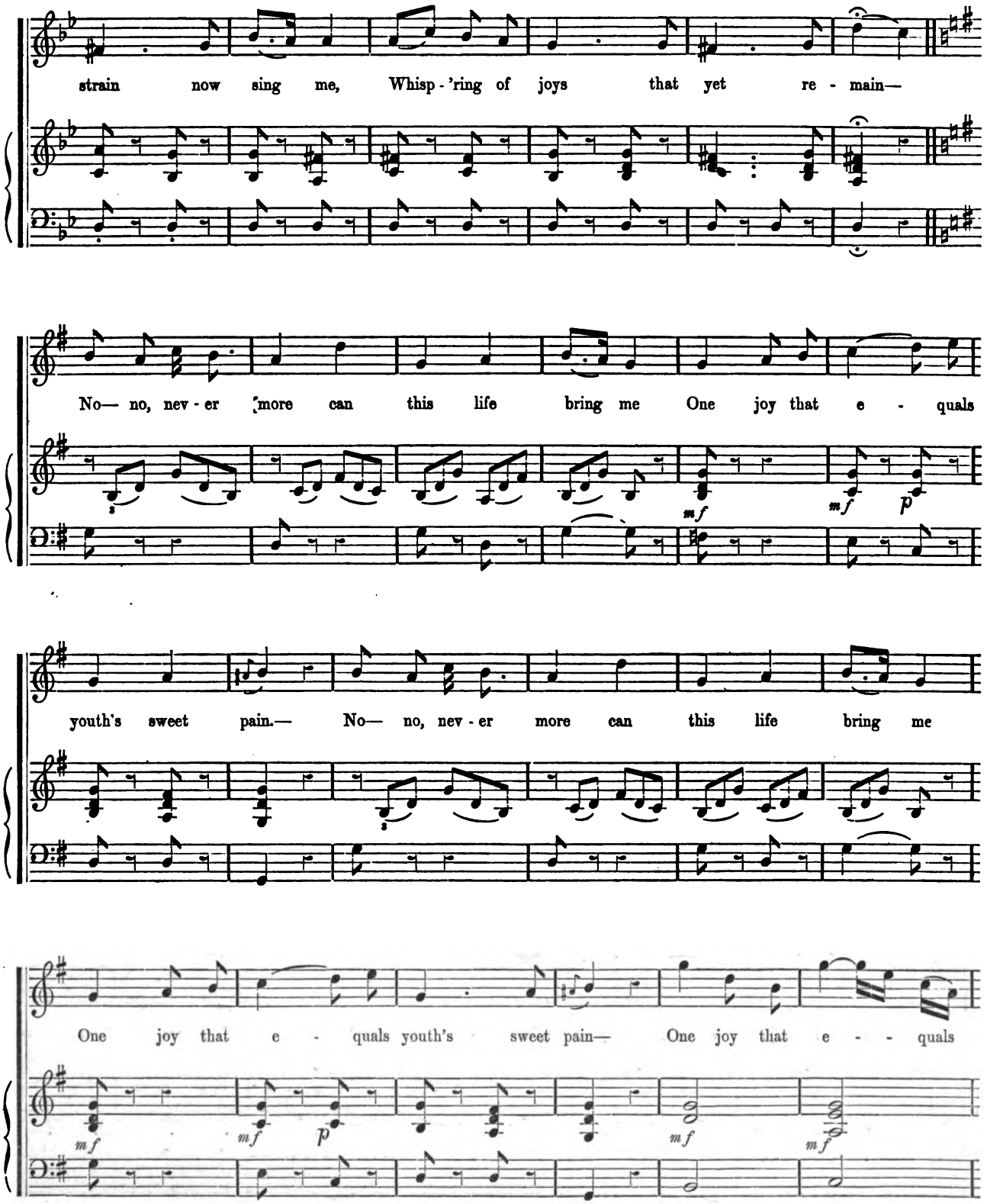

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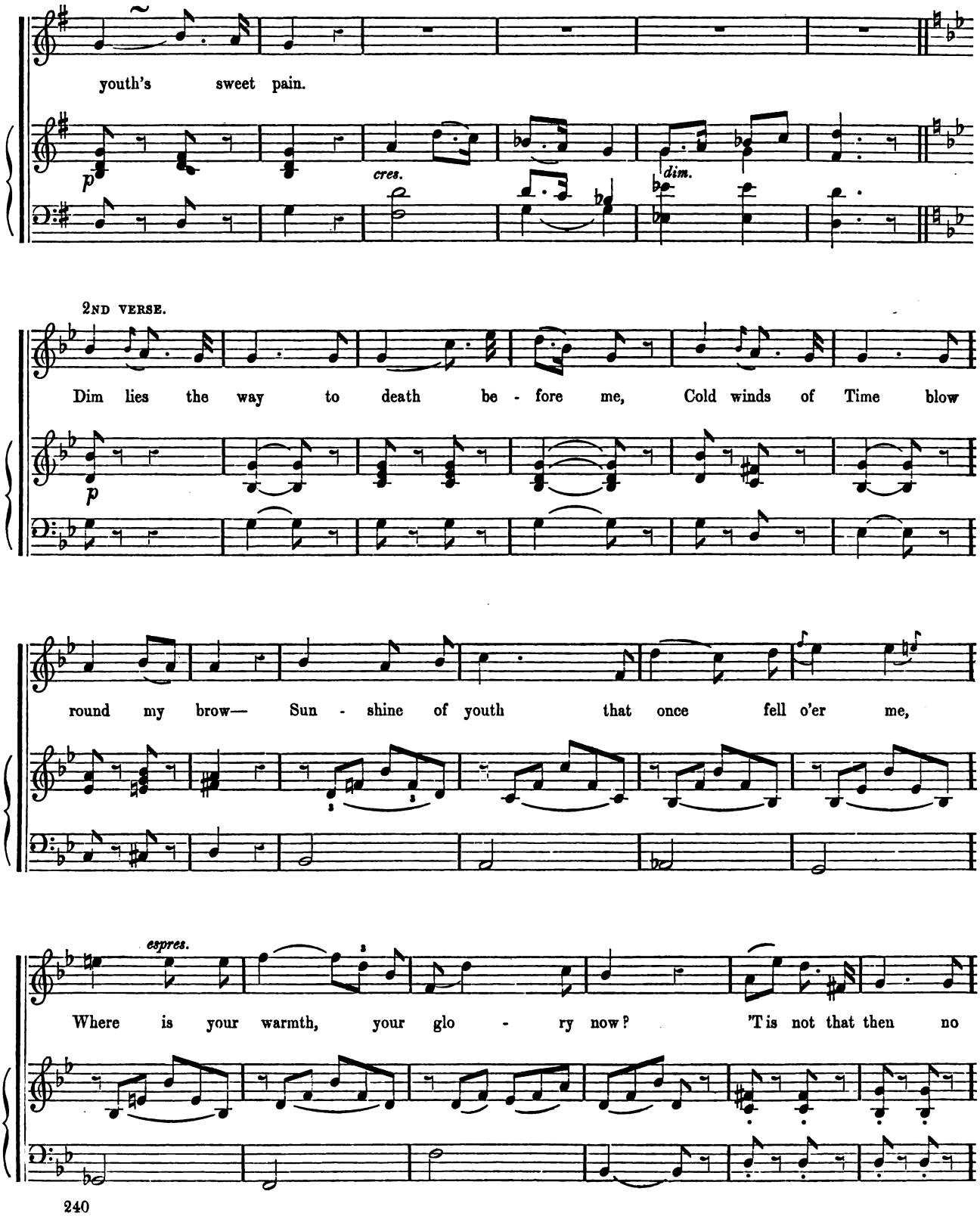

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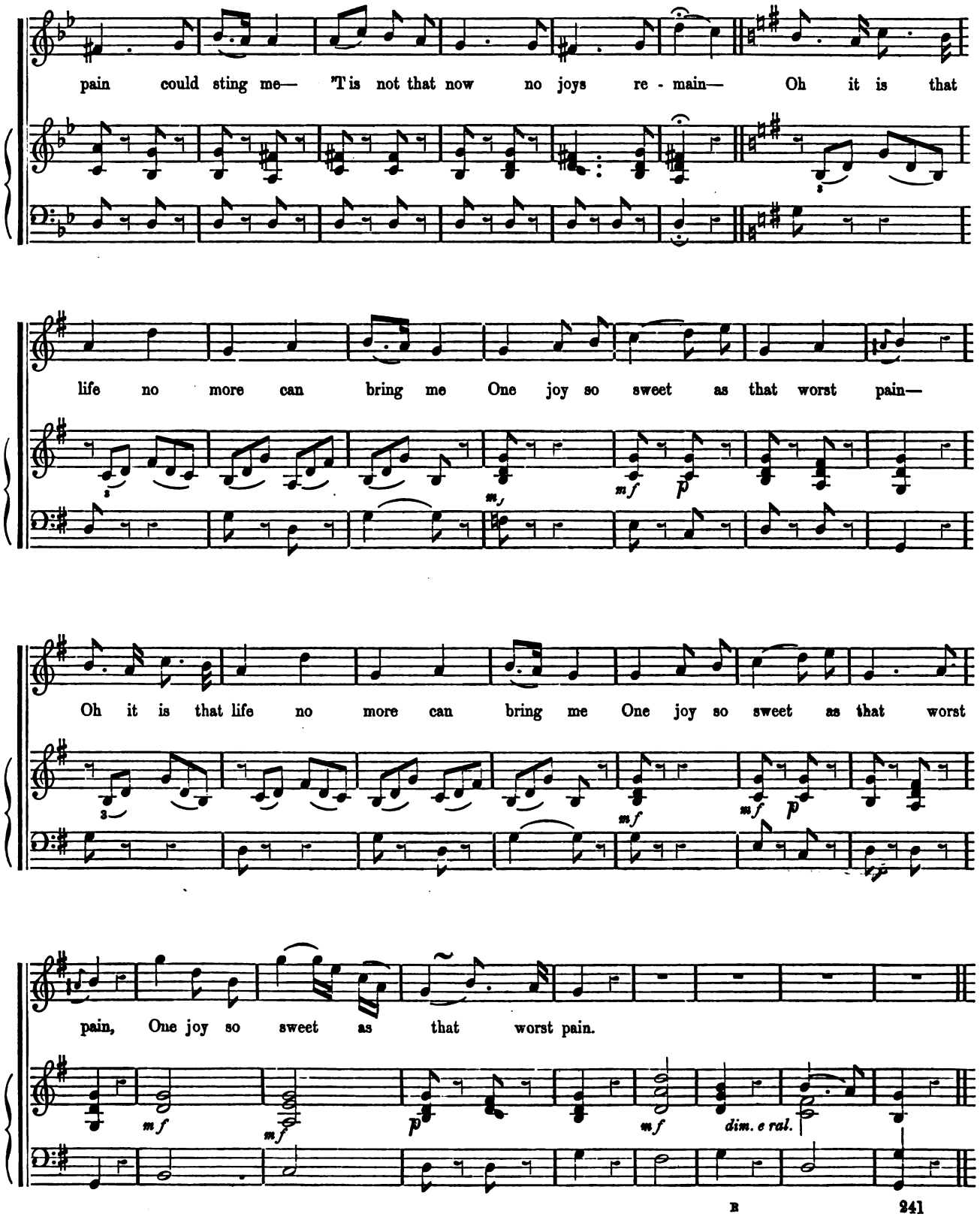

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WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

Playfully.

PORTUGUESE AIR.

dol. e legato.

Hy - men late, his love-knots sell - ing, Call'd at ma - ny a maid - en's dwell-ing, None could

p

doubt, who saw or knew them, Hy - men's call was wel - come to them. "Who'll buy my love-knots ? Who'll buy my

love-knots ?" Soon as that sweet cry re-sound-ed, How his bask - ets were surrounded !

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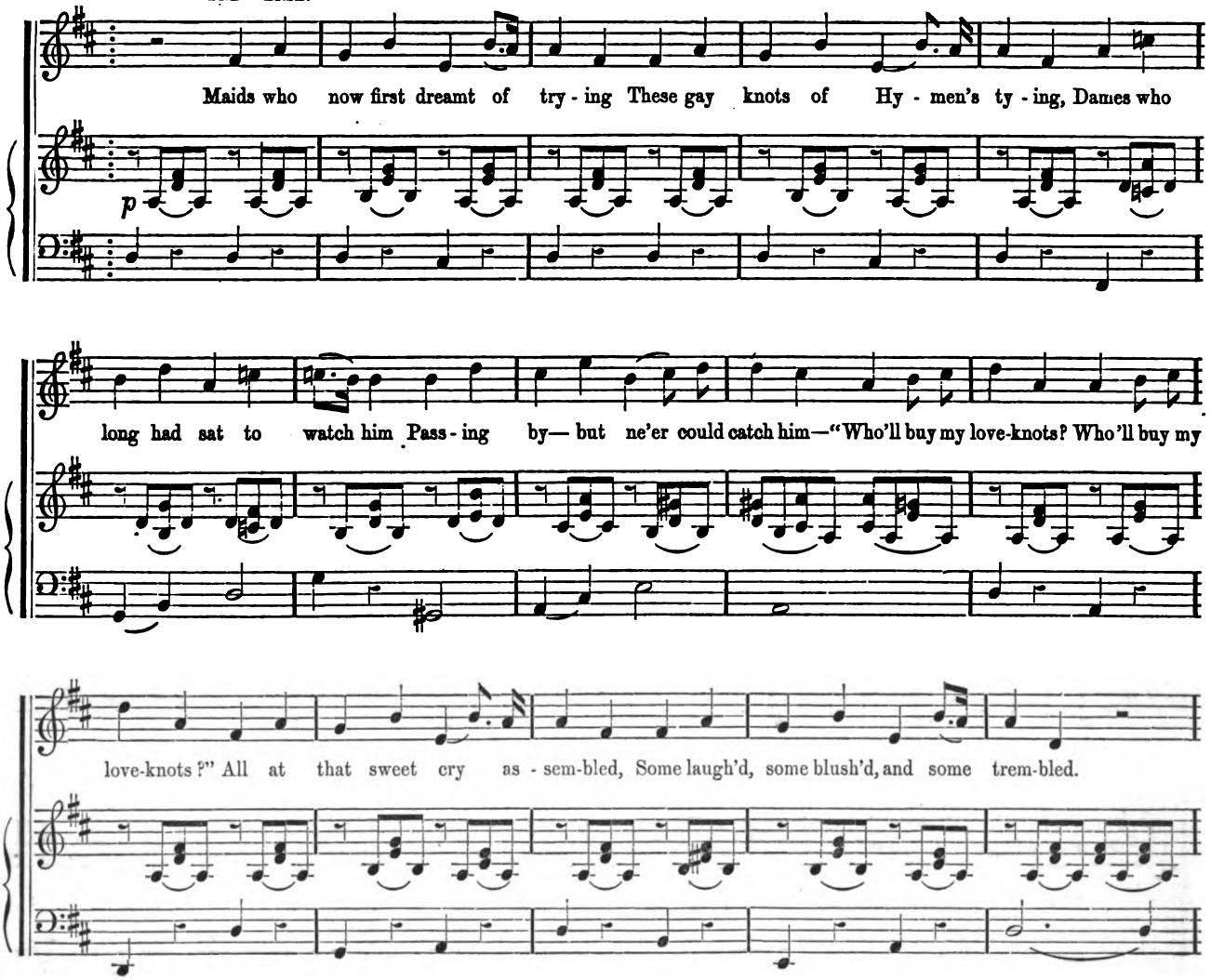
WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

2ND VERSE.



III.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flow'rs, "of Love's own making;
Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em
(These, of course, found ready custom);
Come, buy my love-knots,
Come, buy my love-knots."
Some are labell'd "*Knots to tie men,*
Love the maker, Bought of Hymen."

IV.

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the Nymphs all cried "We're cheated—
See these flow'rs, they're drooping sadly;
This gold knot, too, ties but badly—
Who'd buy such love-knots?
Who'd buy such love-knots?
Ev'n this tie, with Love's name round it—
All a sham—He never bound it!"

V.

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good breeding;
While old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these Dames gave loose to—
"Take back our love-knots—
Take back our love-knots"—
Coolly said, "There's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands; good morning."

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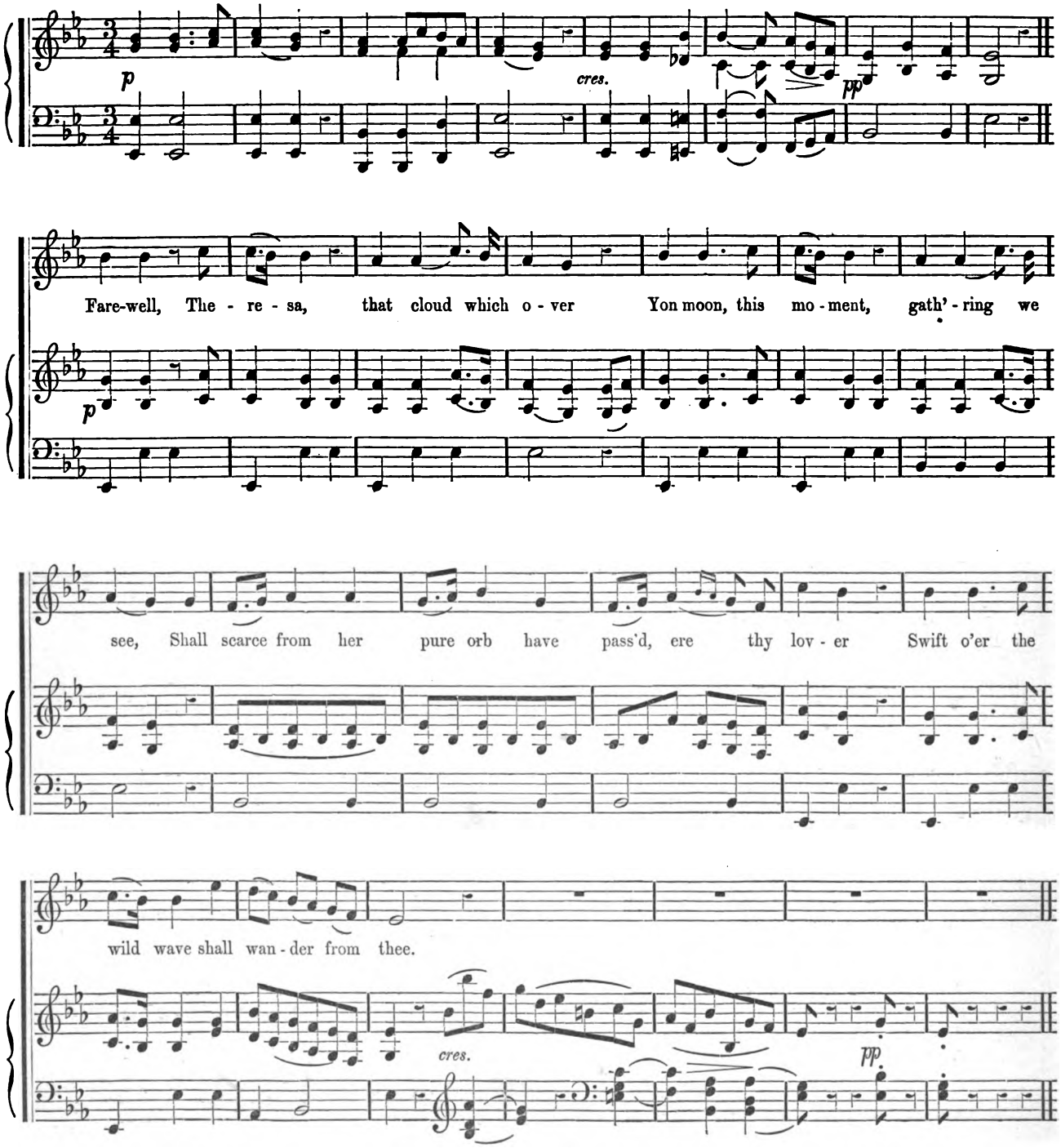
FAREWELL, THERESA.

Tenderly. VENETIAN AIR.



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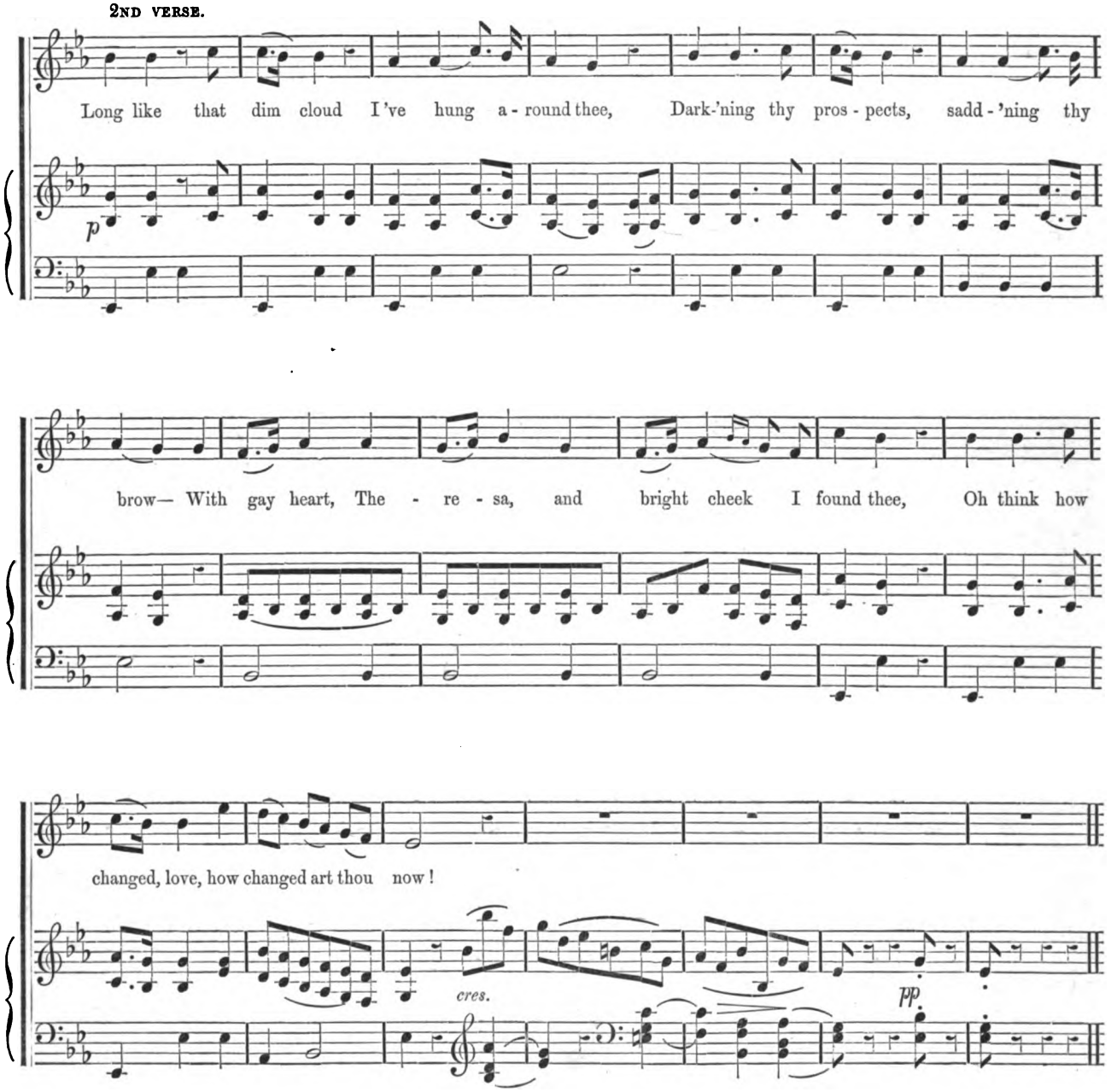
FAREWELL, THERESA.



But here I free thee—like one awaking
From fearful slumber, this dream thou 'lt tell—
'T is over—the bright moon her spell too is breaking,
Past are the dark clouds, Theresa, farewell.

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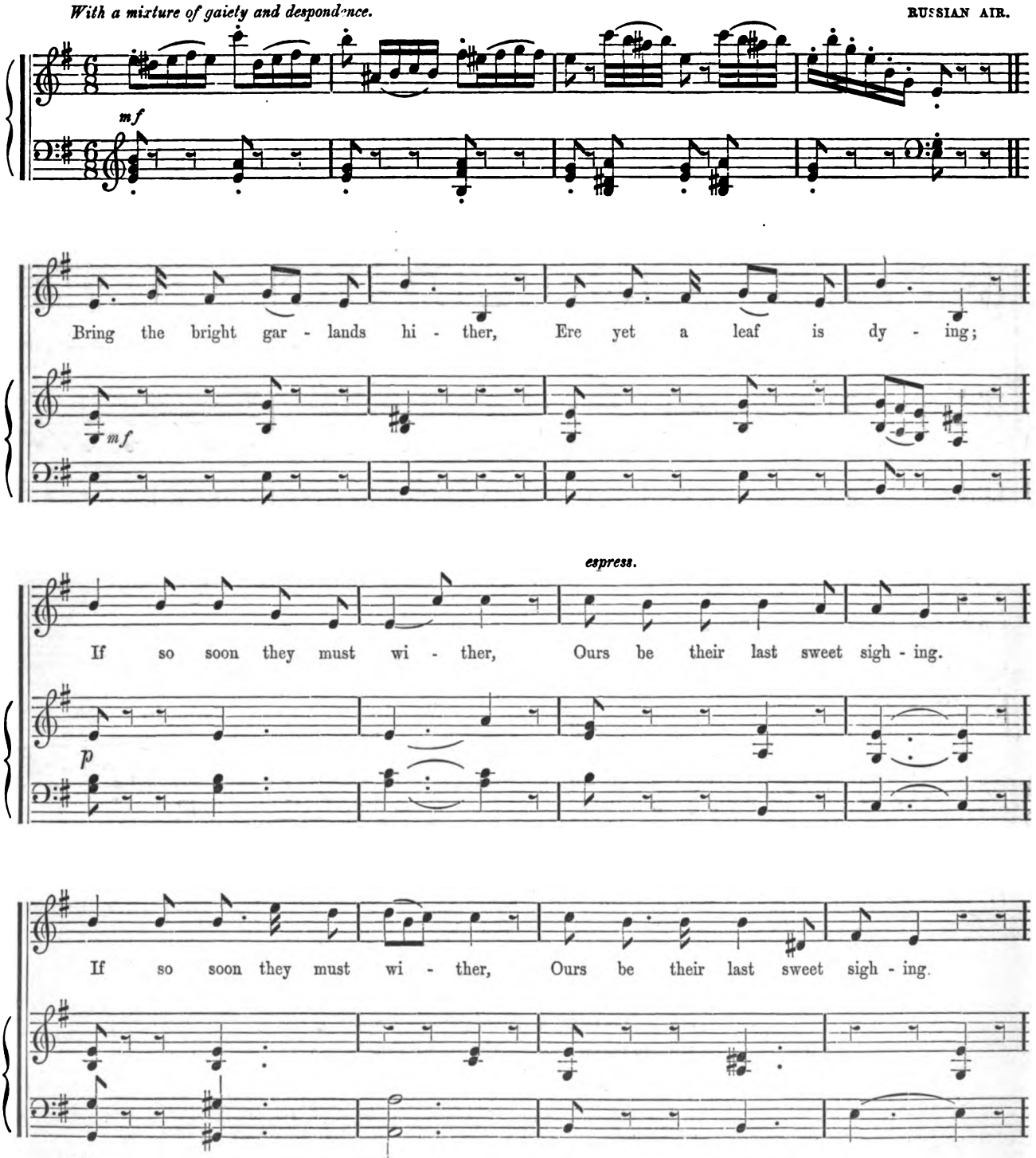
BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

With a mixture of gaiety and despondence.

RUSSIAN AIR.



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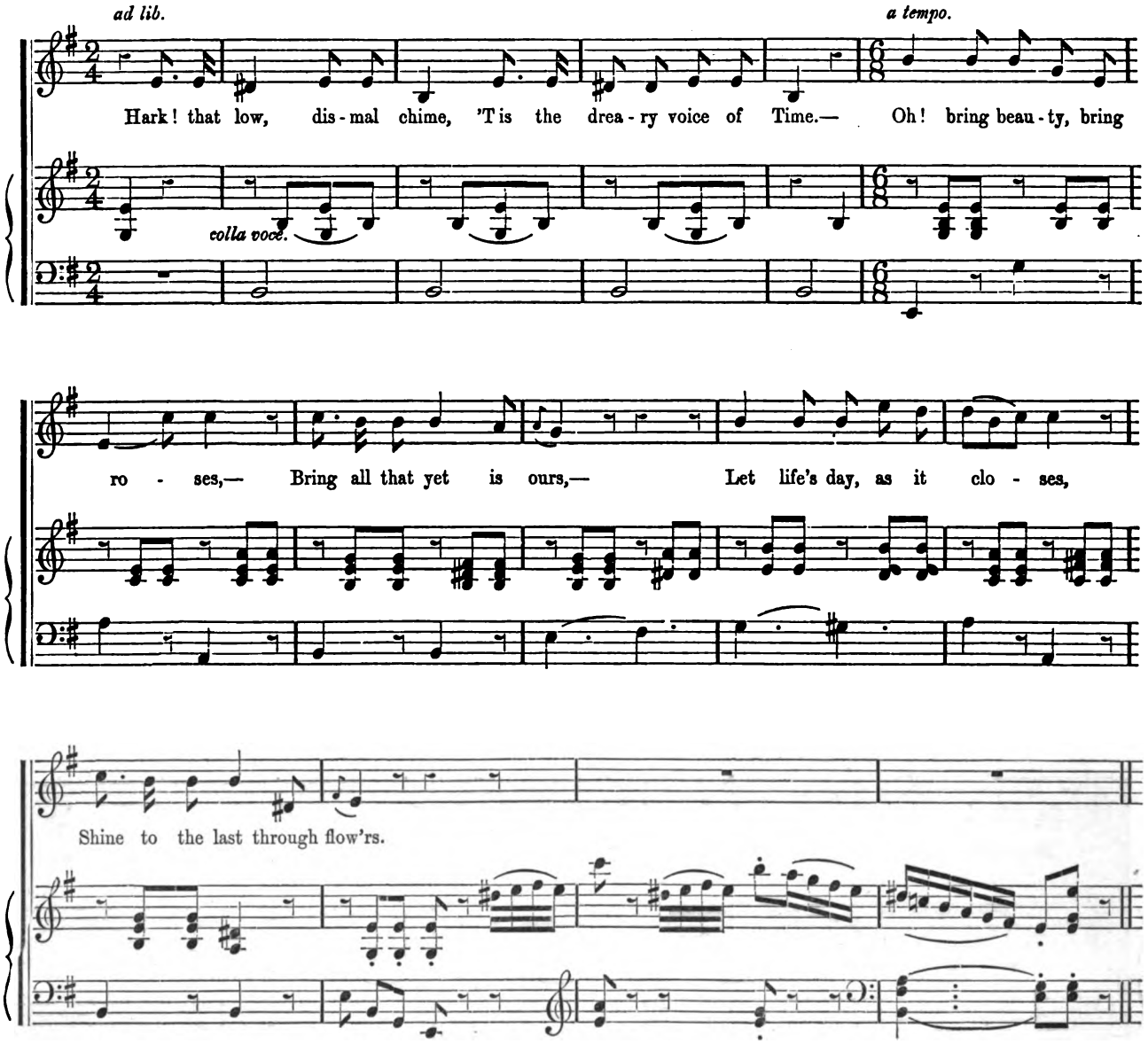
BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.



Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never,—
Now while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost for ever.—
Hark! again—that dull chime!
'T is the dreary voice of Time.—
Oh! if Life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,—
Like this cup be its current—
Bright to the last drop flowing!

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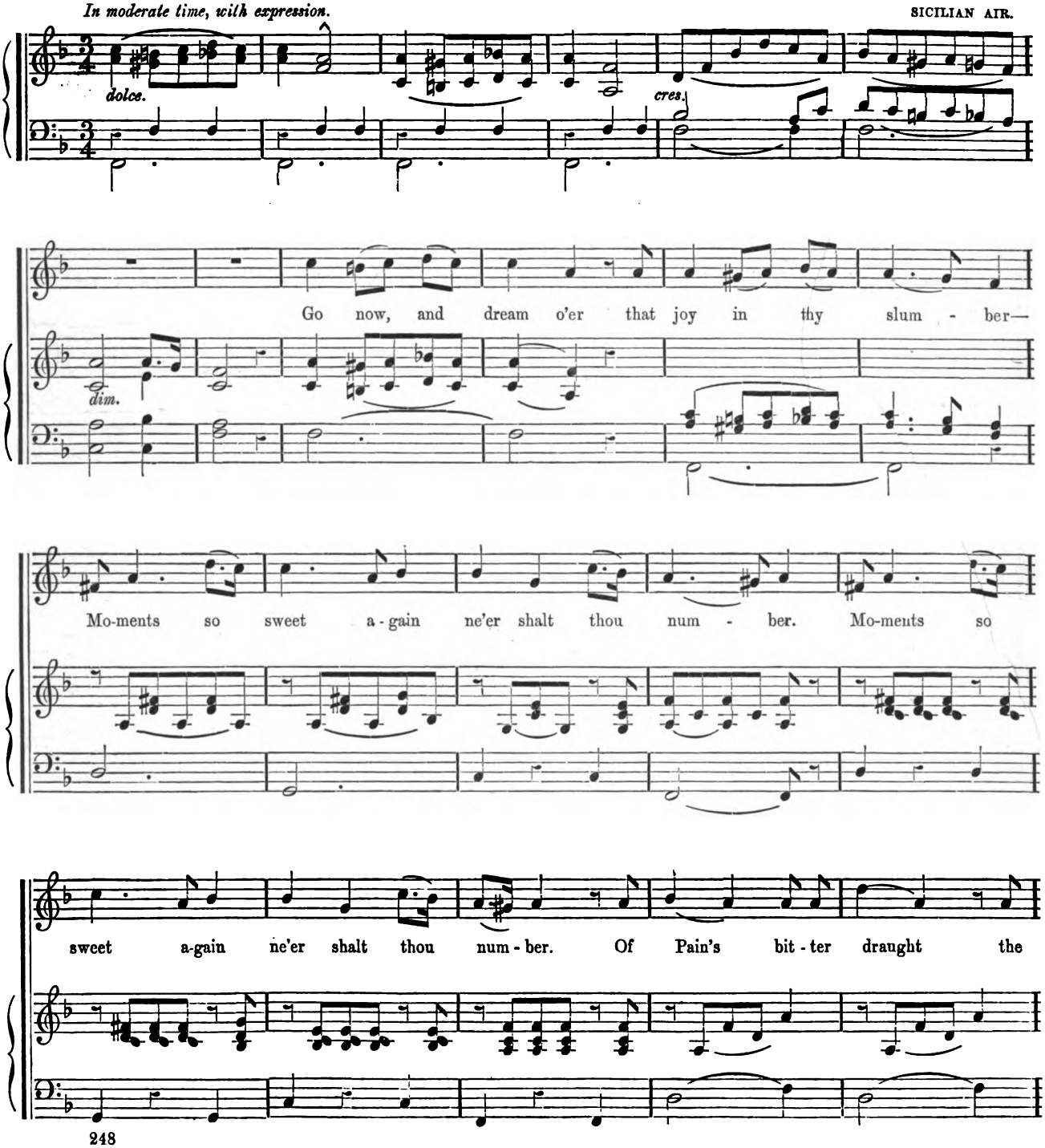
GO NOW AND DREAM.

In moderate time, with expression. SICILIAN AIR.



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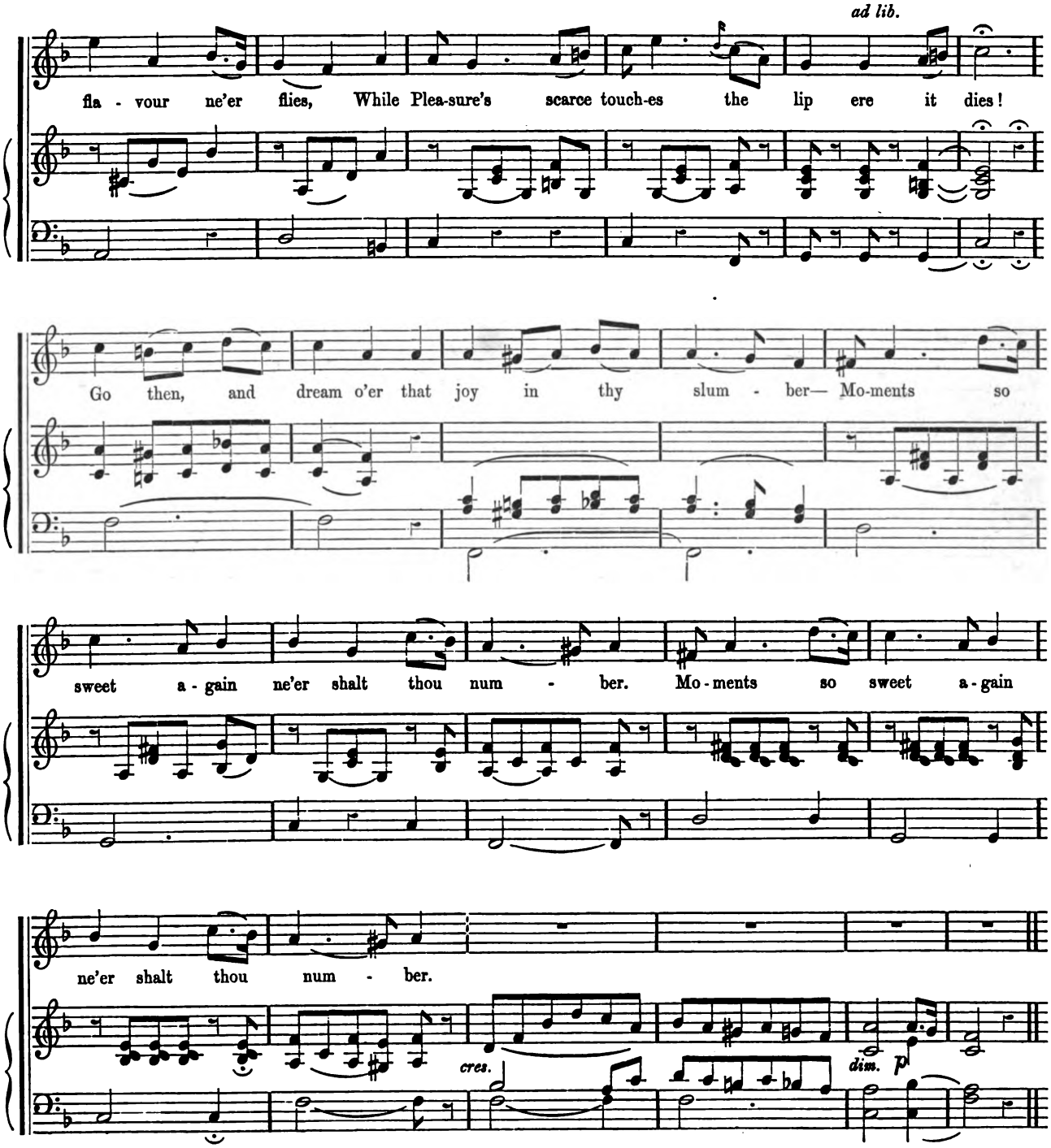

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
But ah! never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes at your meeting return.
Go then, and dream o'er this joy in thy slumber—
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.

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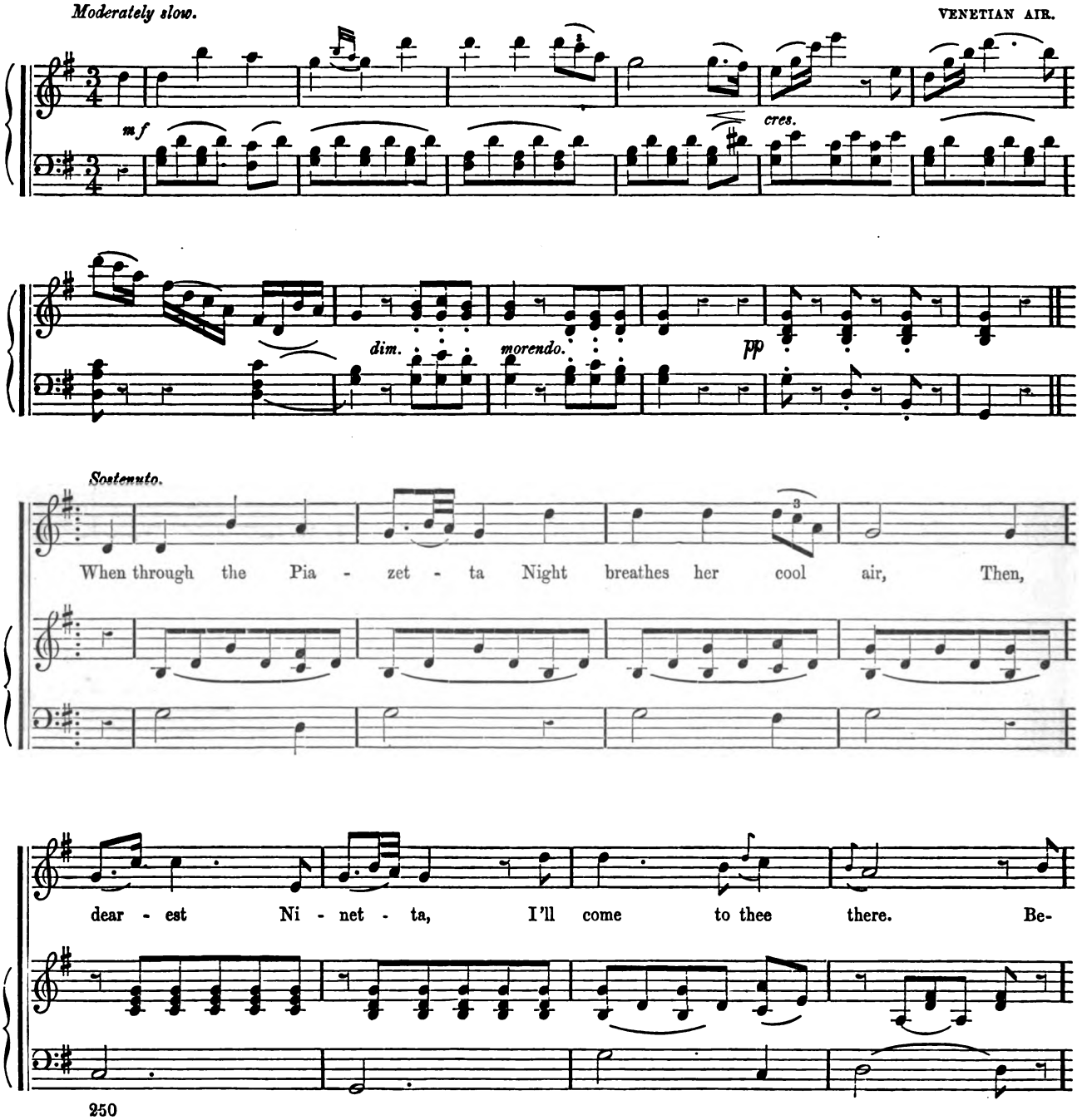
WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZETTA.

Moderately slow. VENETIAN AIR.



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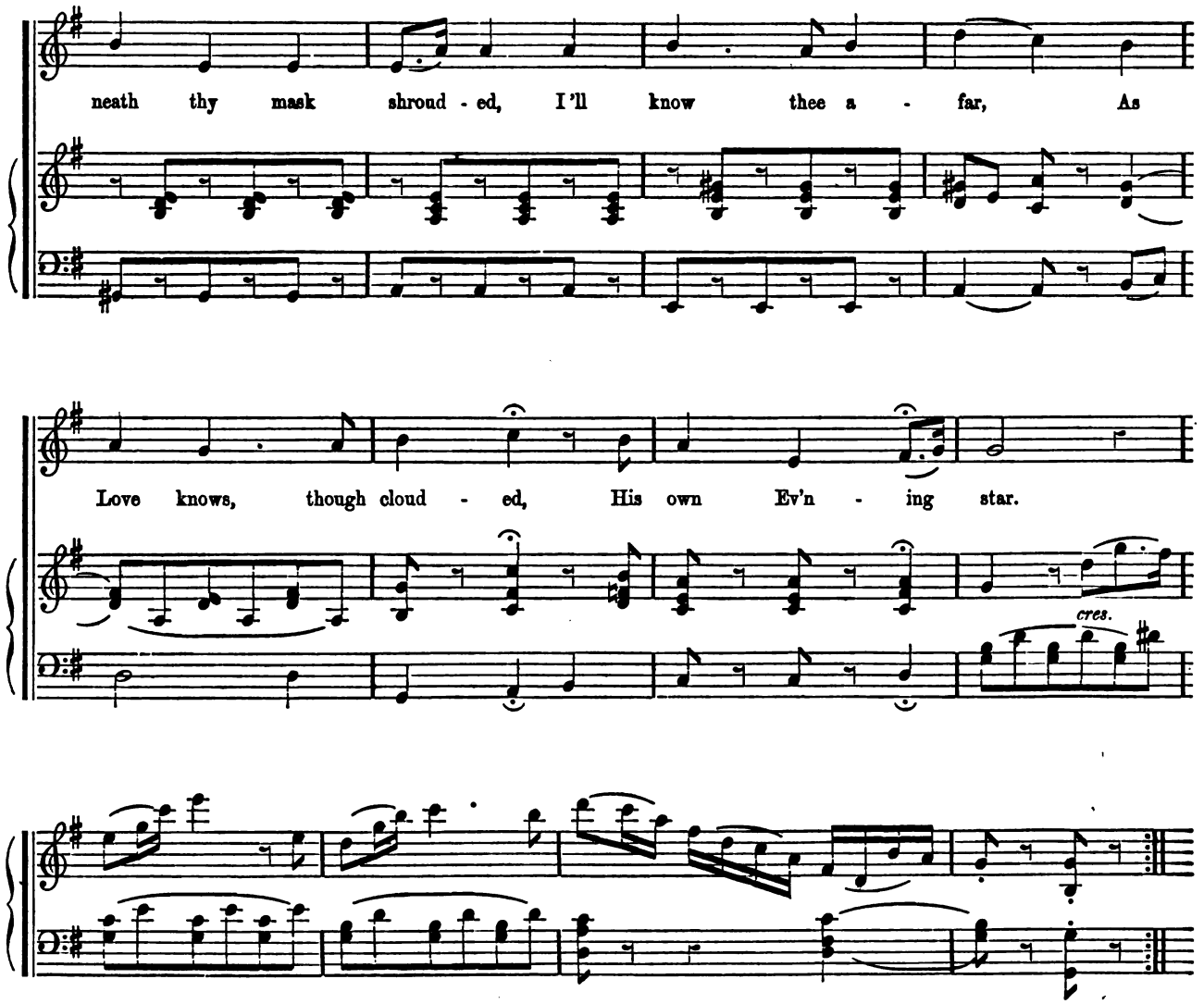

In garb then res mbling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
"Our bark, love, is near.
Now, now, while there hover
Those clouds o'er the moon,
'T will waft thee safe over
Yon silent Lagoon."

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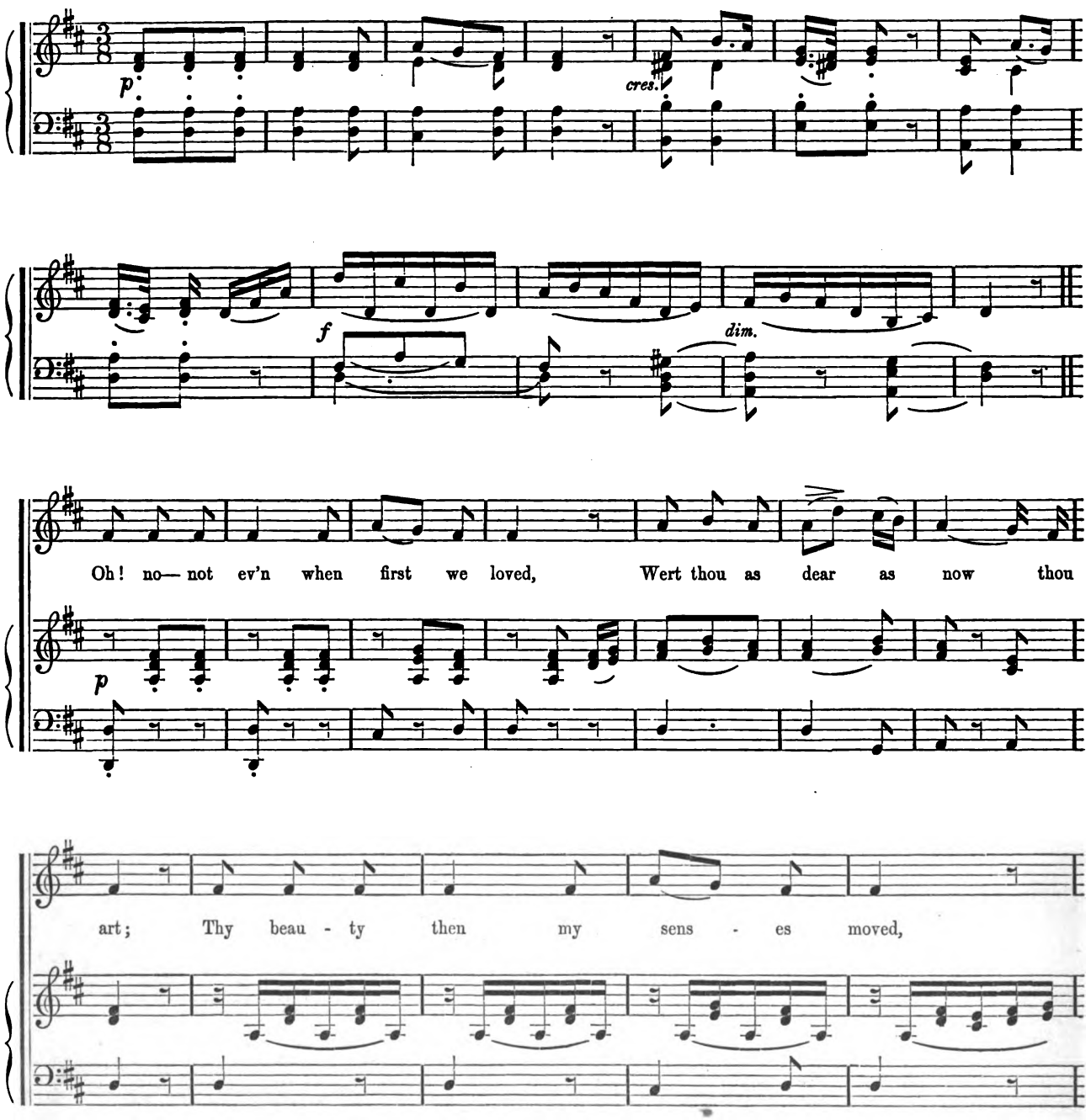
OH! NO, NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

In moderate time. CASHMERIAN AIR.



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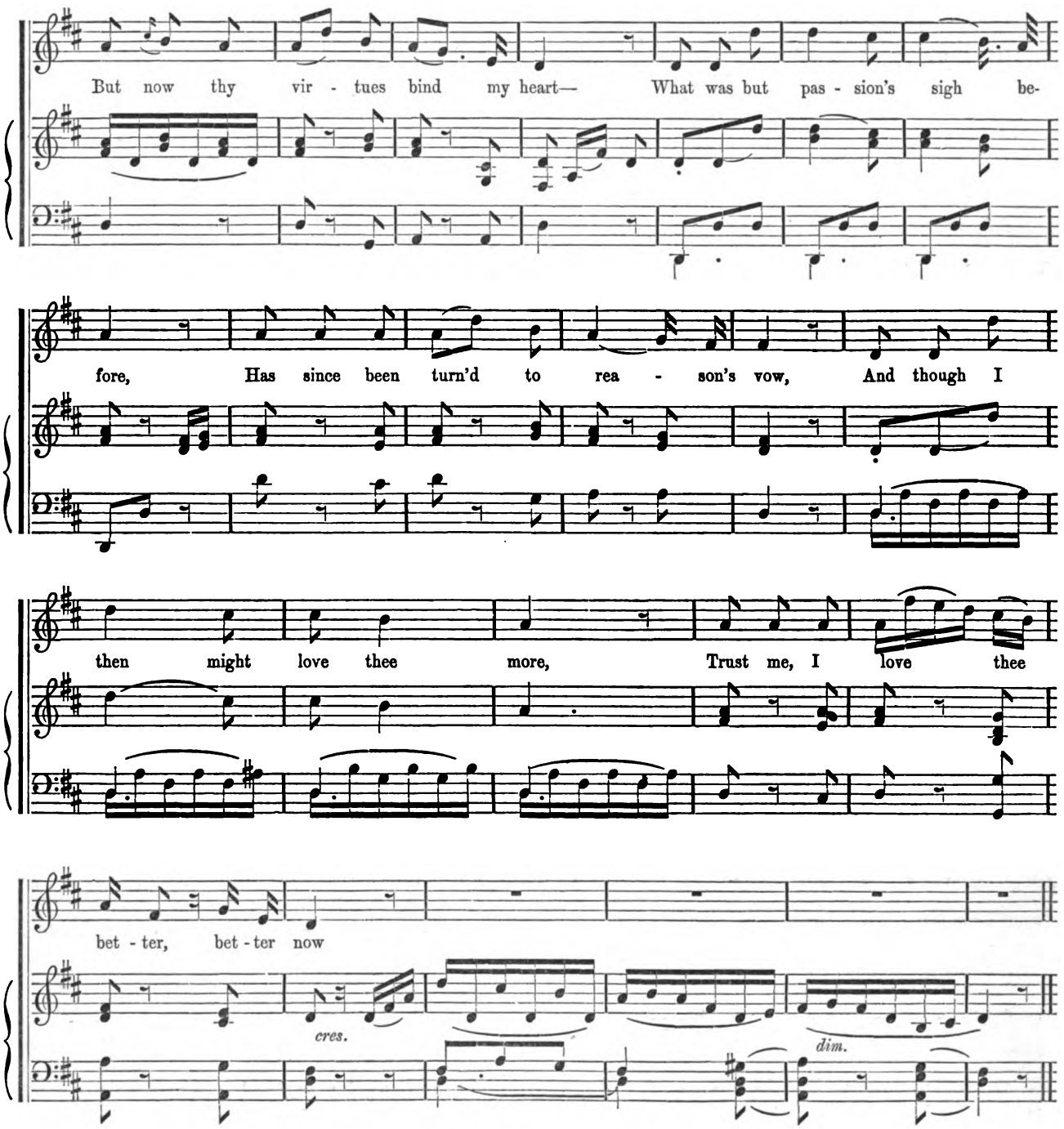

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow
And though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh! I love thee better, better now!

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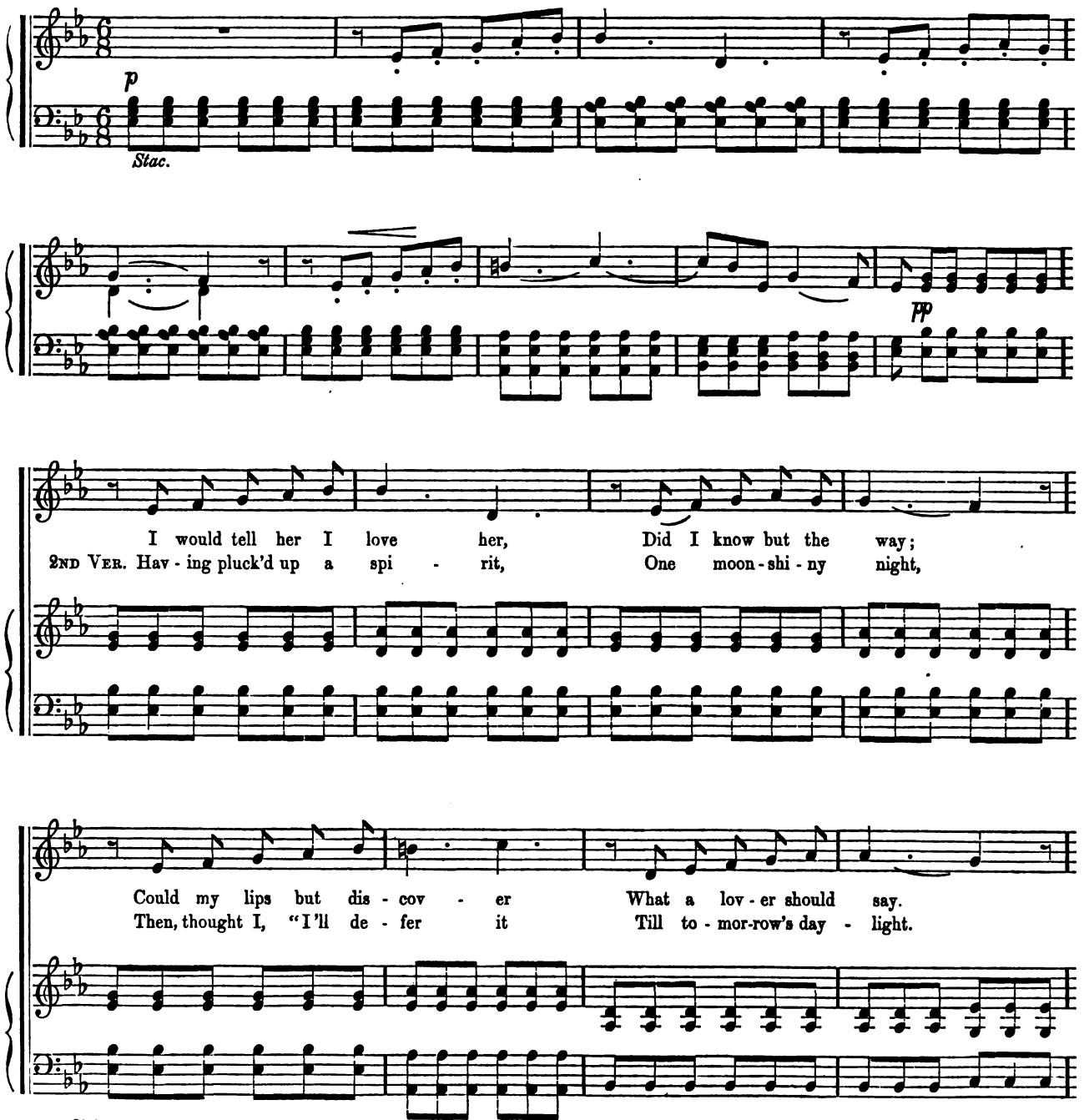
THE BASHFUL LOVER.

In moderate time. ITALIAN AIR.



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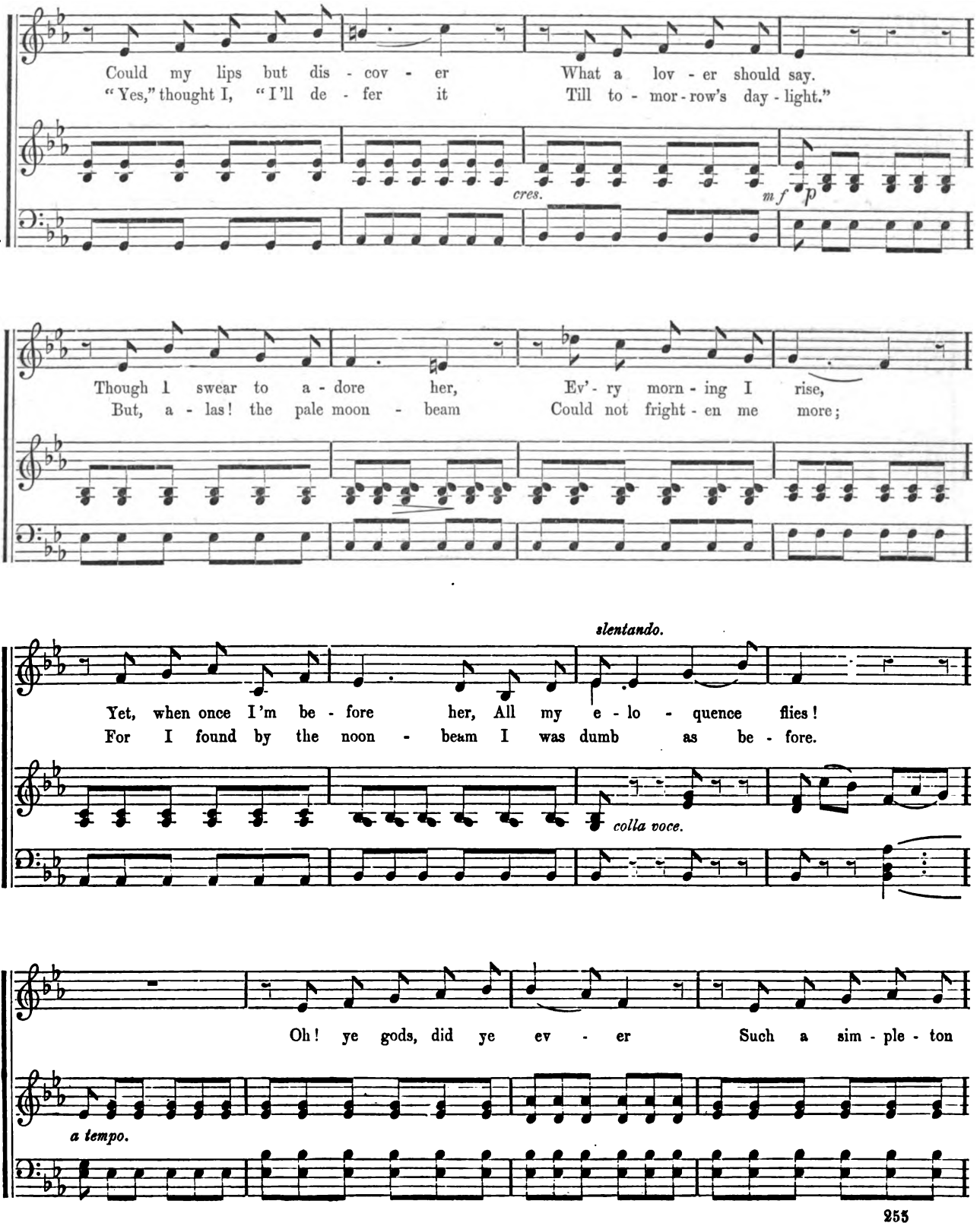

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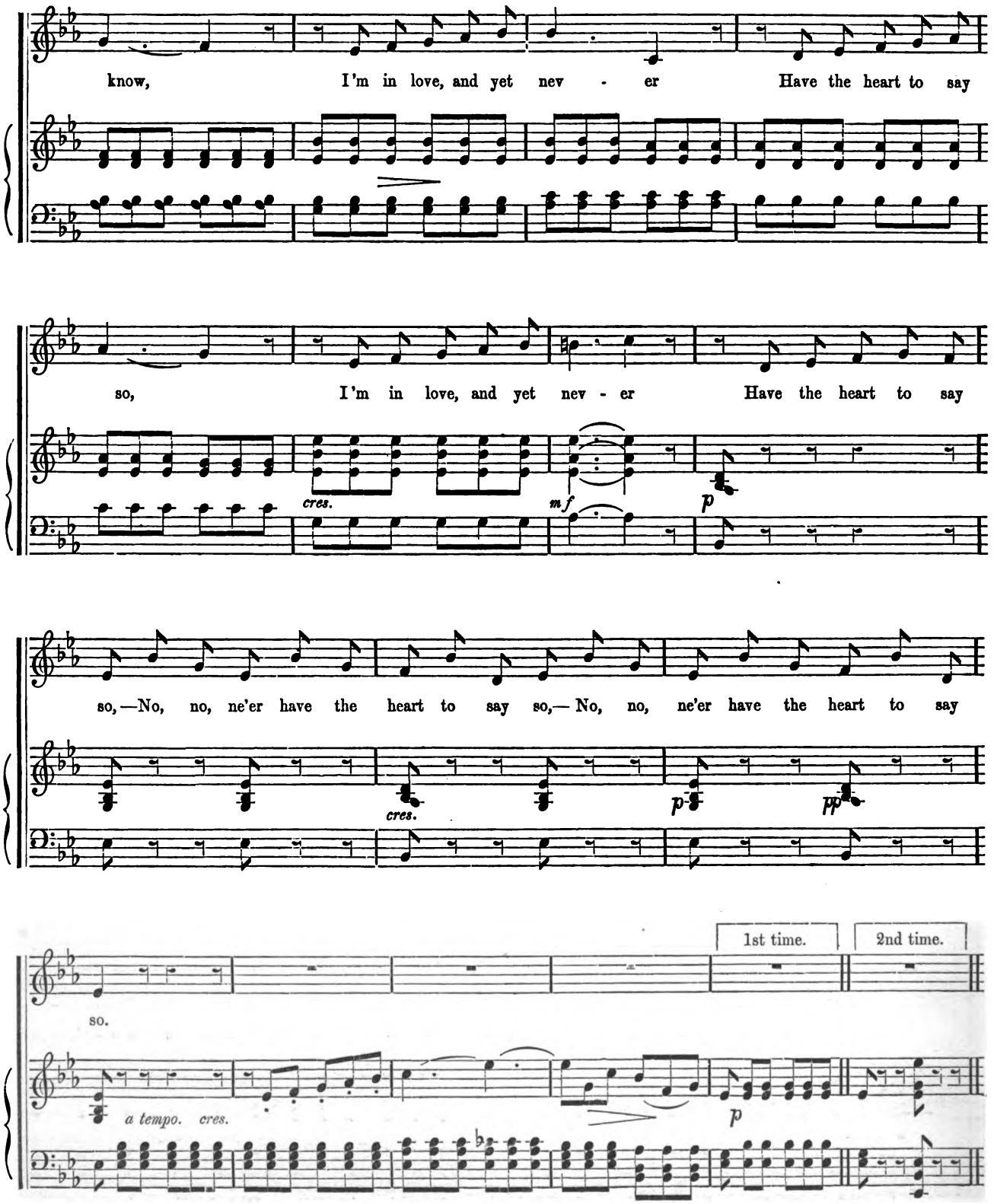

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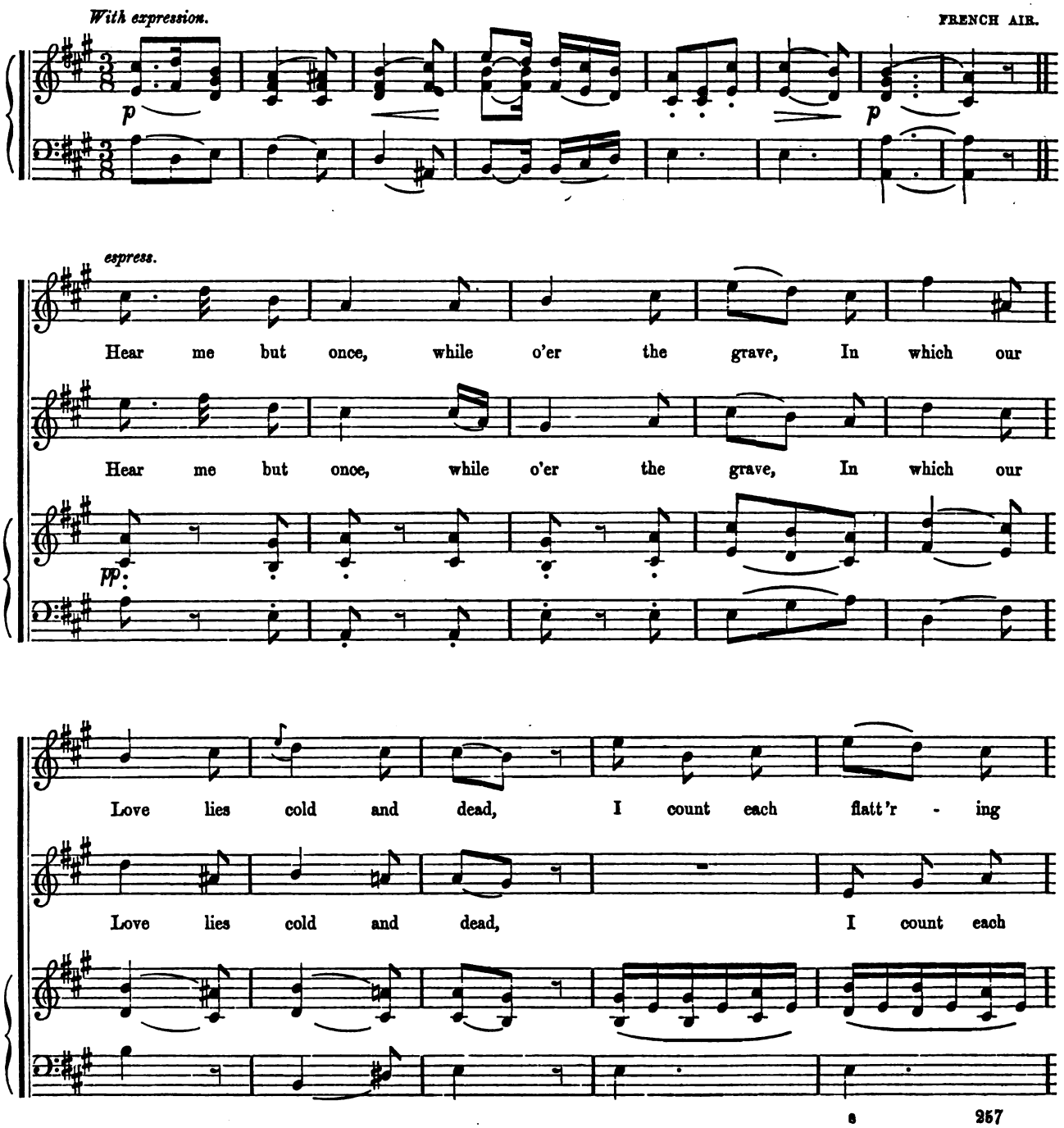
HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

FOR TWO VOICES.



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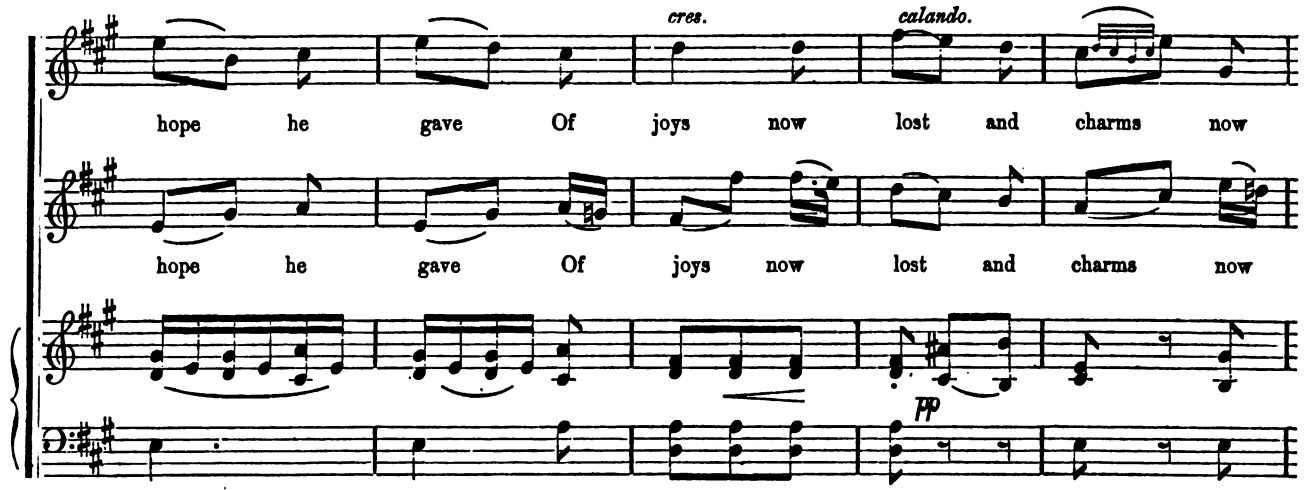

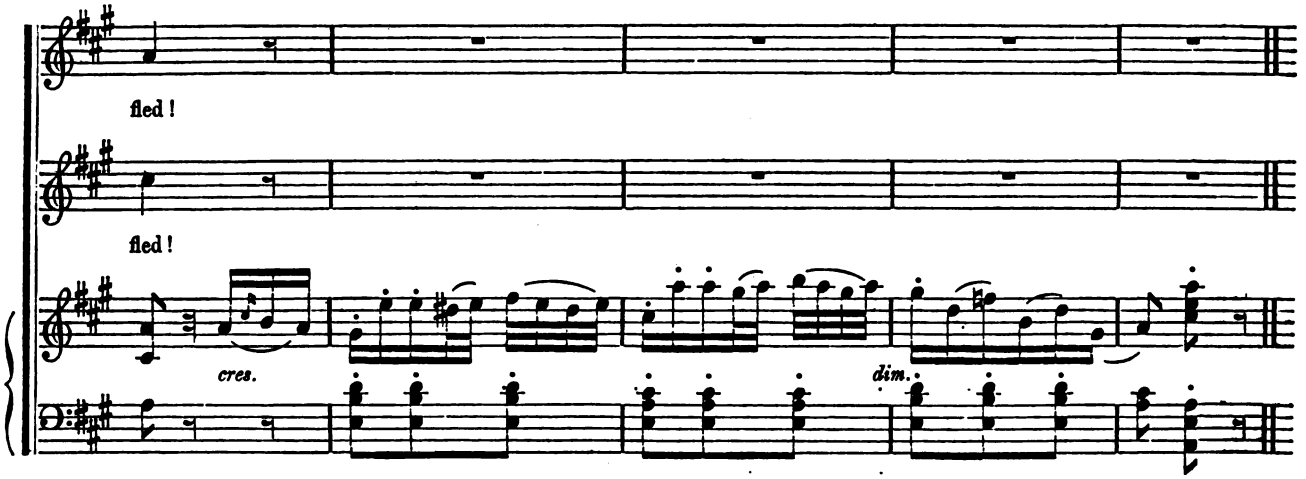

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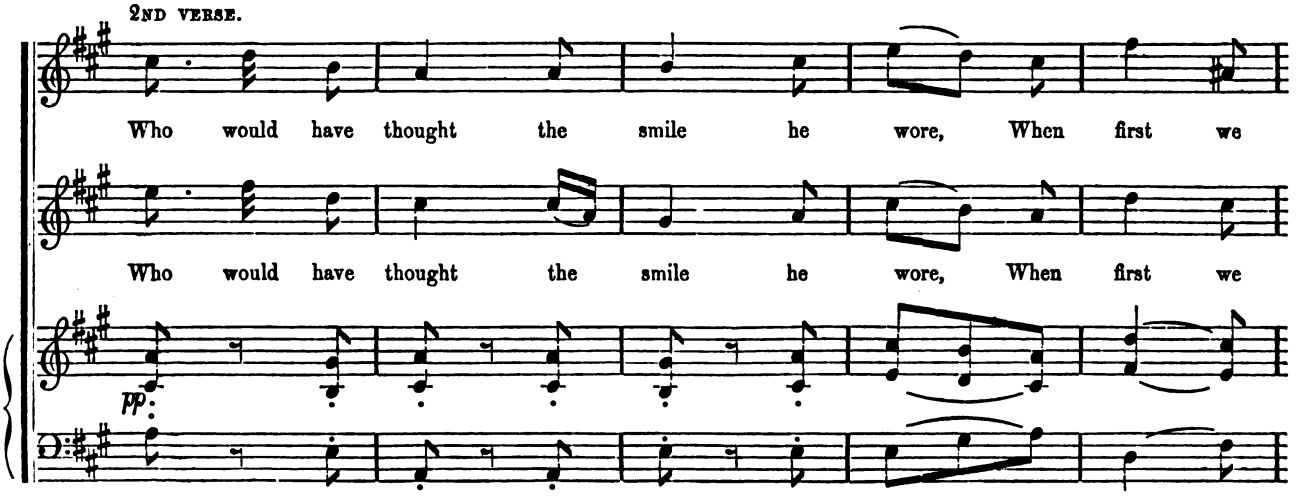

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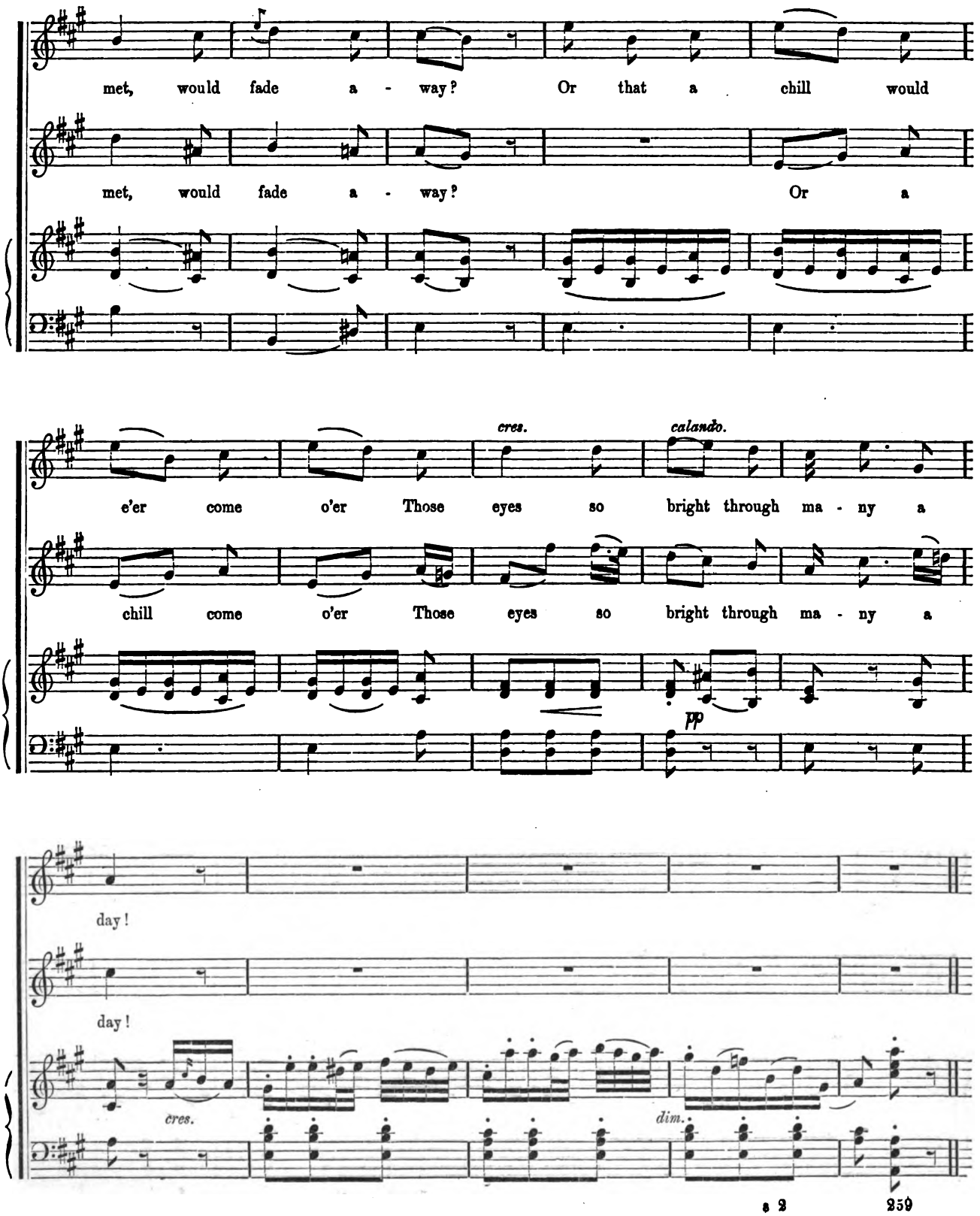

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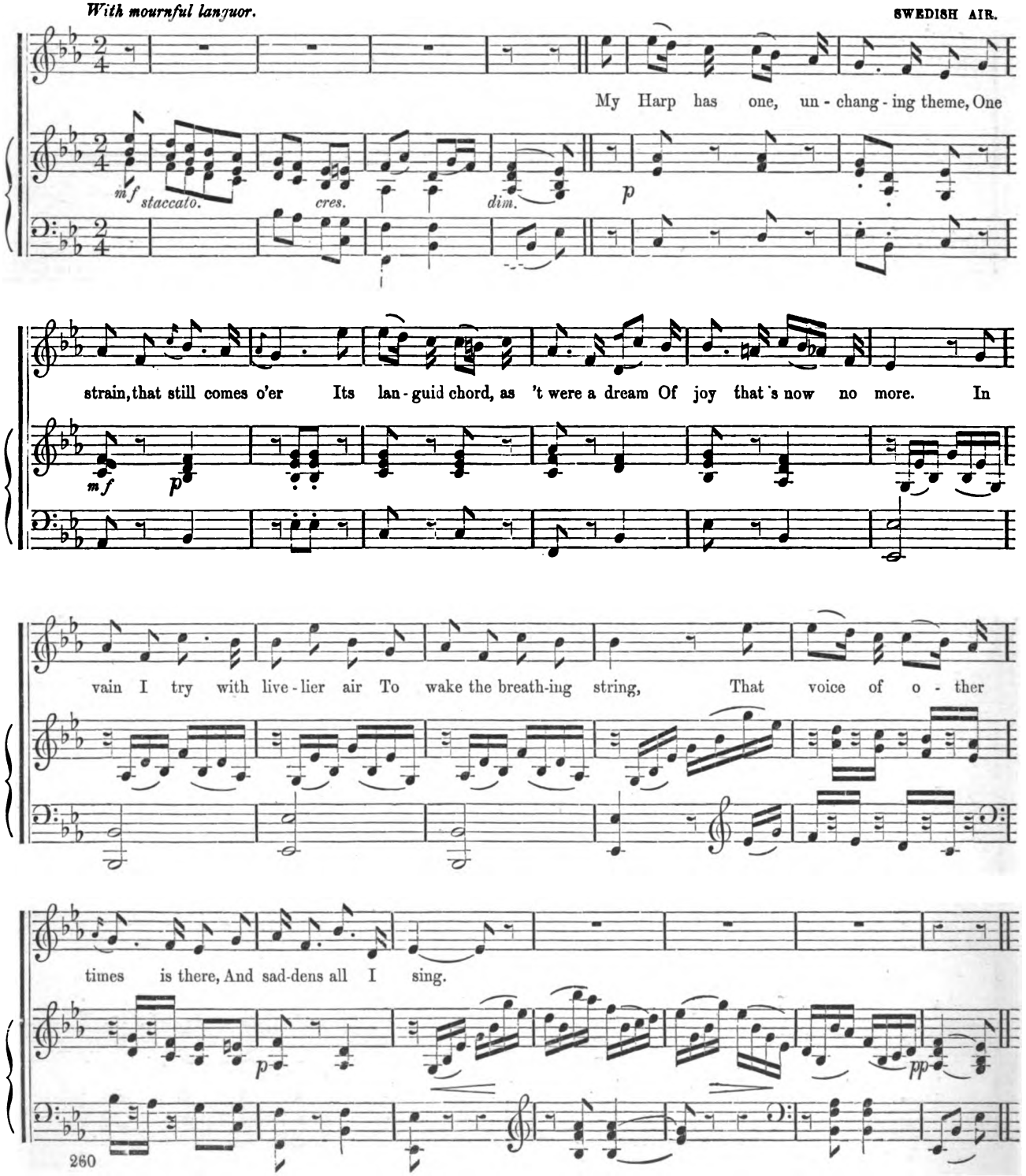
MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

With mournful languor. SWEDISH AIR.



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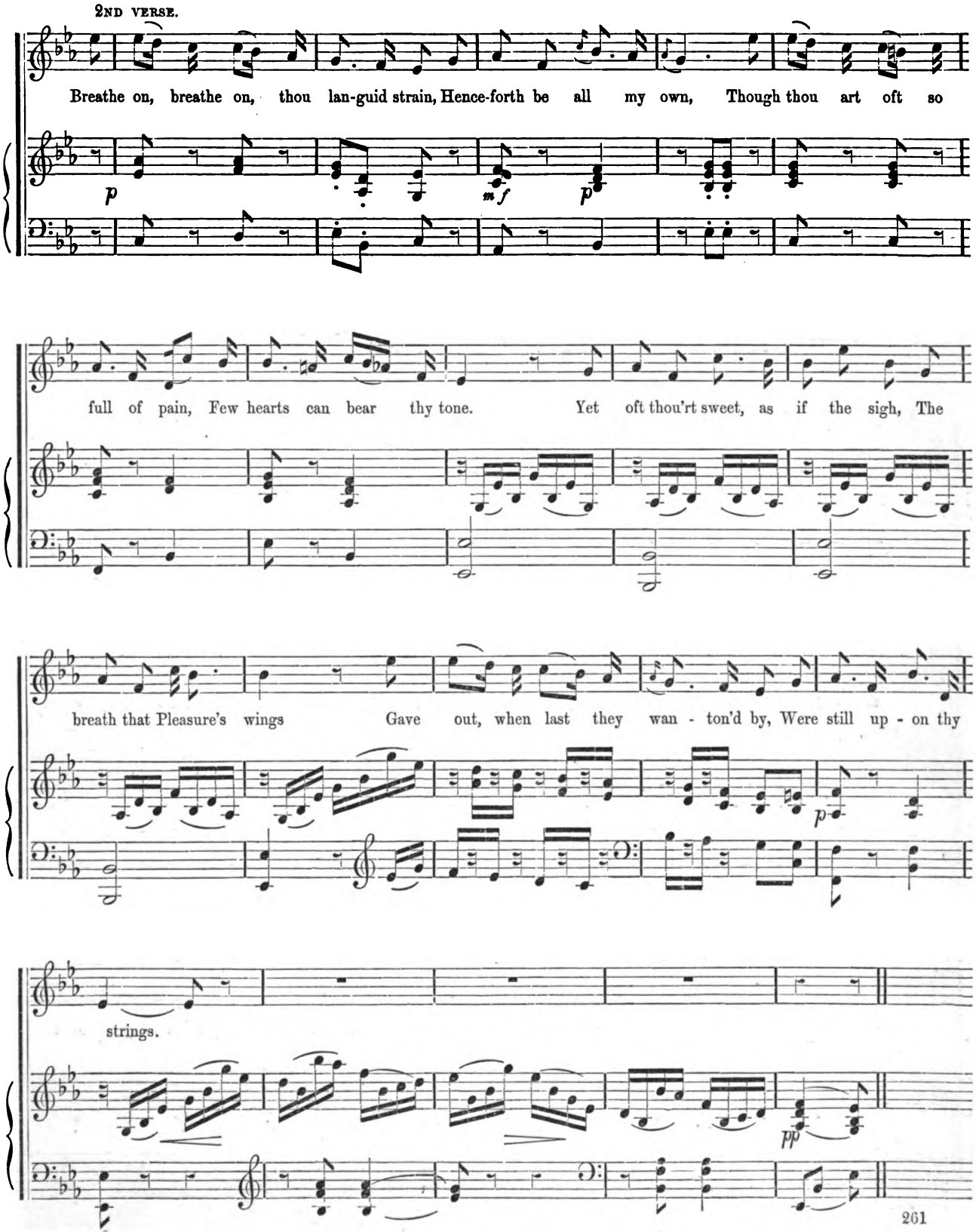

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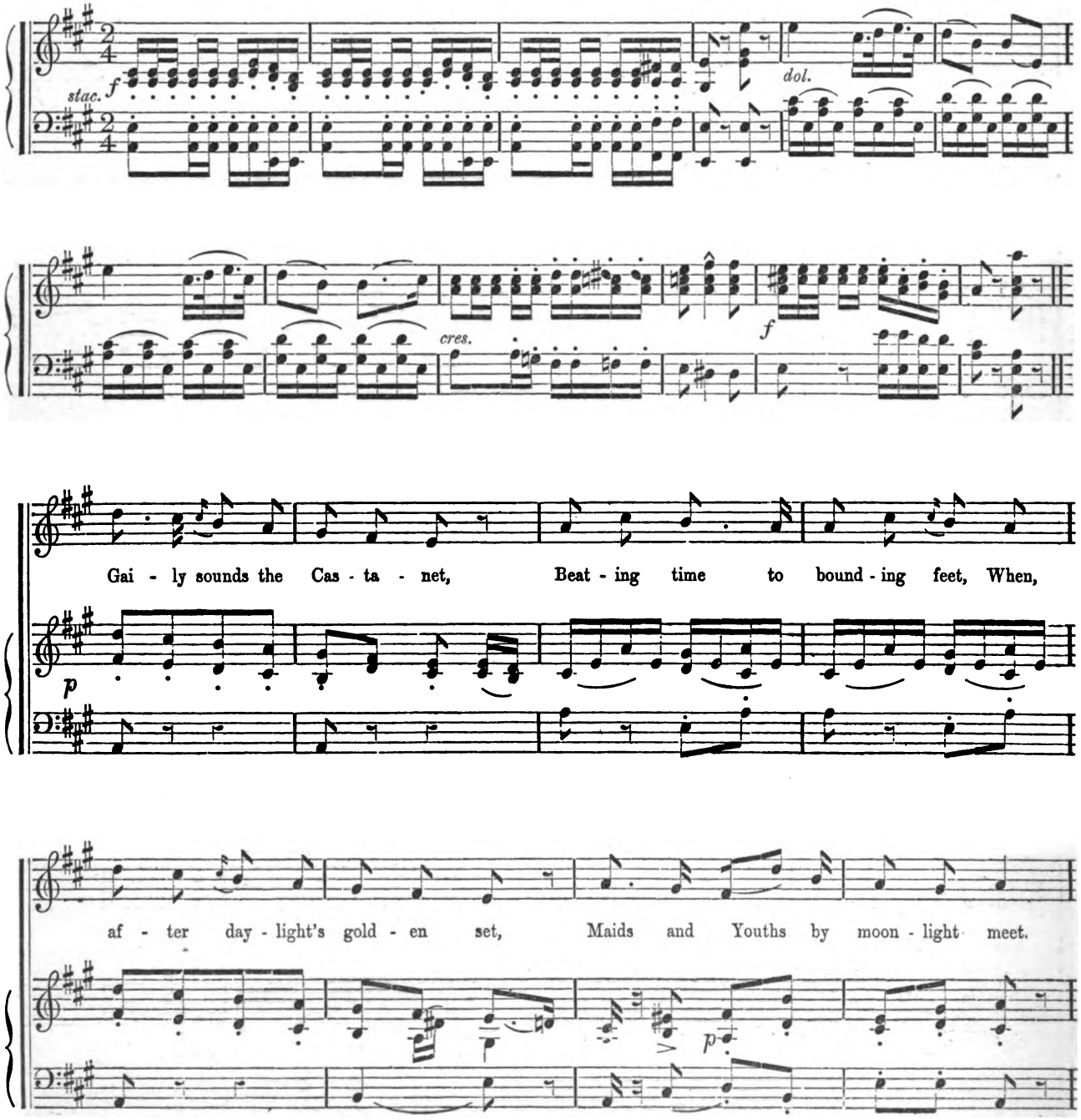
GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Lively, but not too quick.

MALTESE AIR.



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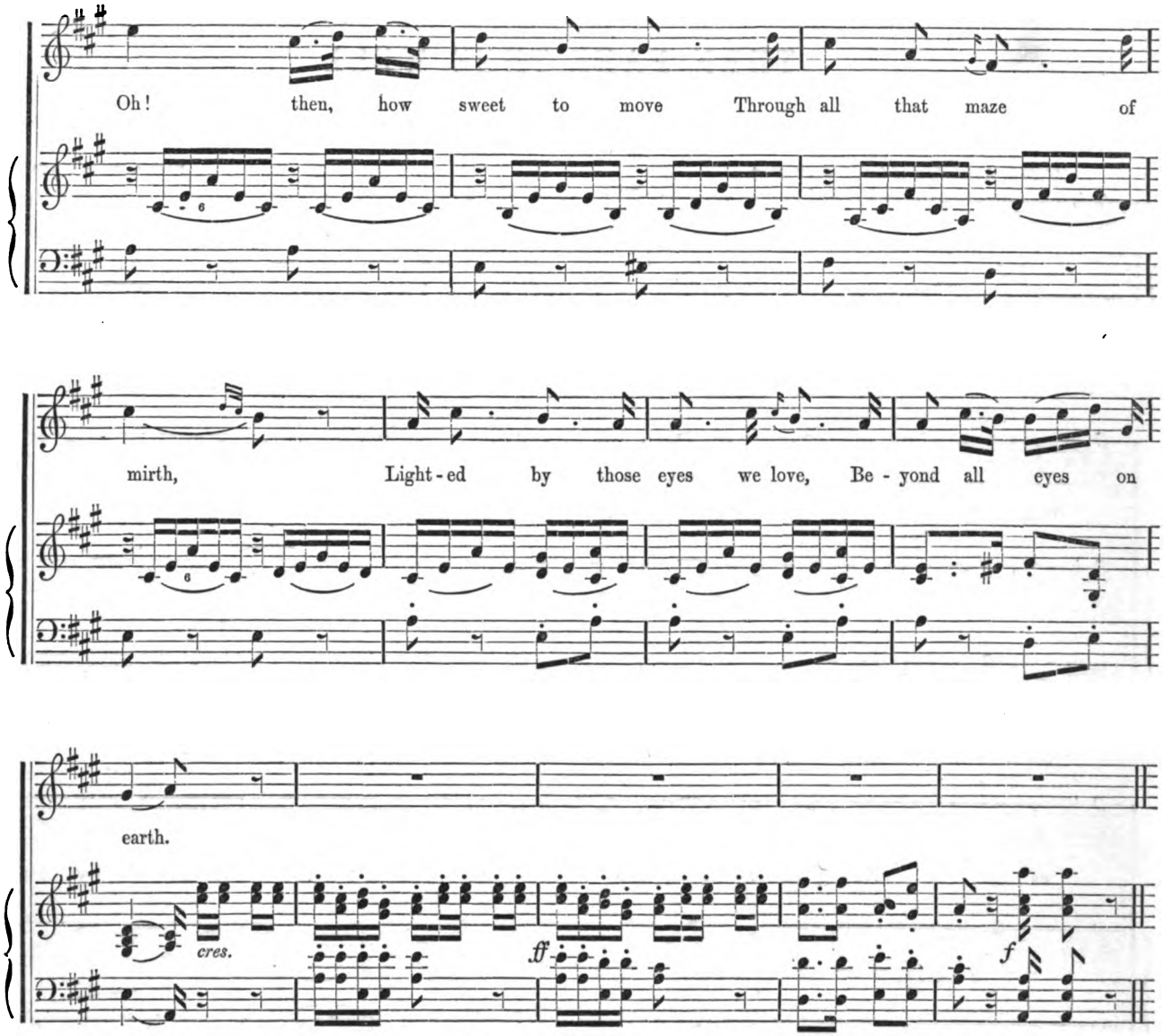

II.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams over head,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh! then, how sweet to say
Into the loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day,
To be thus whisper'd here.

III.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray;
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

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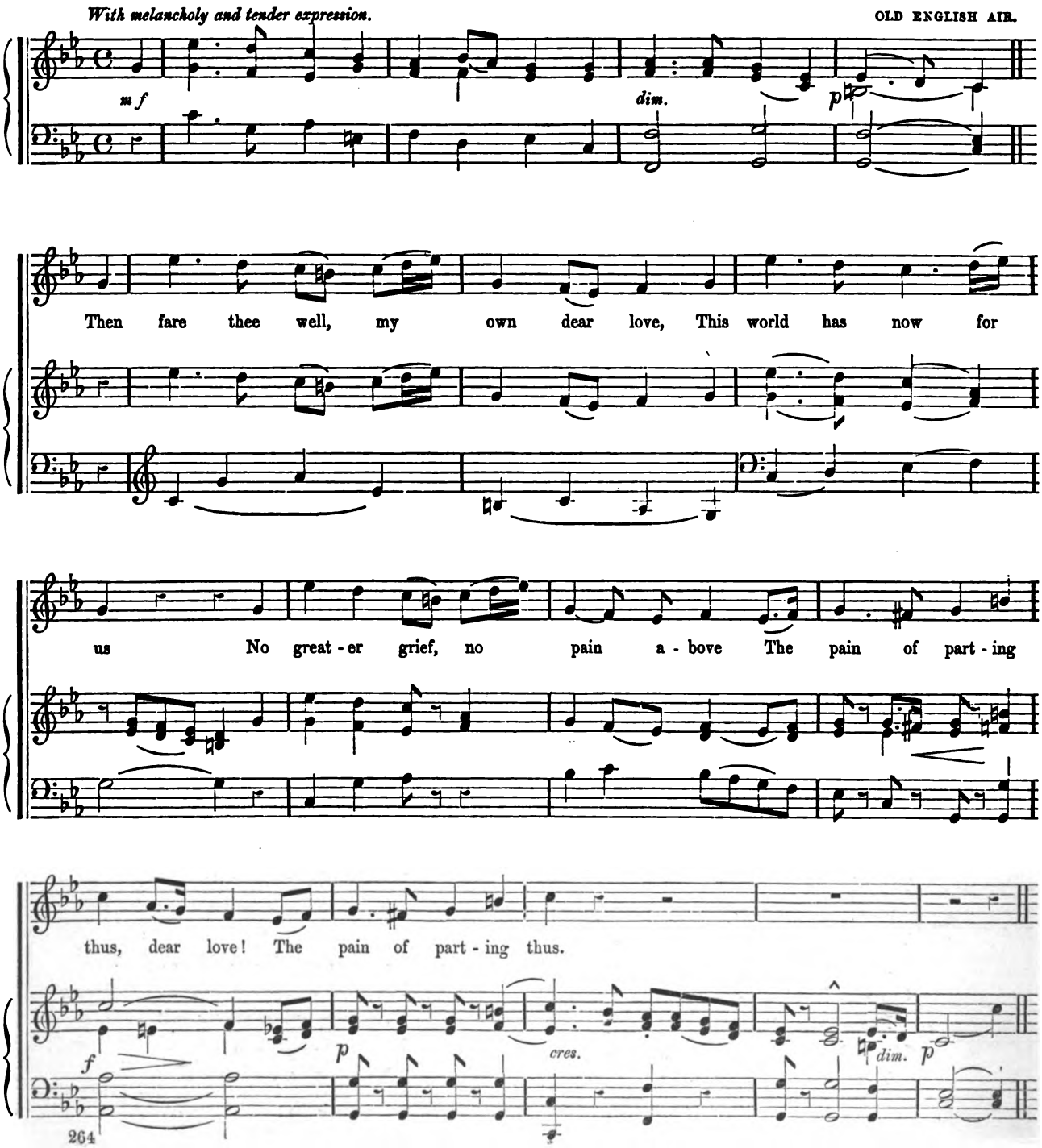
THEN FARE THEE WELL.



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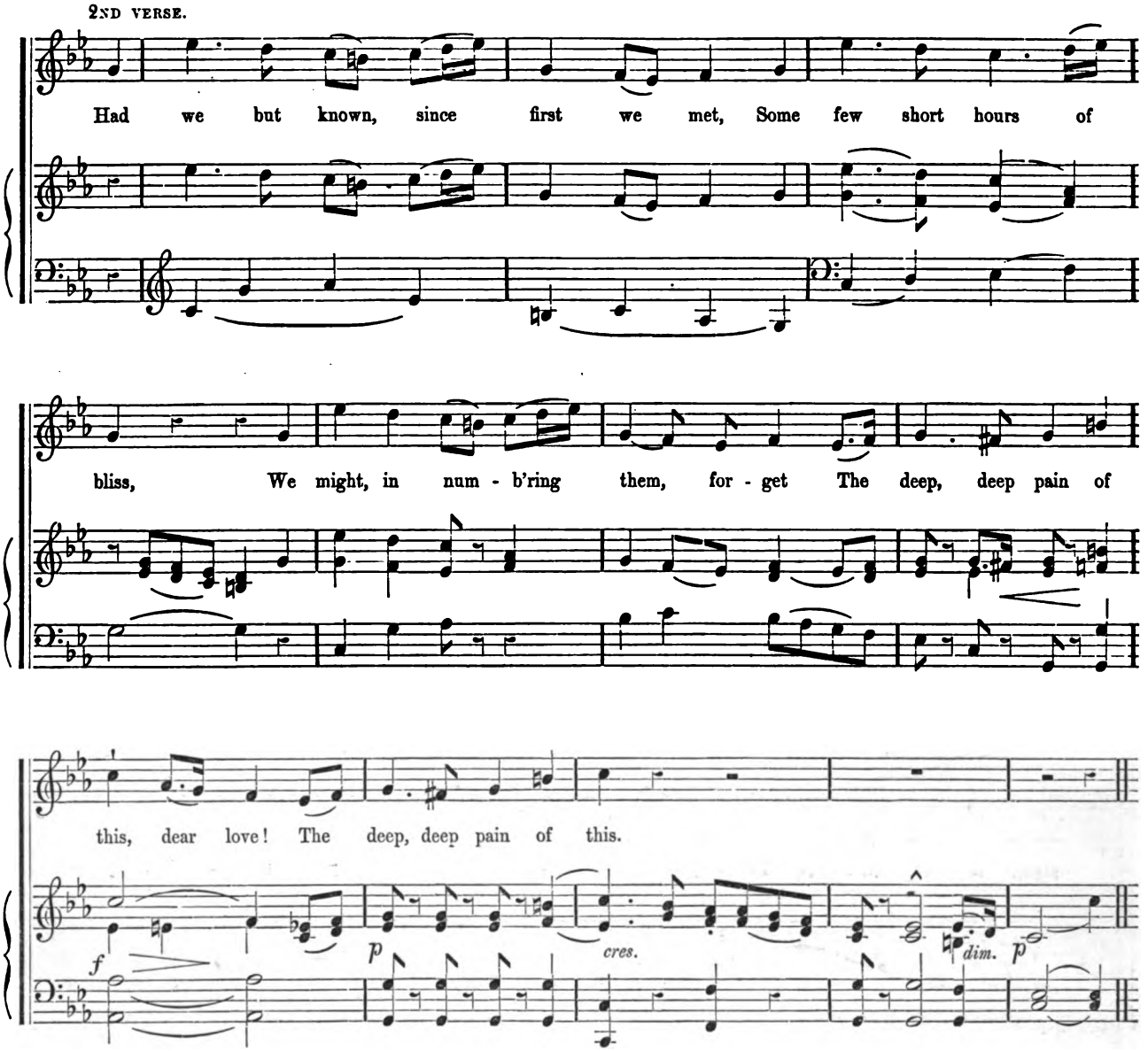

III.

But no, alas—we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love!
And chased it all away!

IV.

Yet ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

V.

Farewell—our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.

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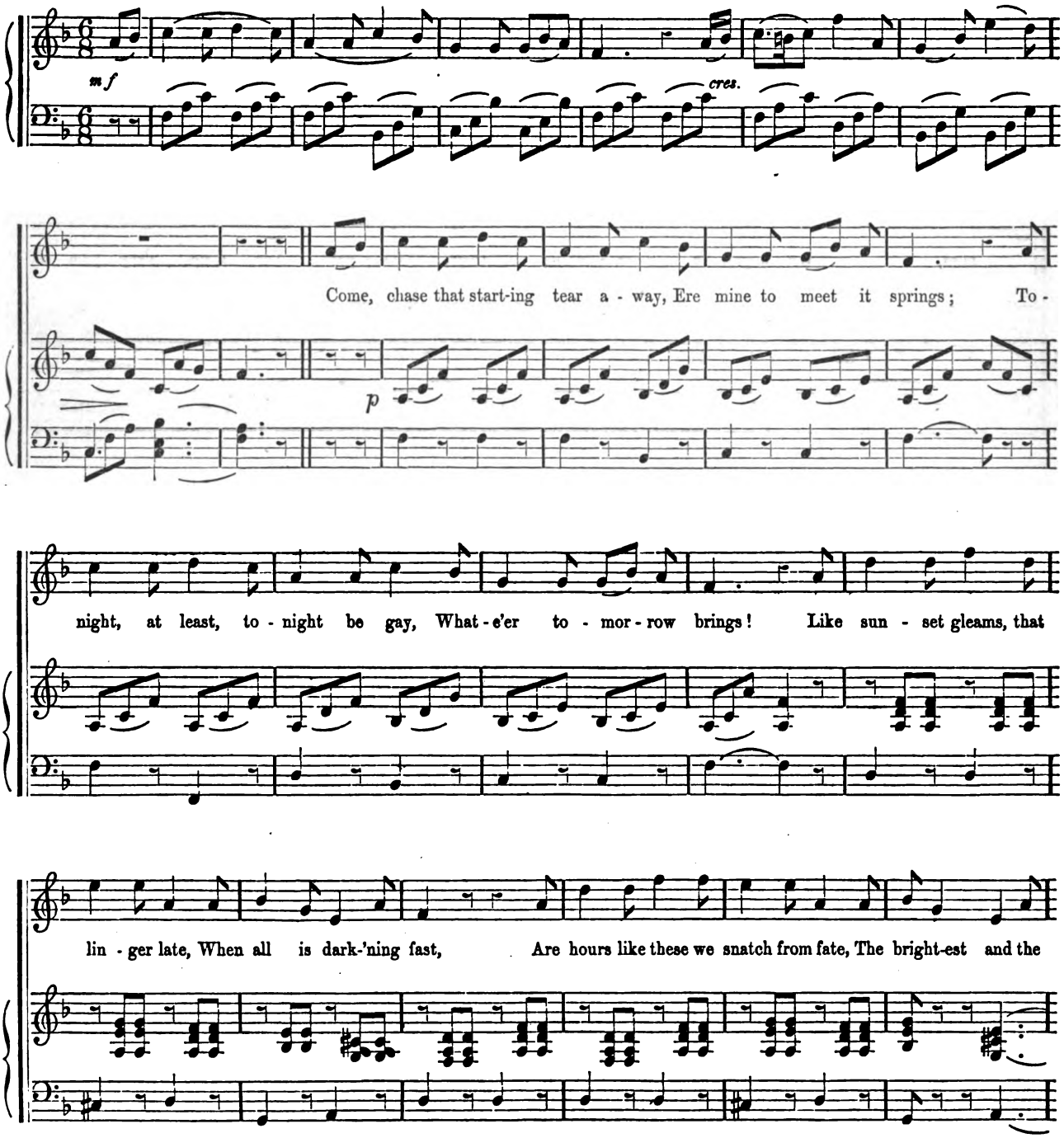
COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

With lightness and expression. FRENCH AIR.



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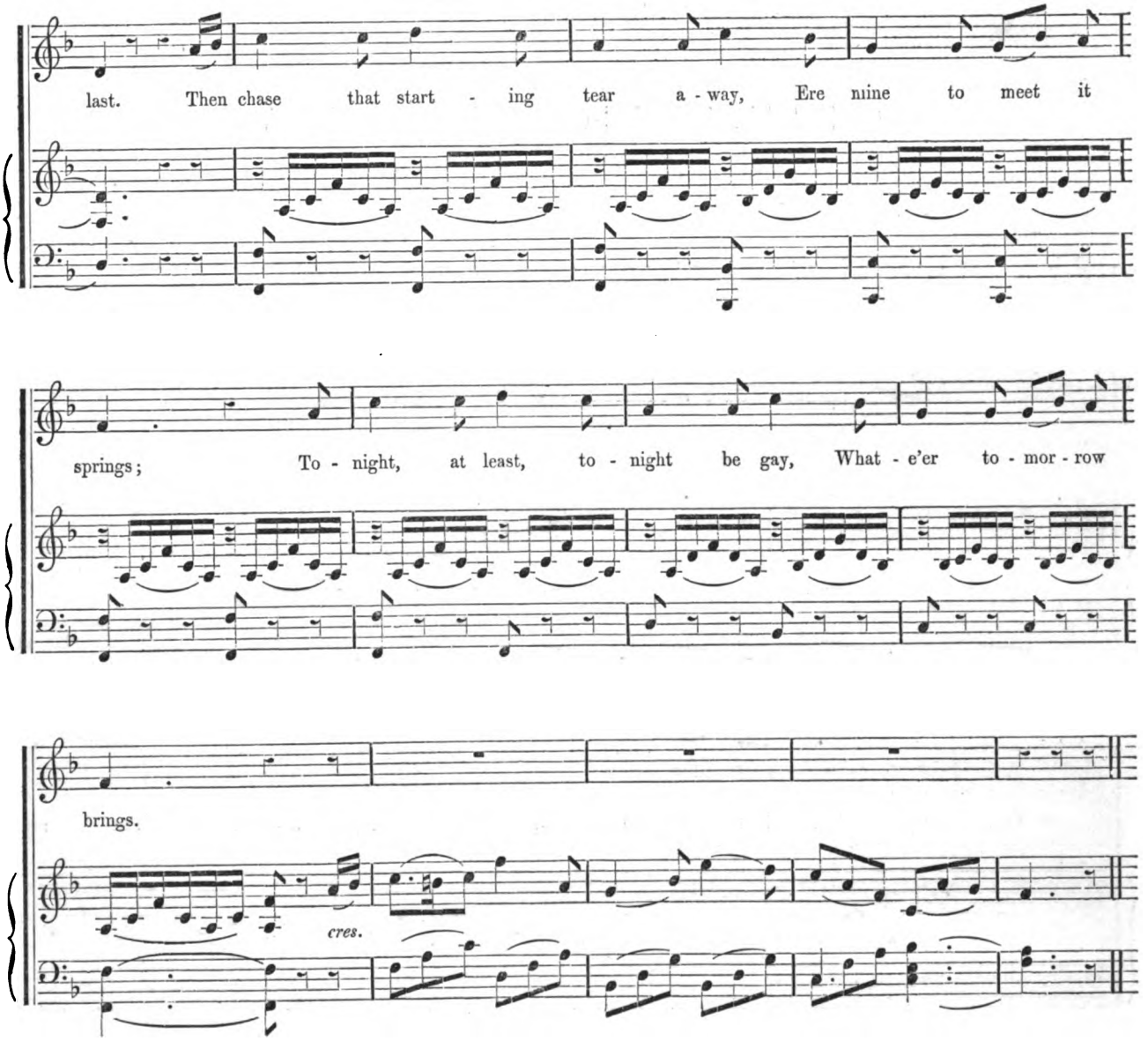
COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.



To gild our dark'ning life, if Heav'n
But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is giv'n
In all its splendour now.
Let 's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves, that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore.
Come, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.

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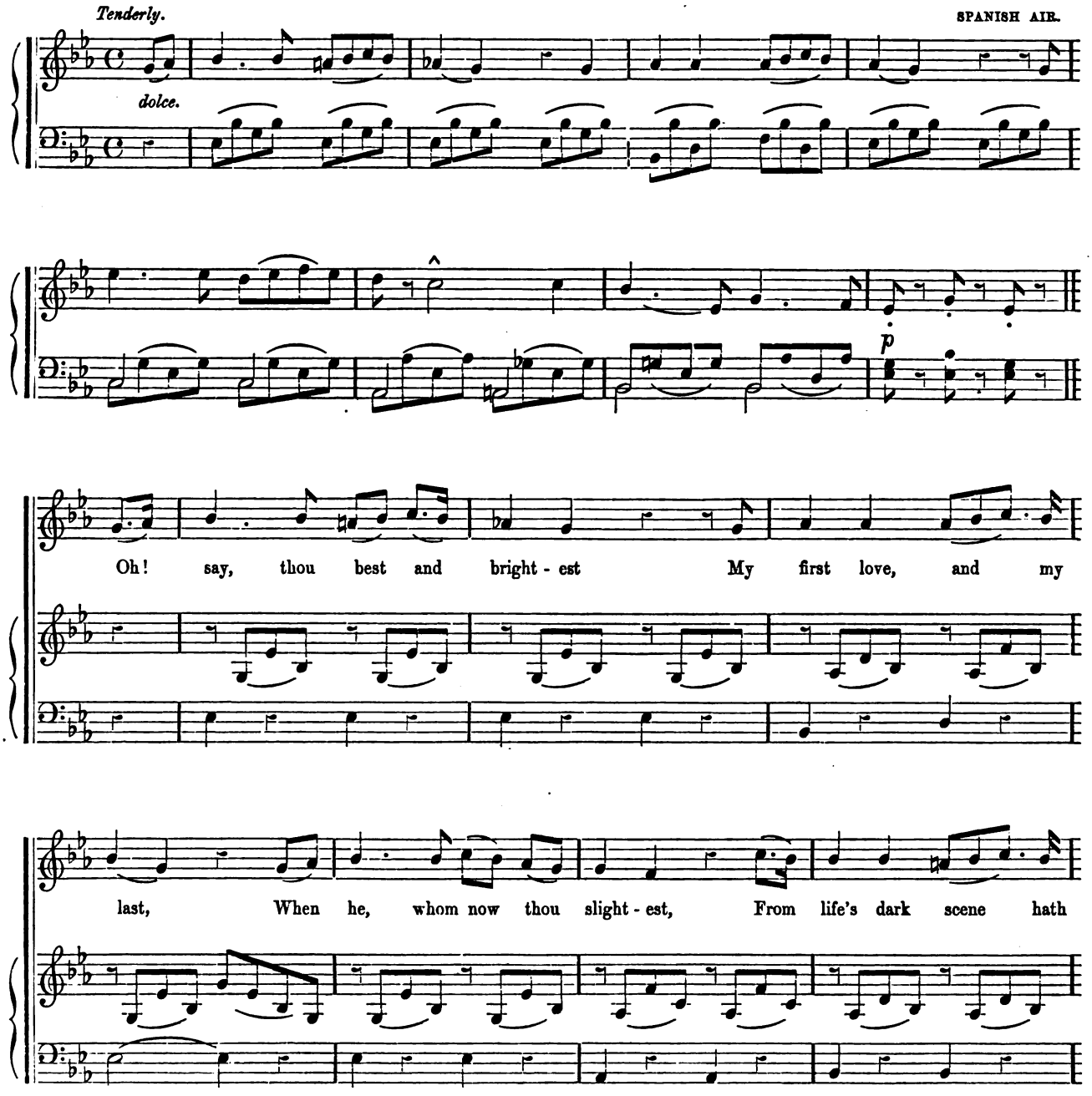
OH! SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.



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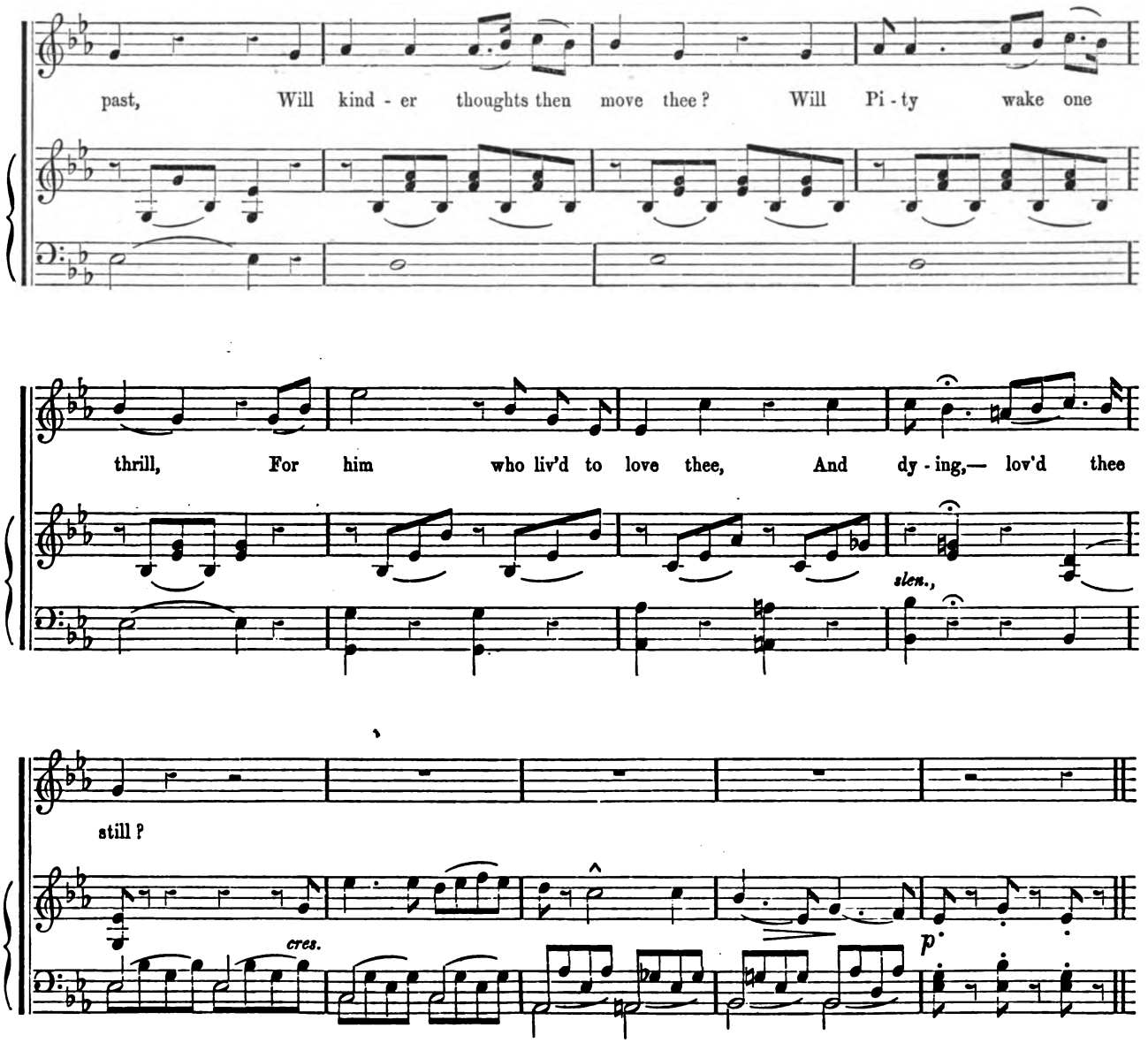

If, when that hour recalling,
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows;
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say—"This heart, when living,
With all its faults, was mine."

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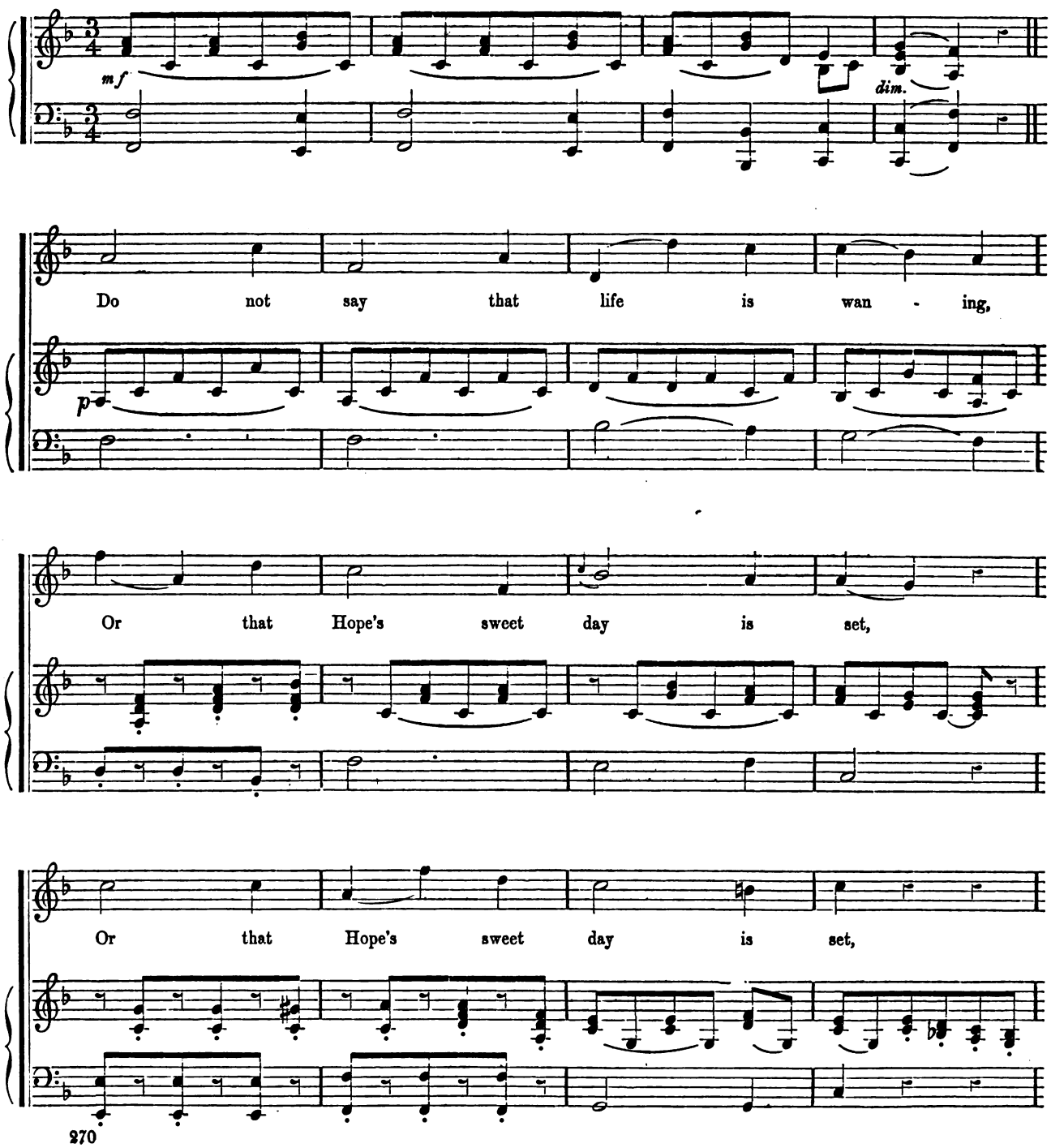
DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Tenderly. DANISH AIR.



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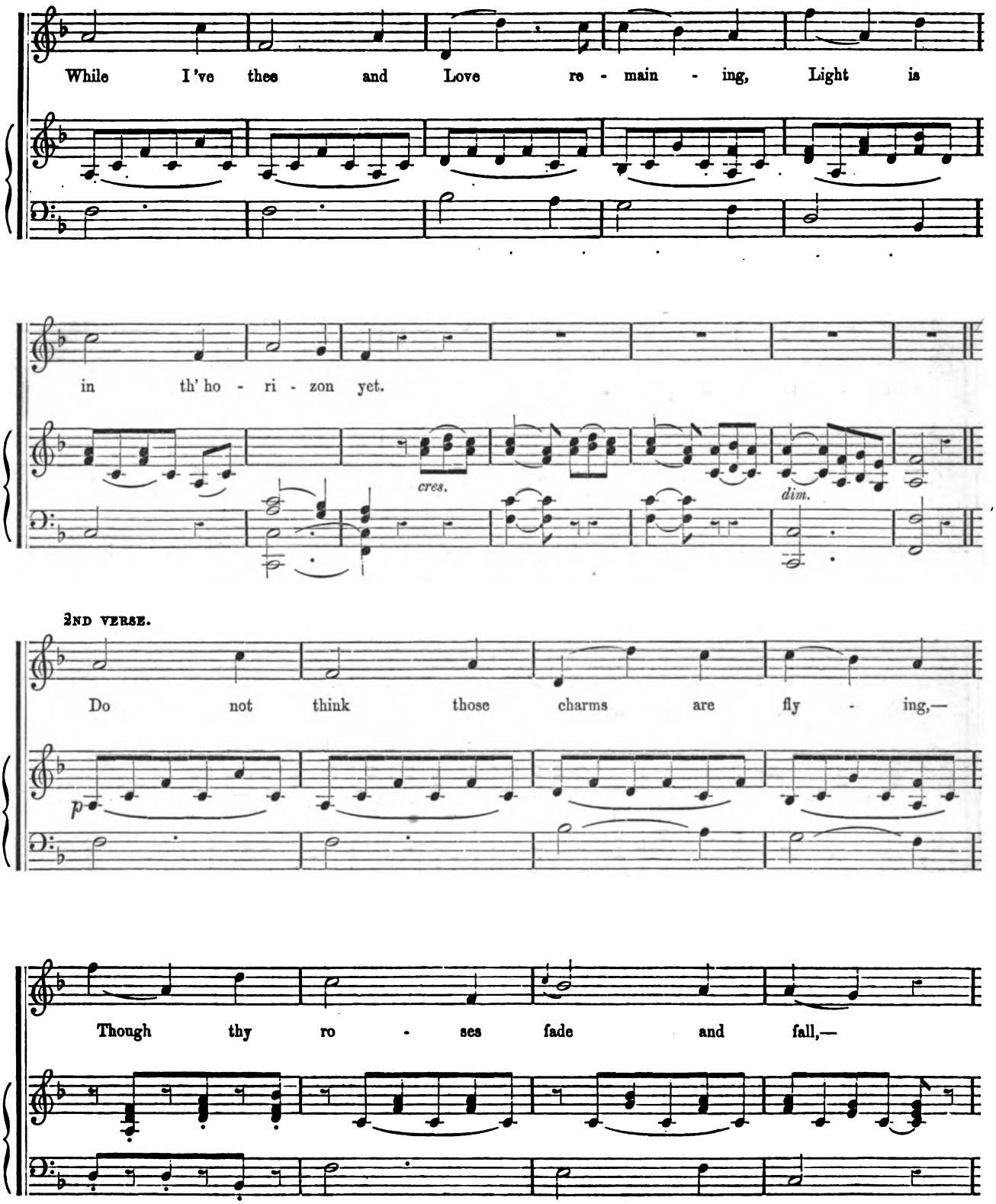
DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.



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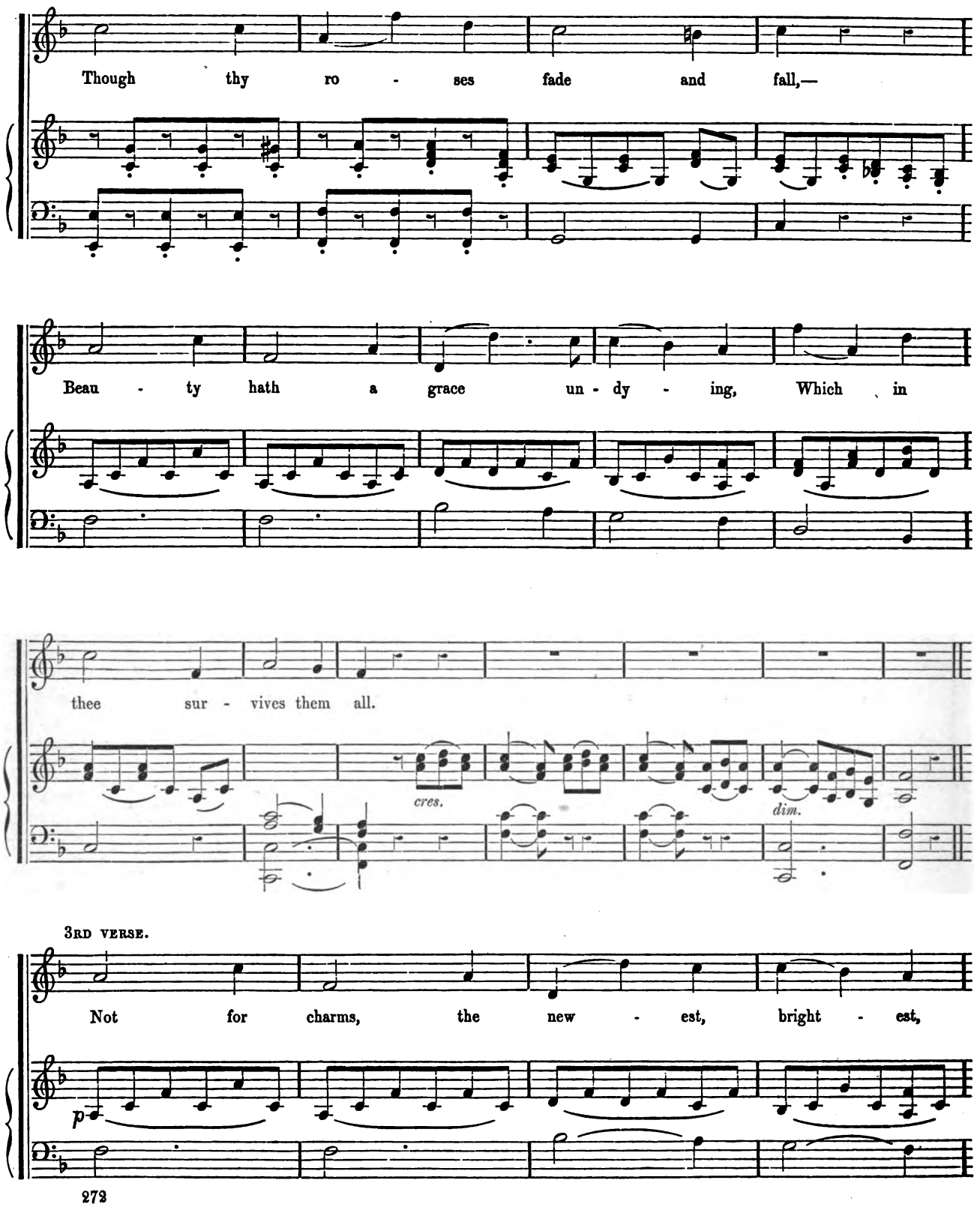

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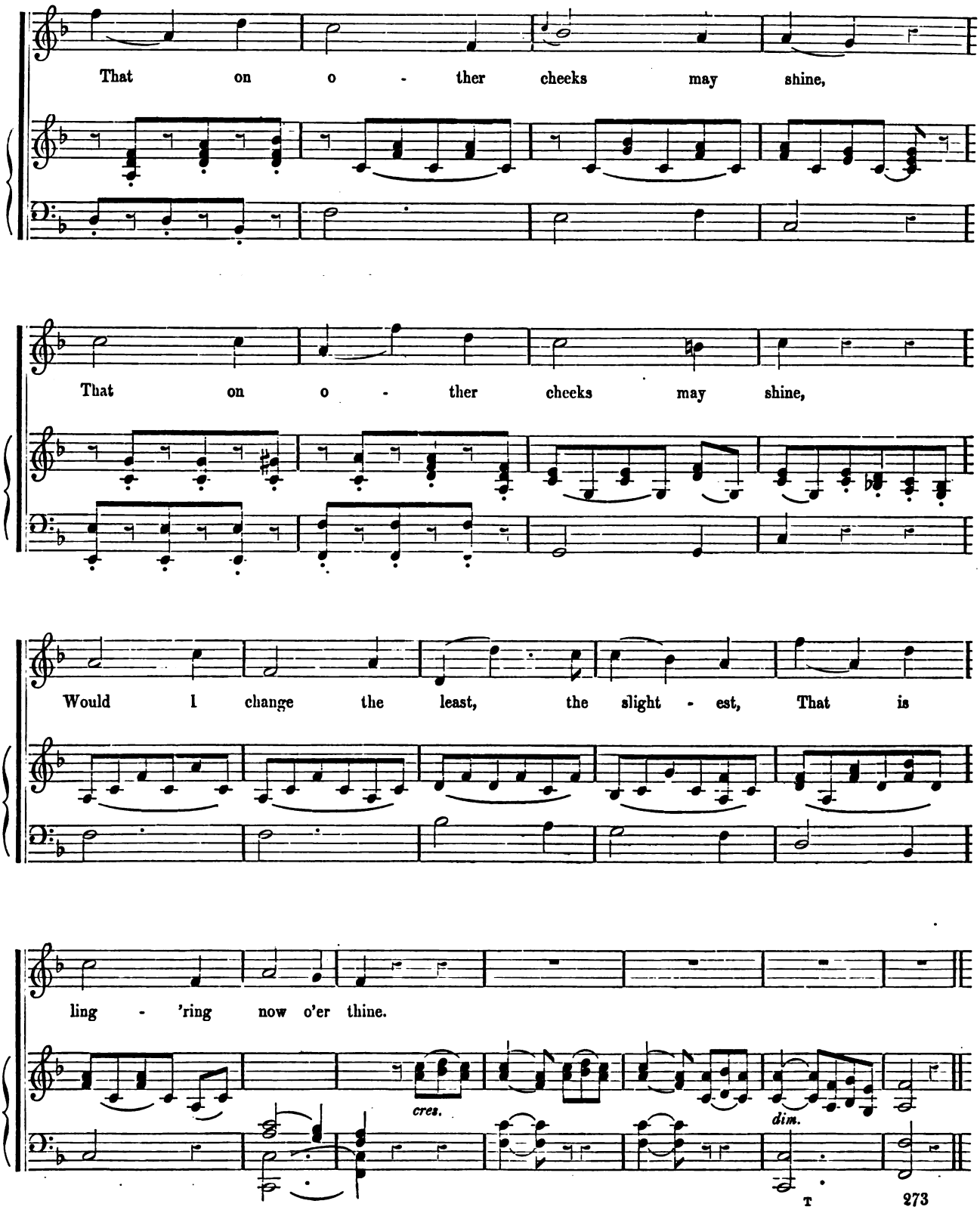

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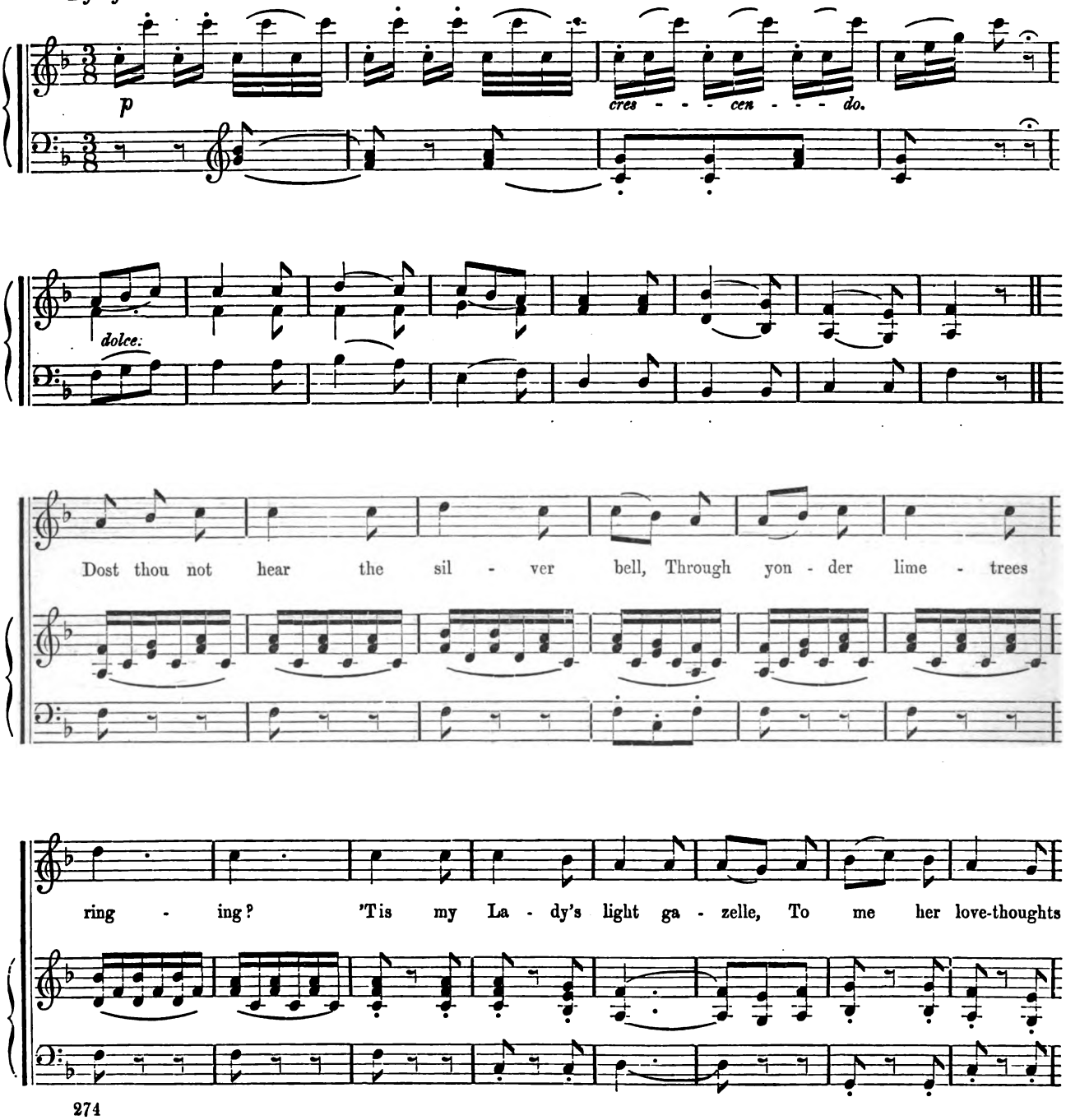
THE GAZELLE.

Lightly and in moderate time. HINDOO AIR.



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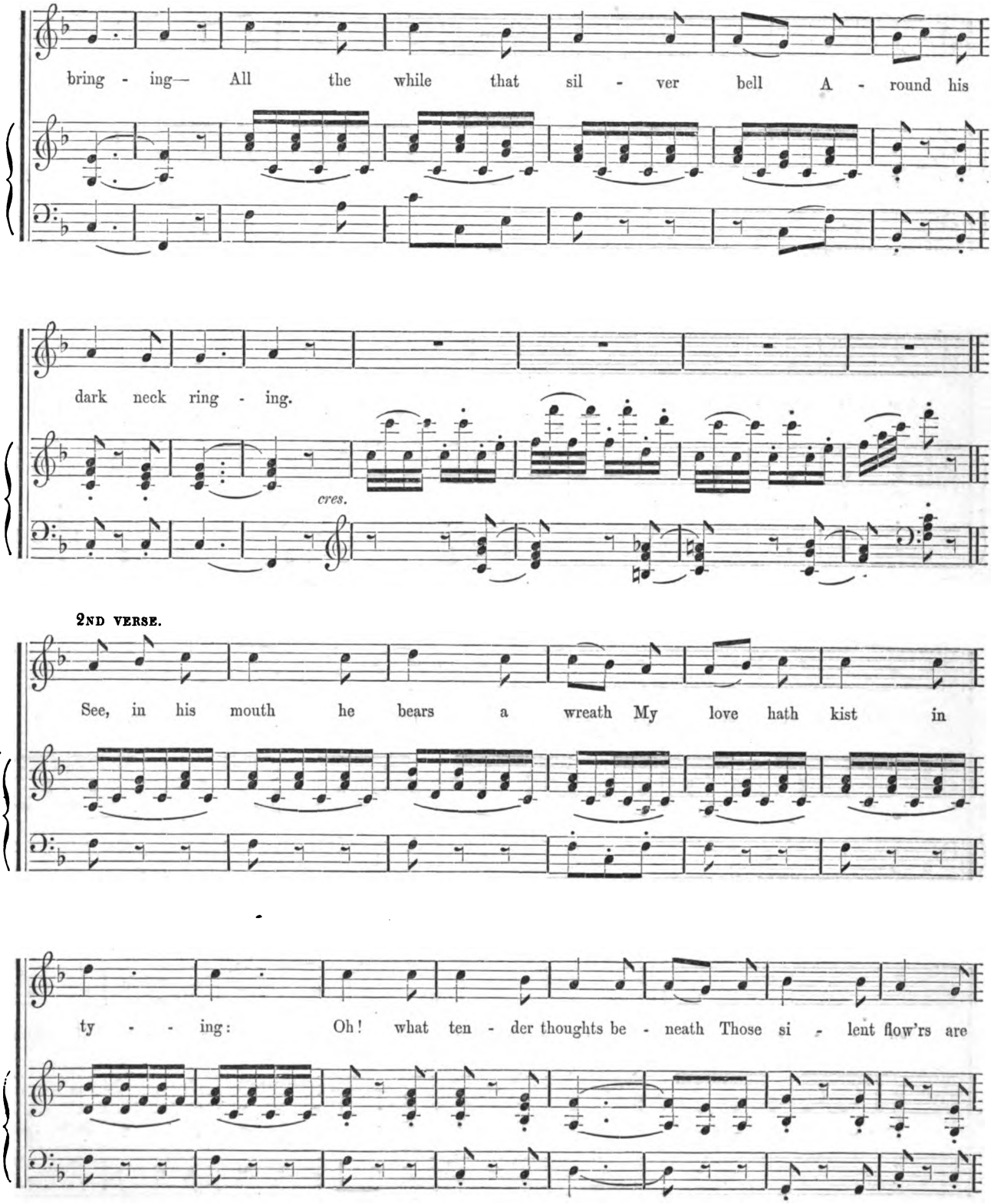

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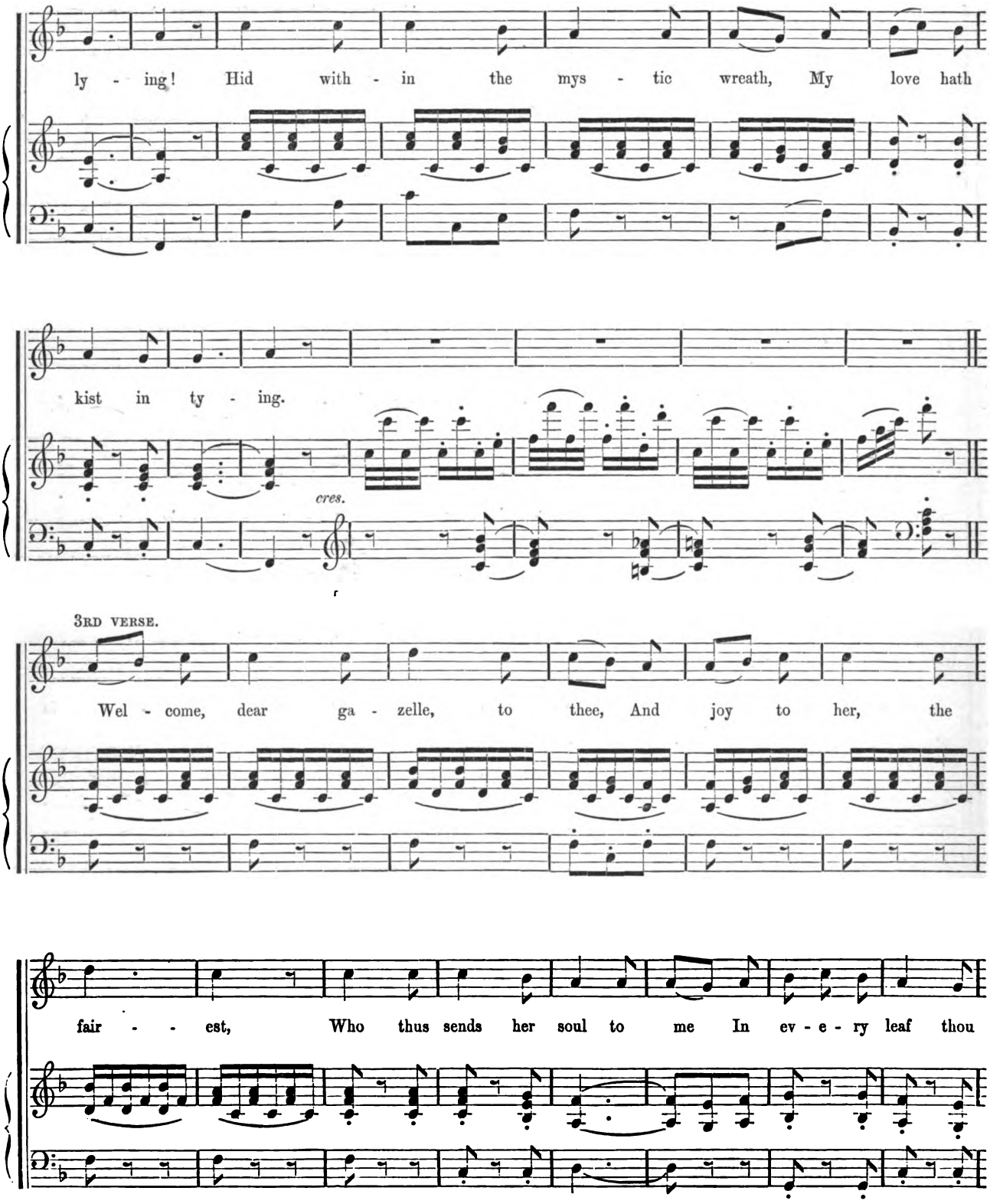

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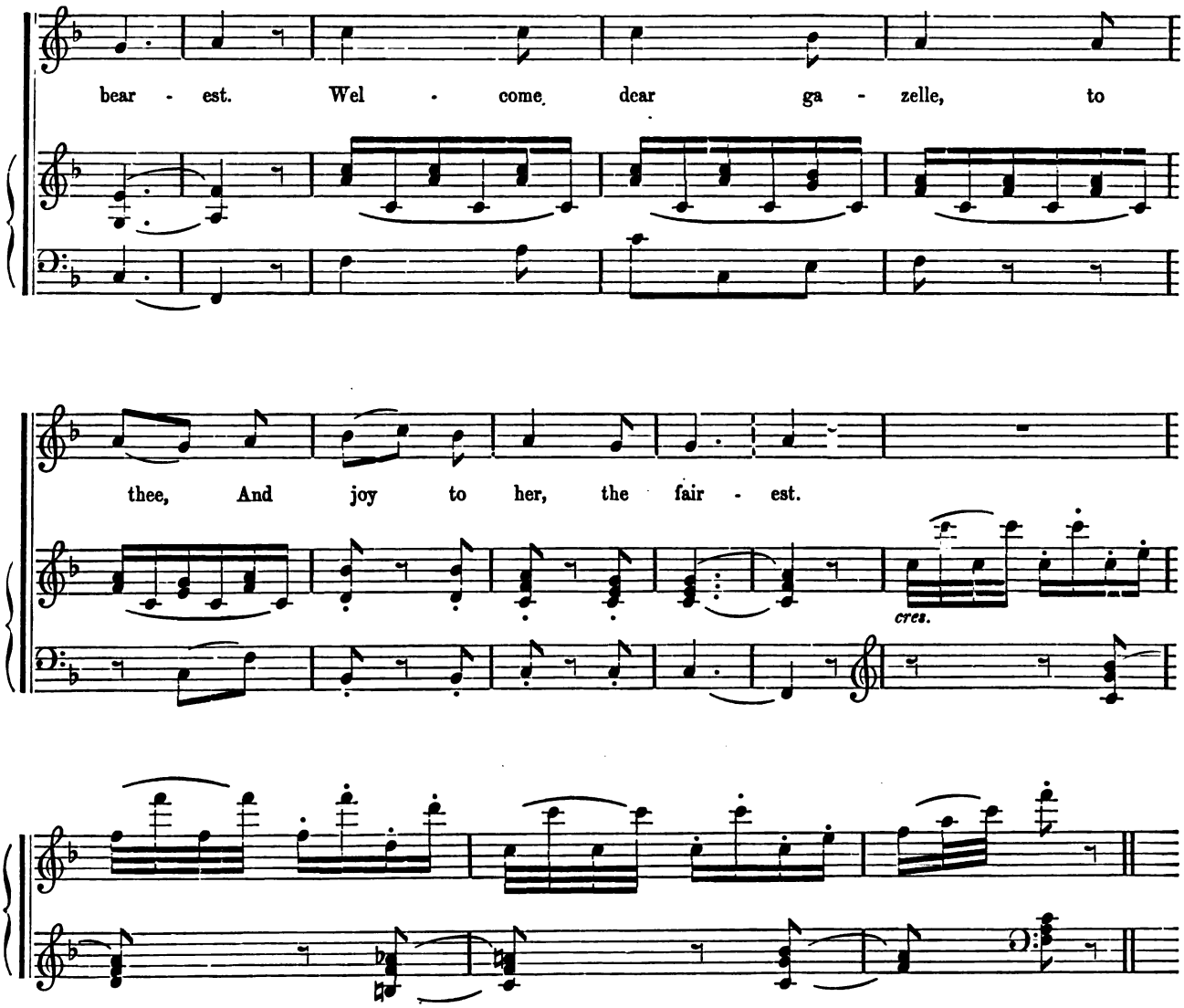

Hail! ye living, speaking flowers
That breathe of her who bound ye,
Oh! 't was not in fields or bowers,
'T was on her lips she found ye.
Yes—ye blushing, speaking flowers,
'T was on her lips she found ye.

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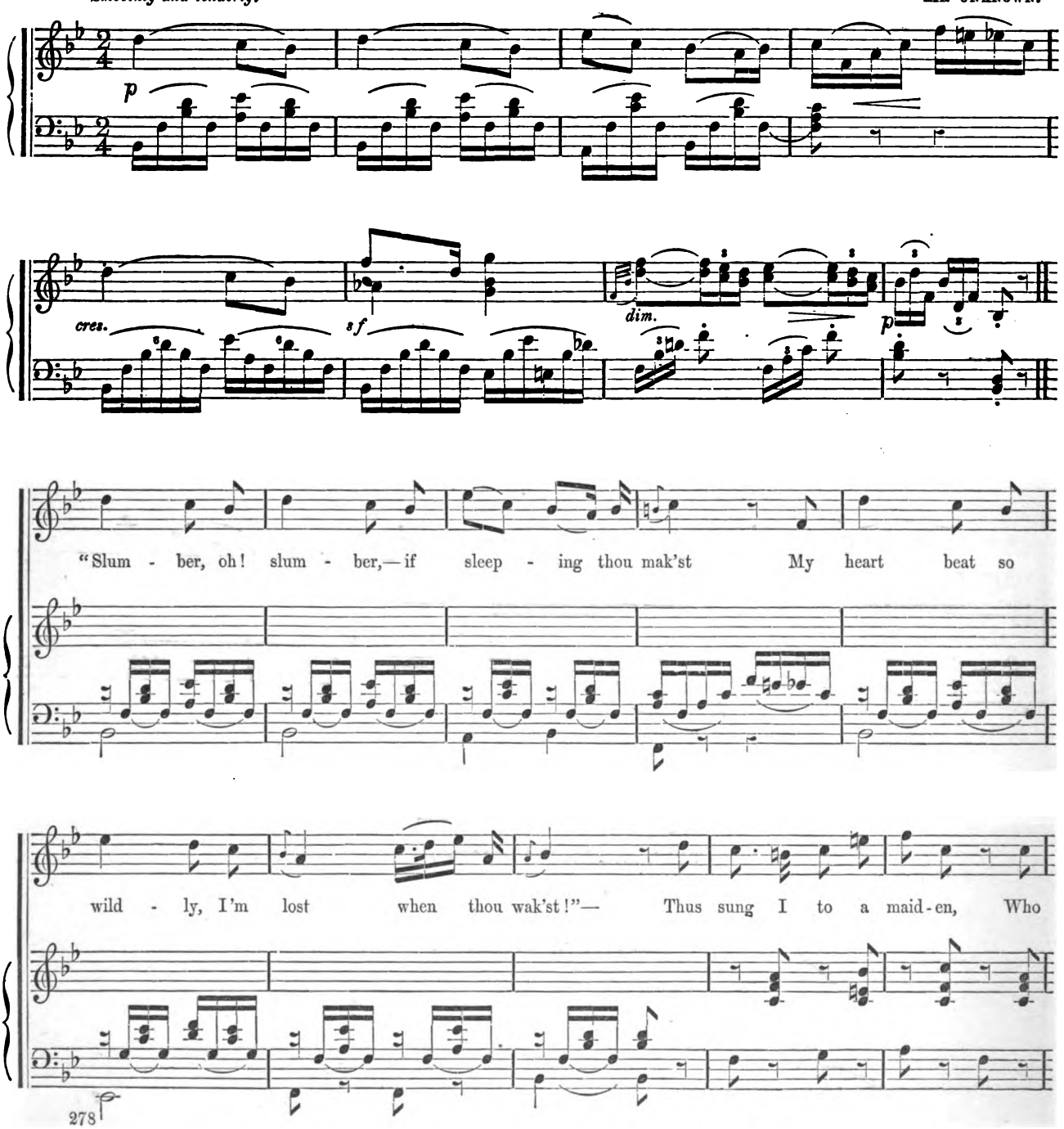
SLUMBER, OH! SLUMBER.

Smoothly and tenderly.

AIR UNKNOWN.



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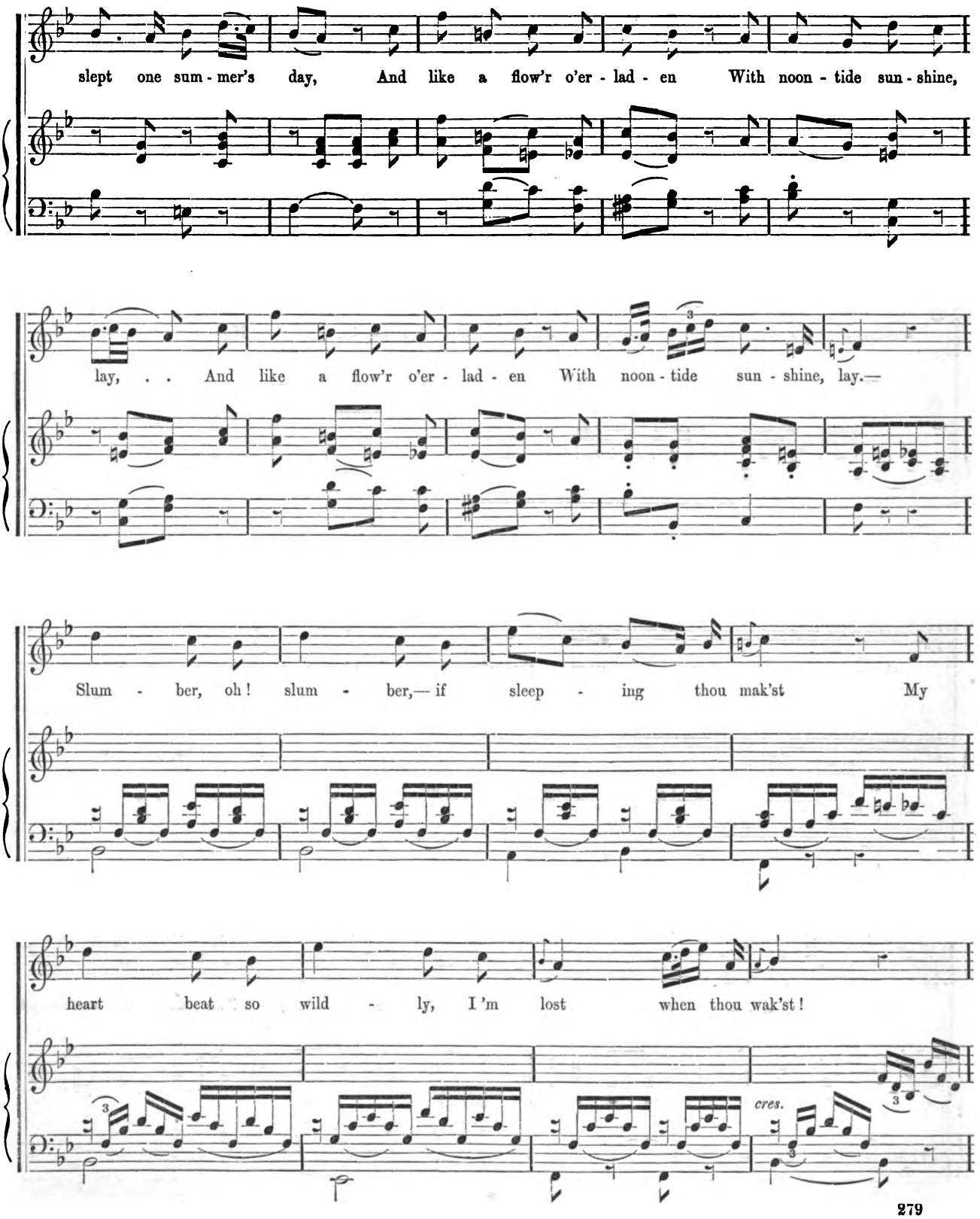

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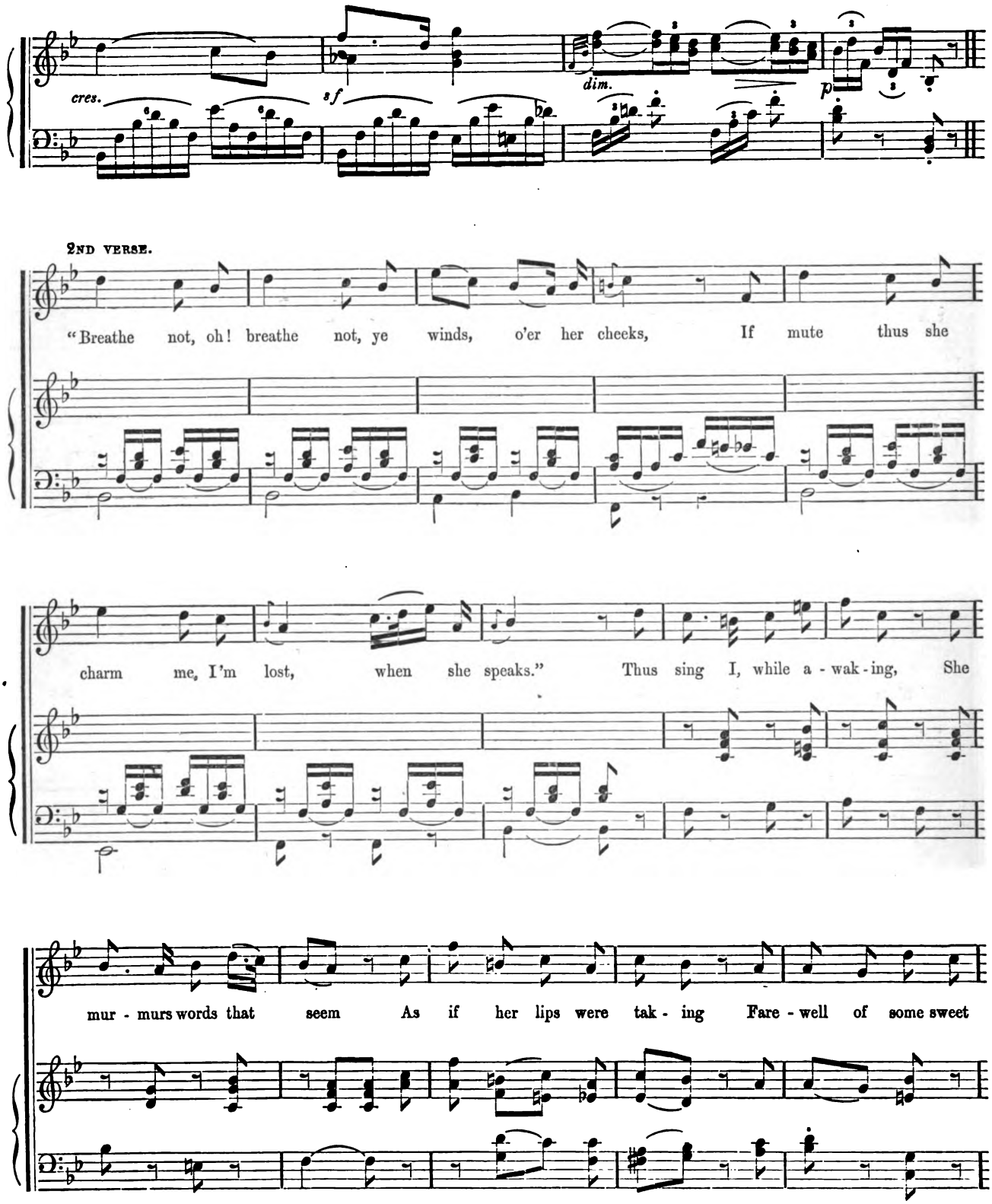

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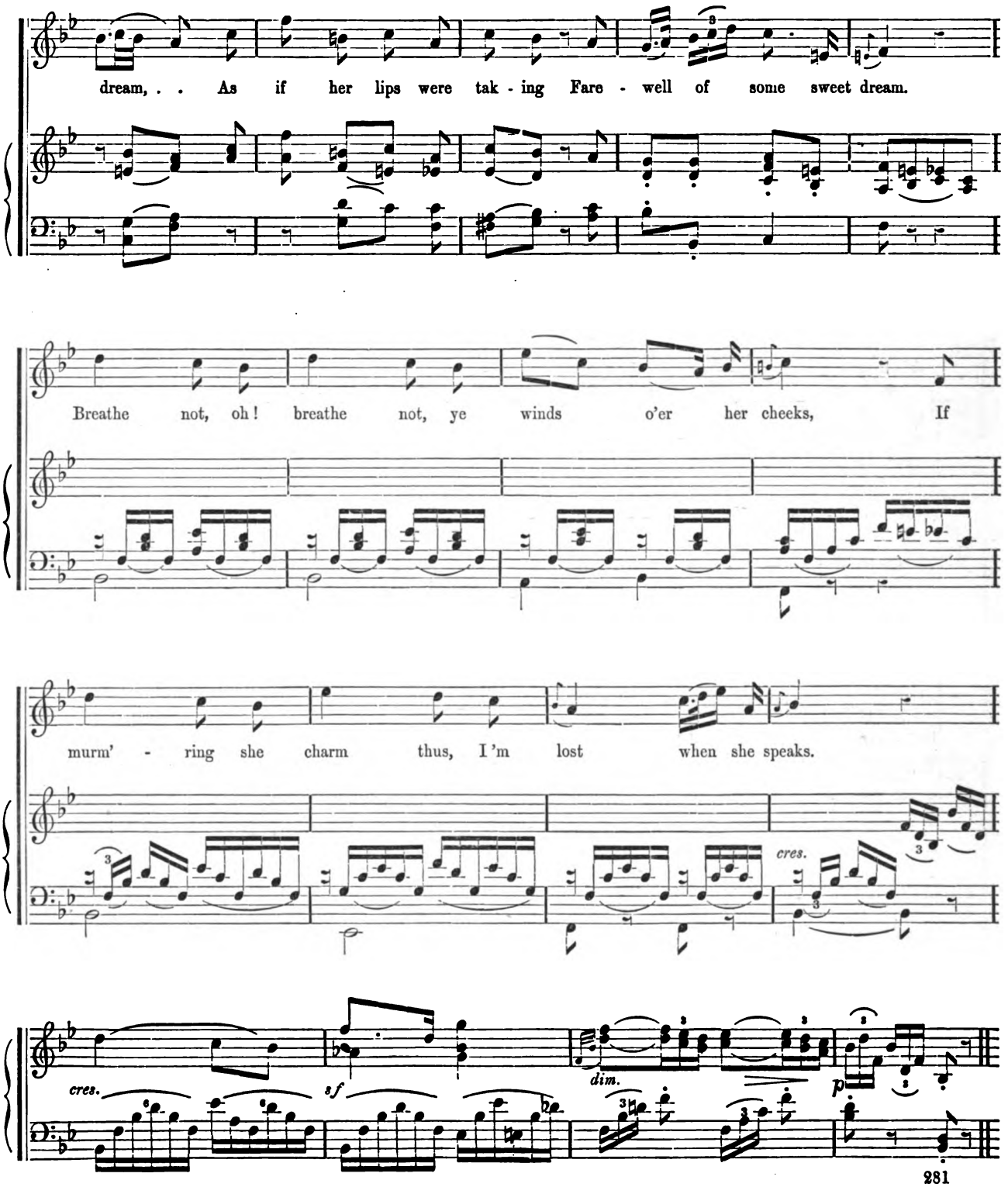

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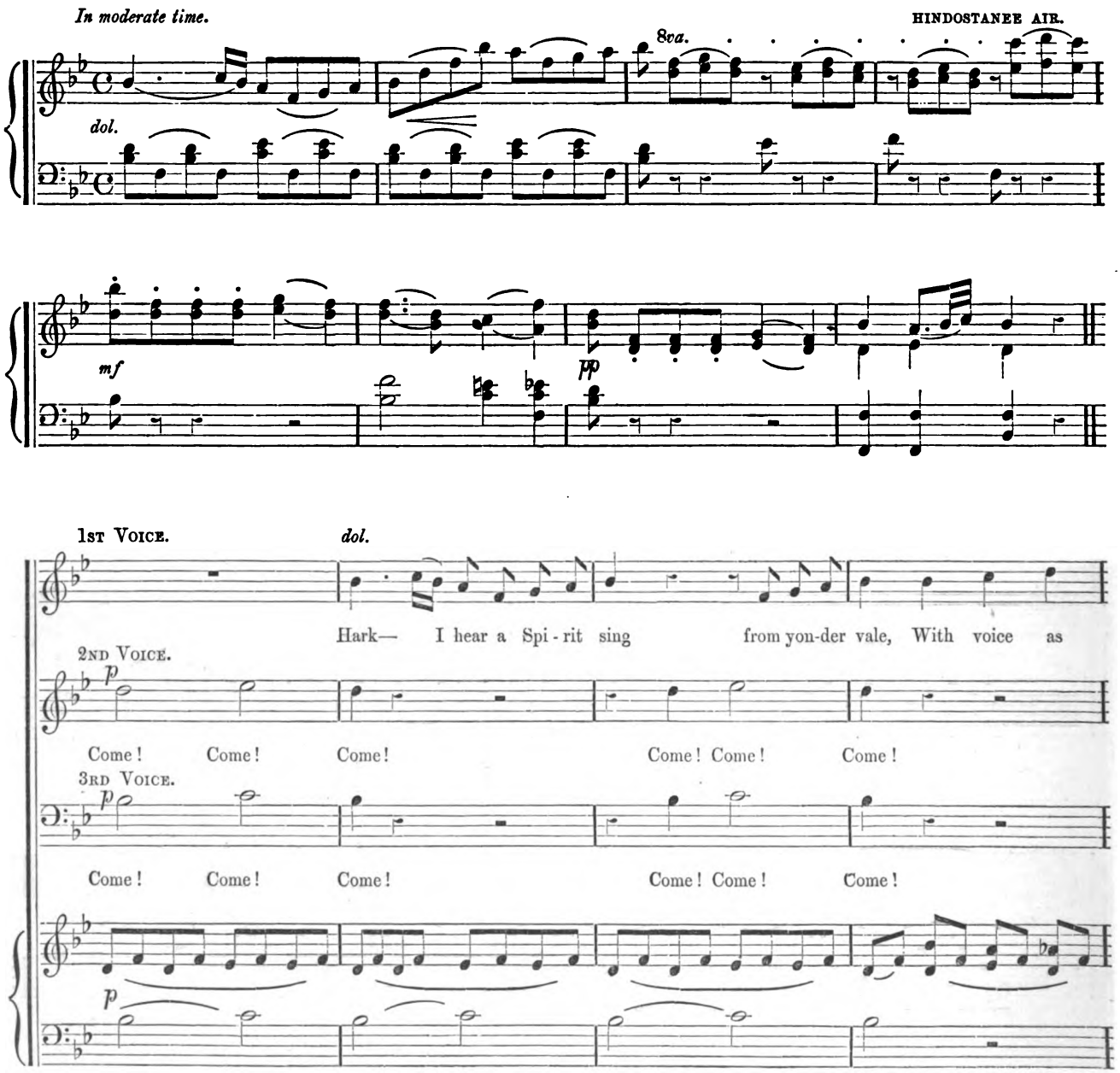
HARK, I HEAR A SPIRIT SING.

FOR THREE VOICES.



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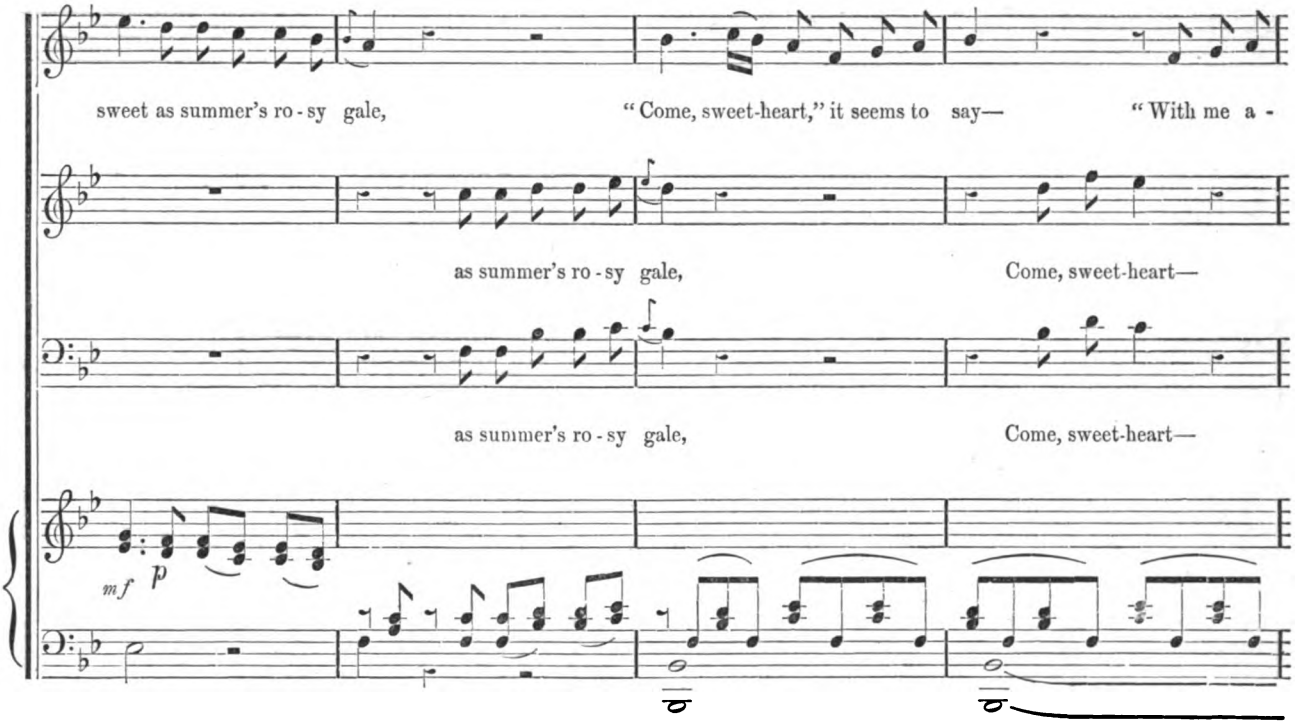

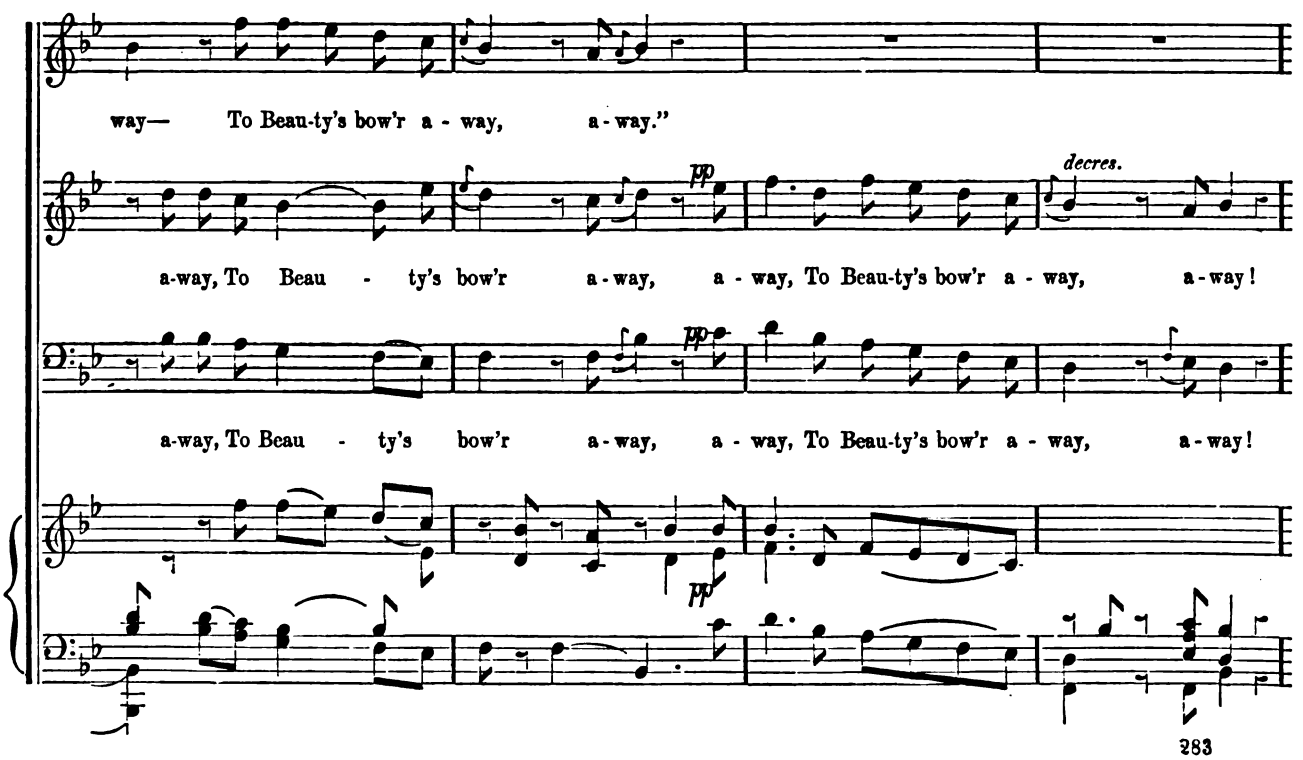

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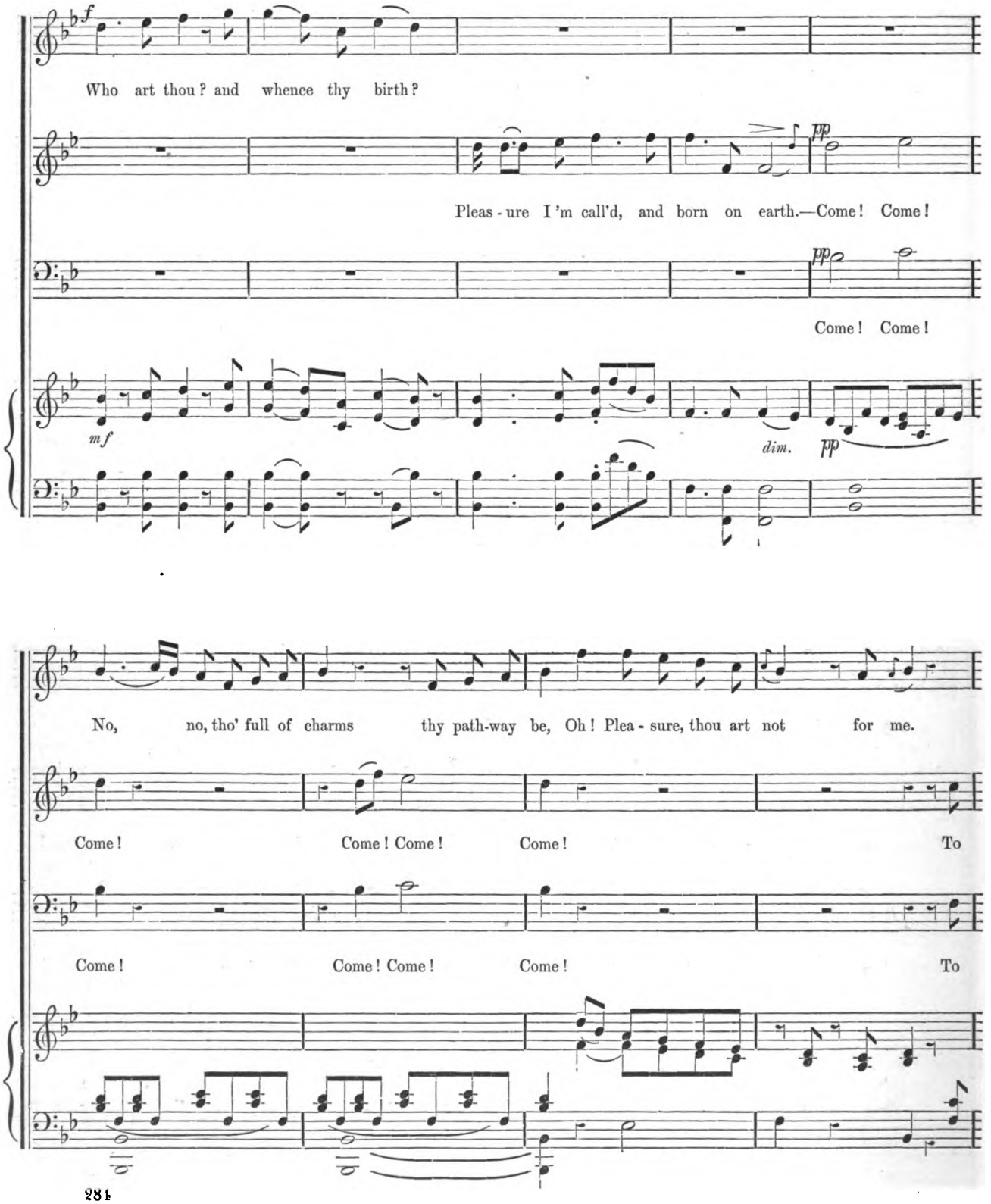

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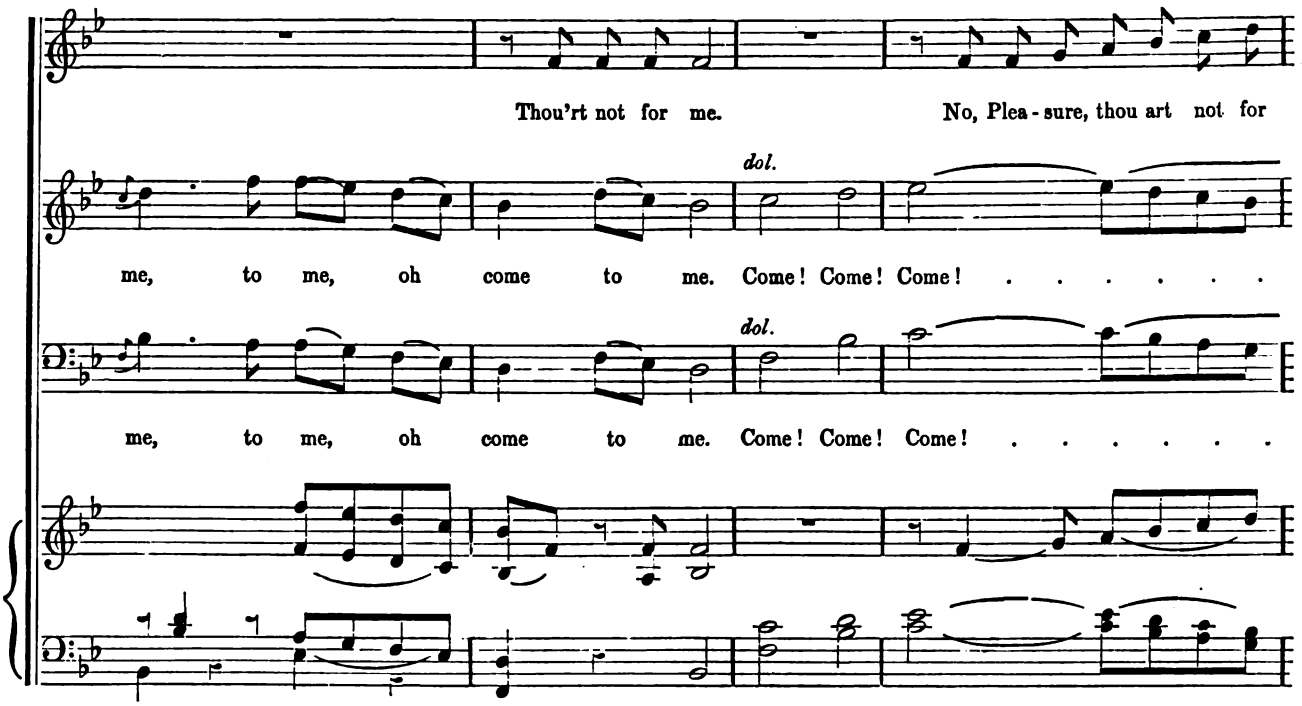

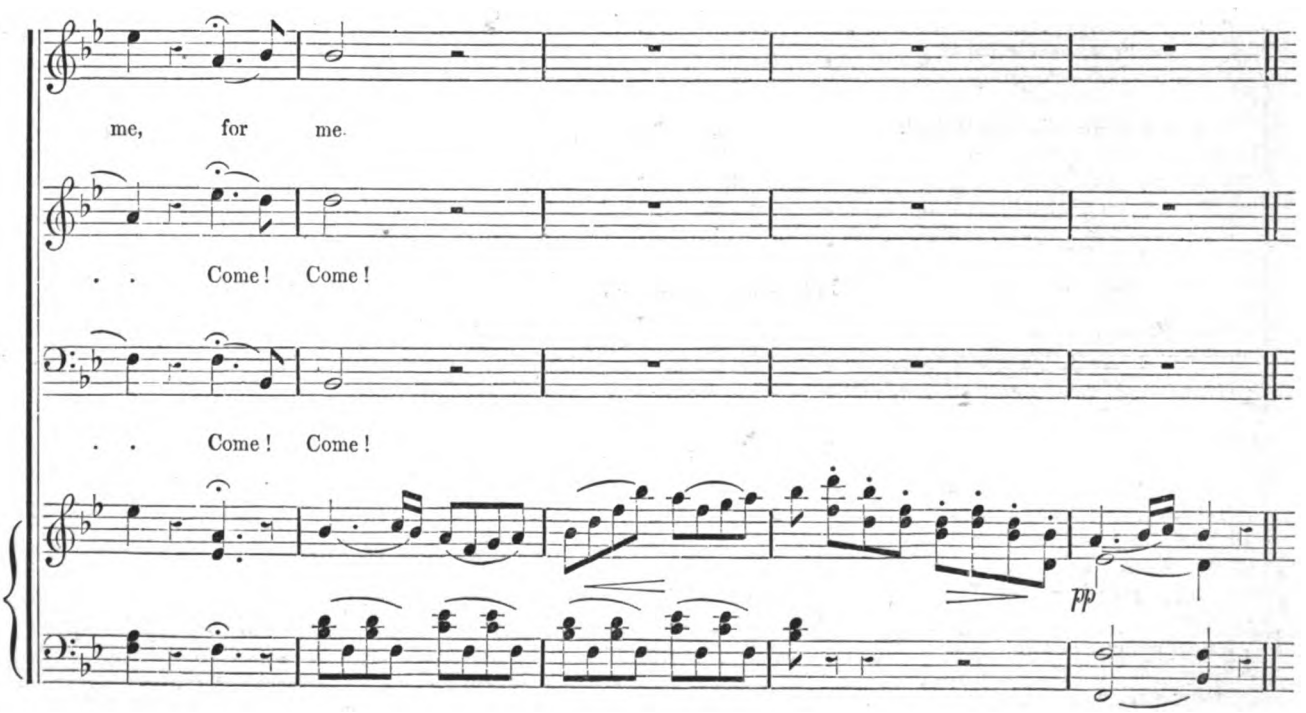

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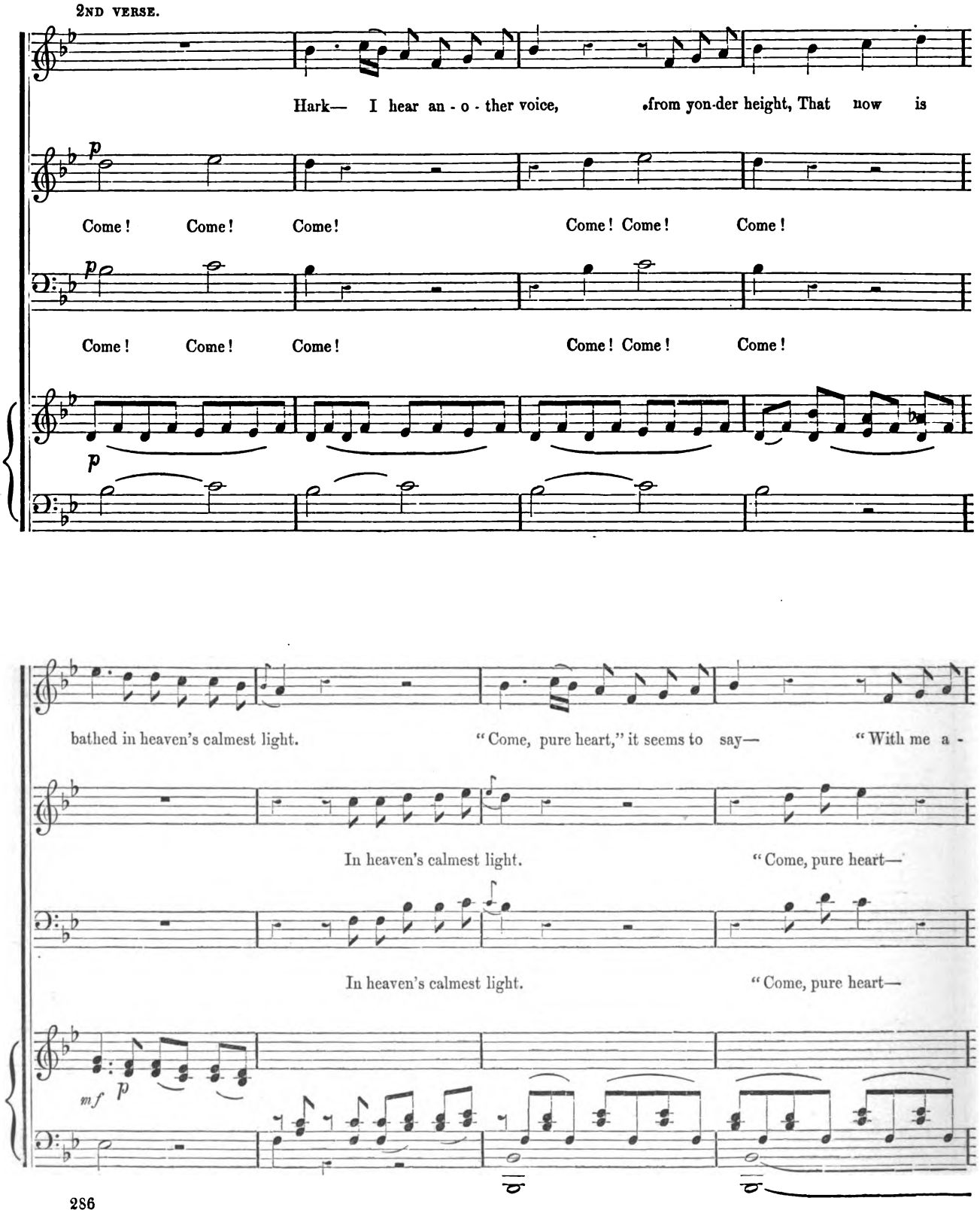

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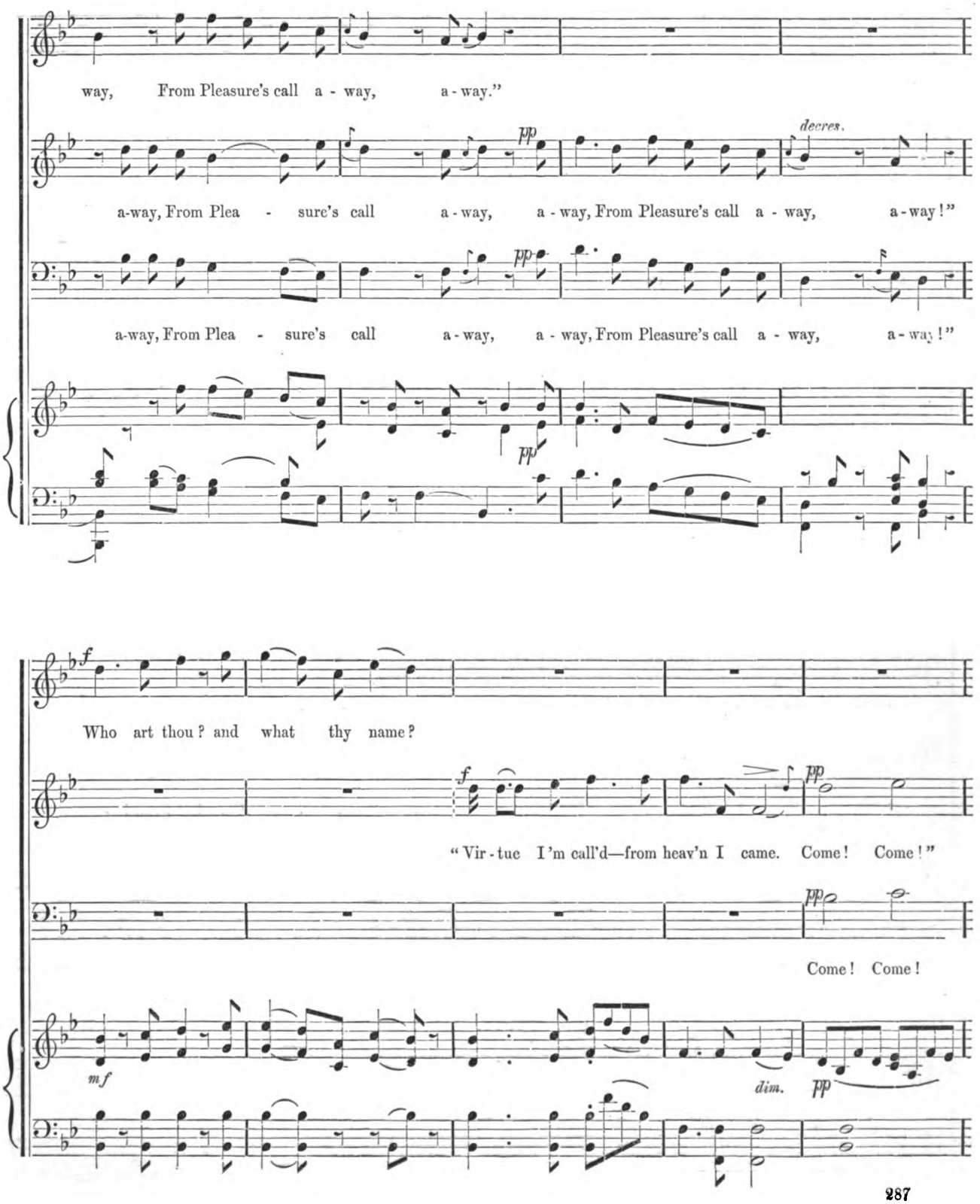

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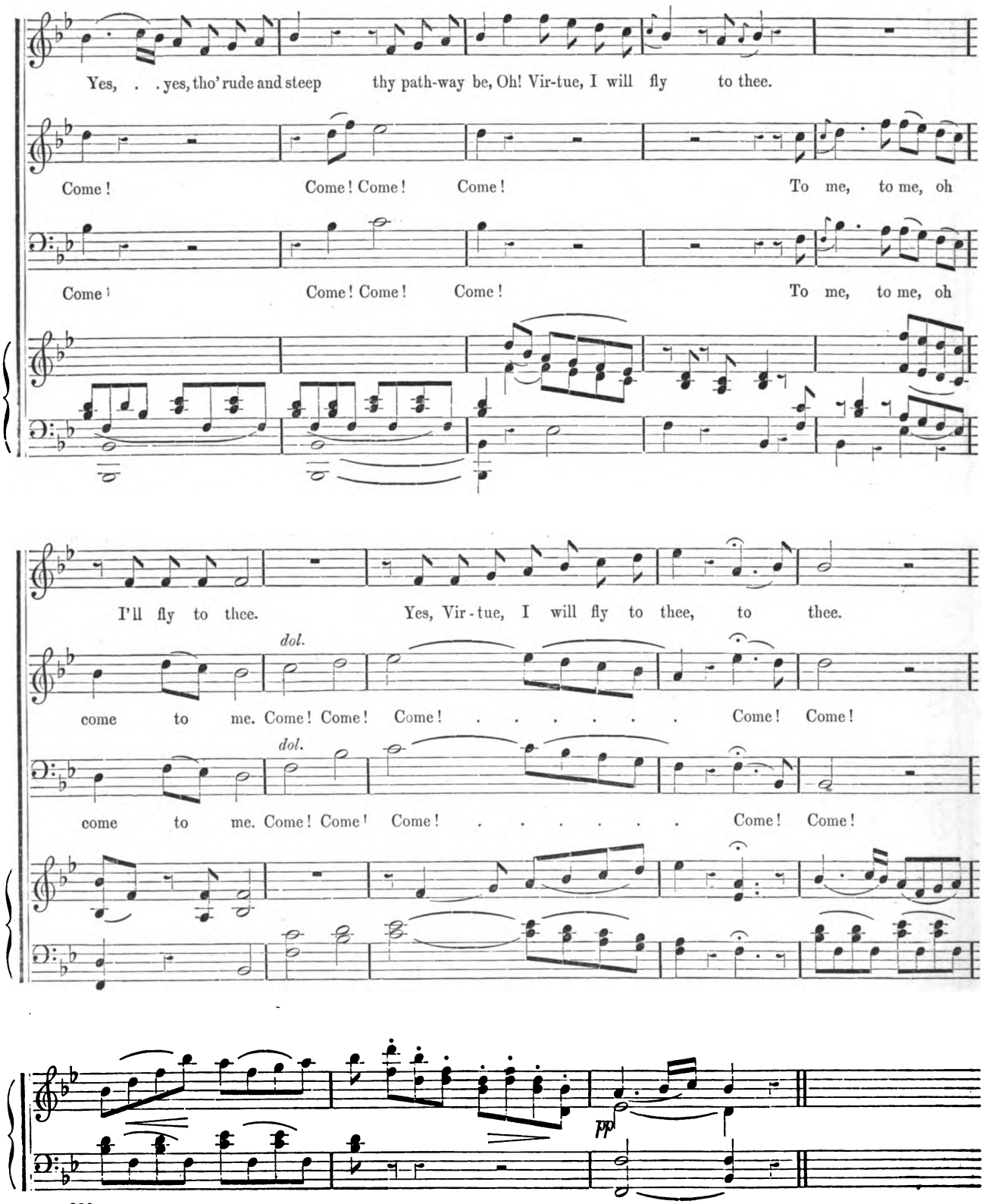

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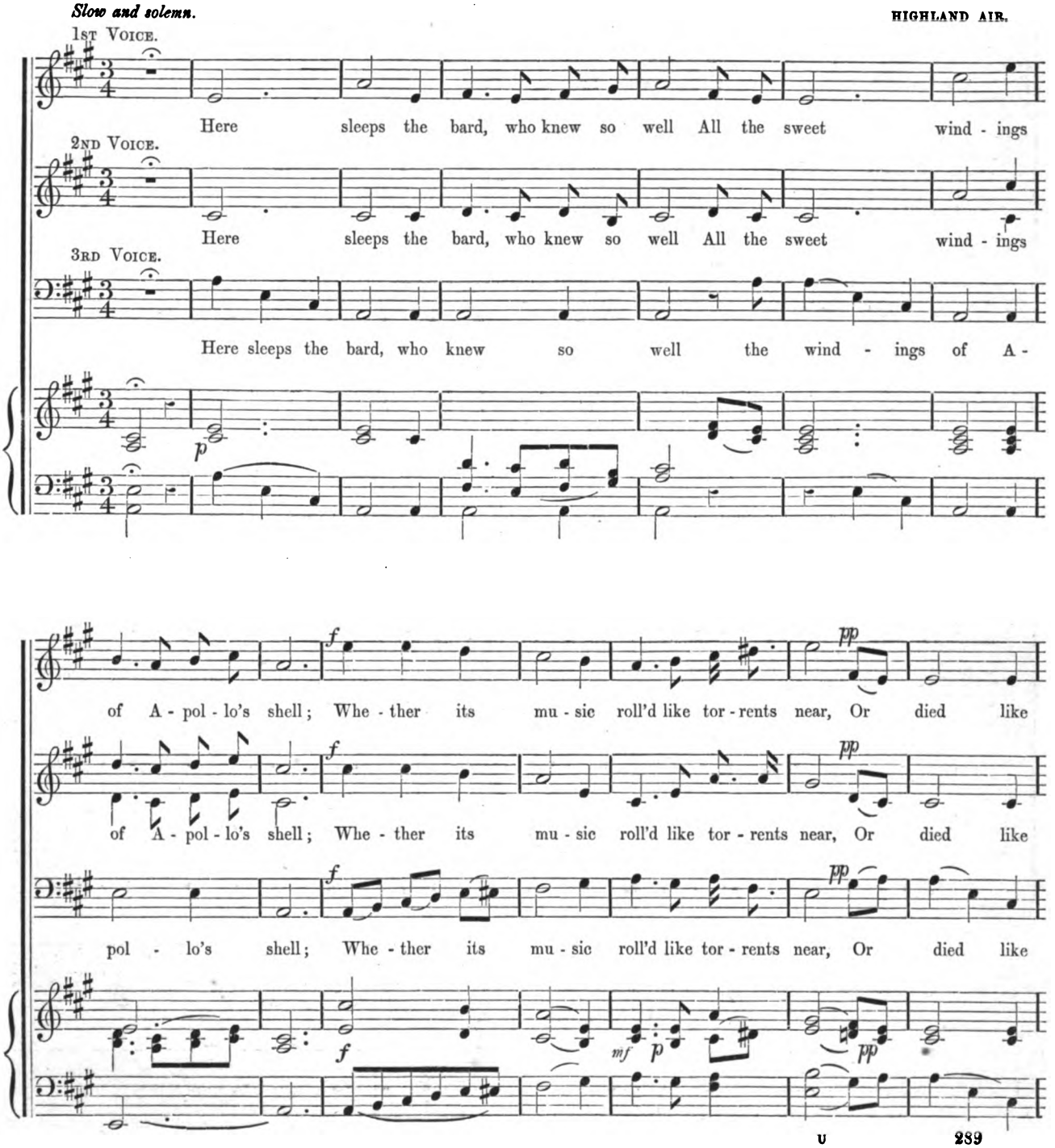
HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

FOR THREE VOICES.

Slow and solemn.

HIGHLAND AIR.



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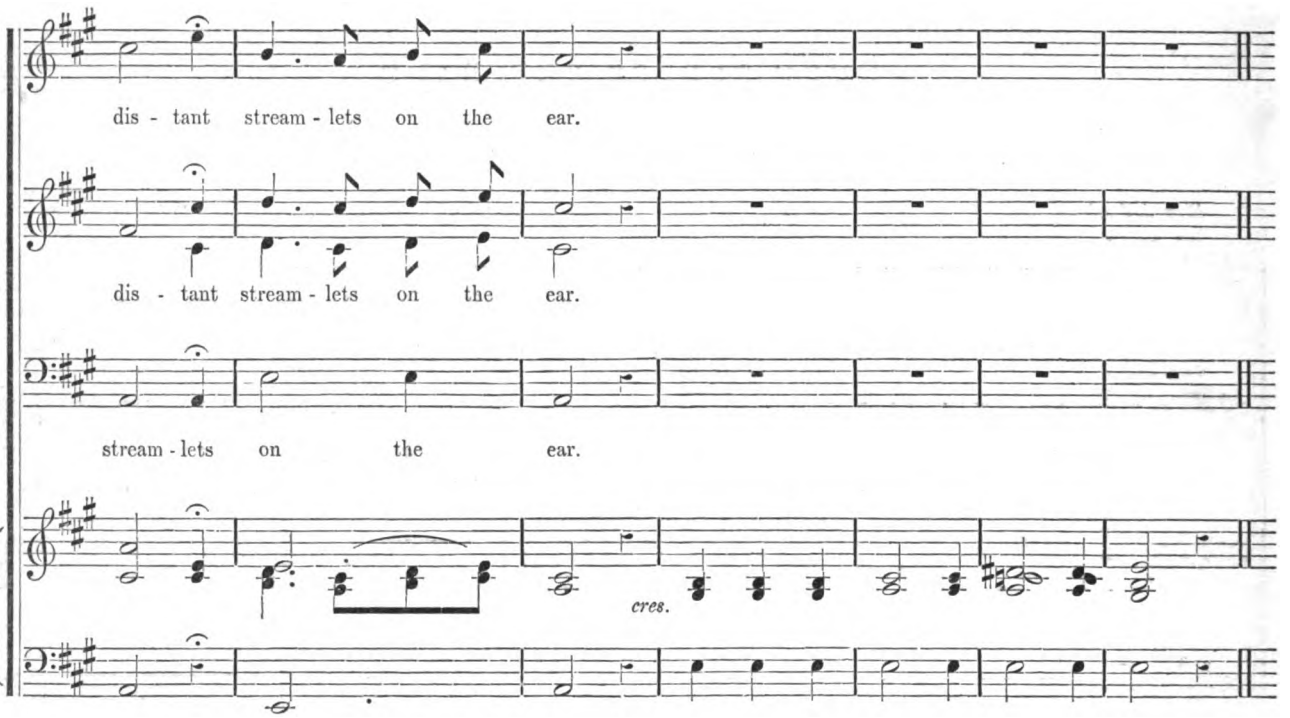

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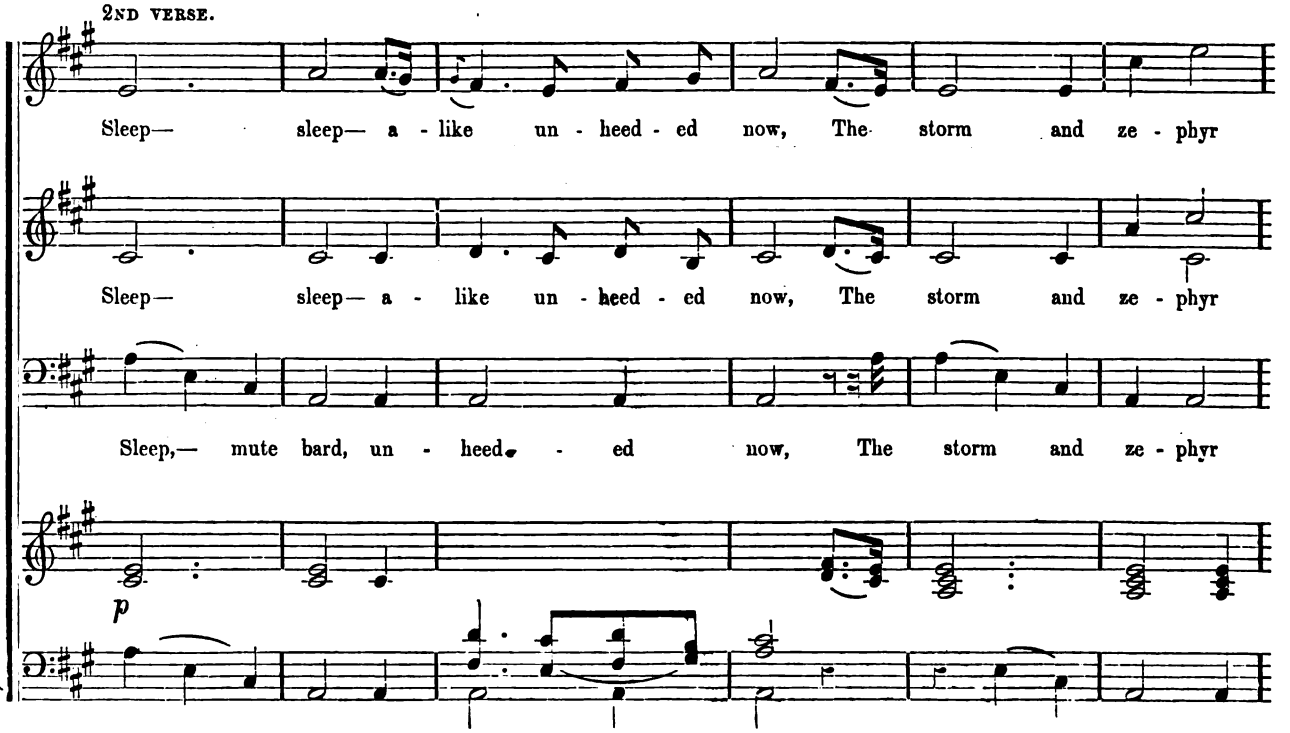

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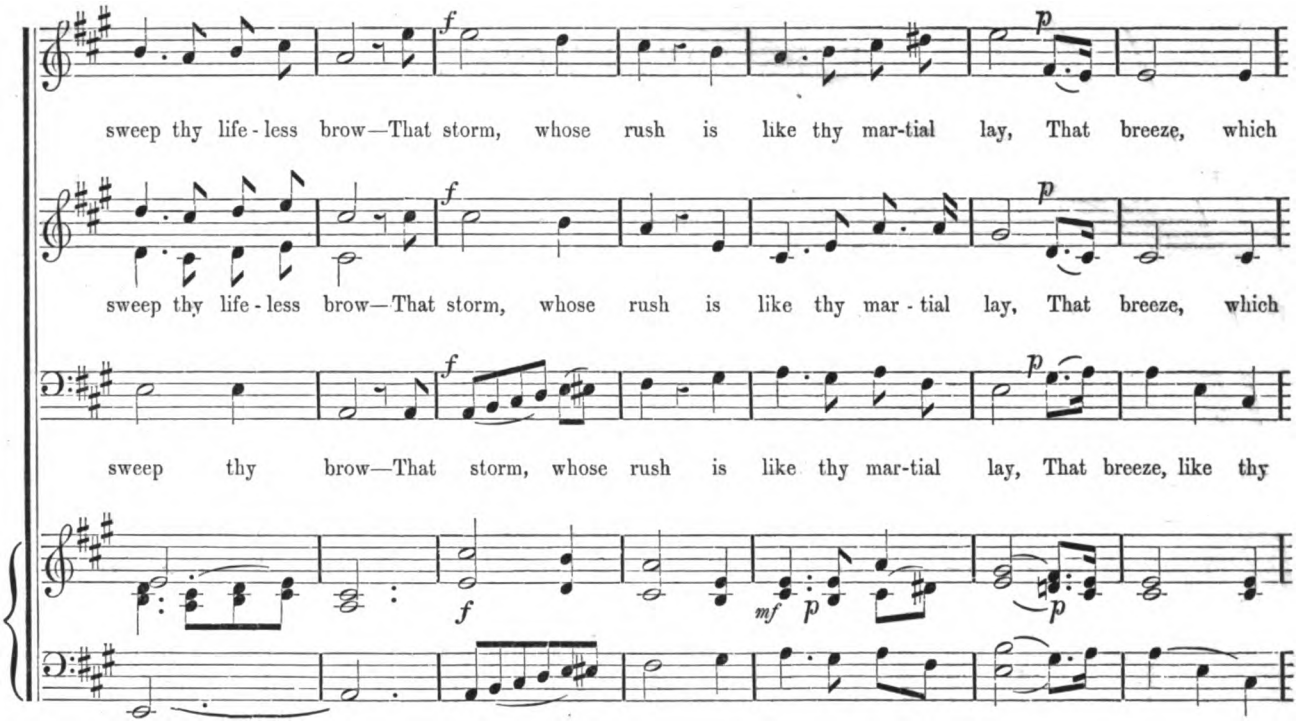

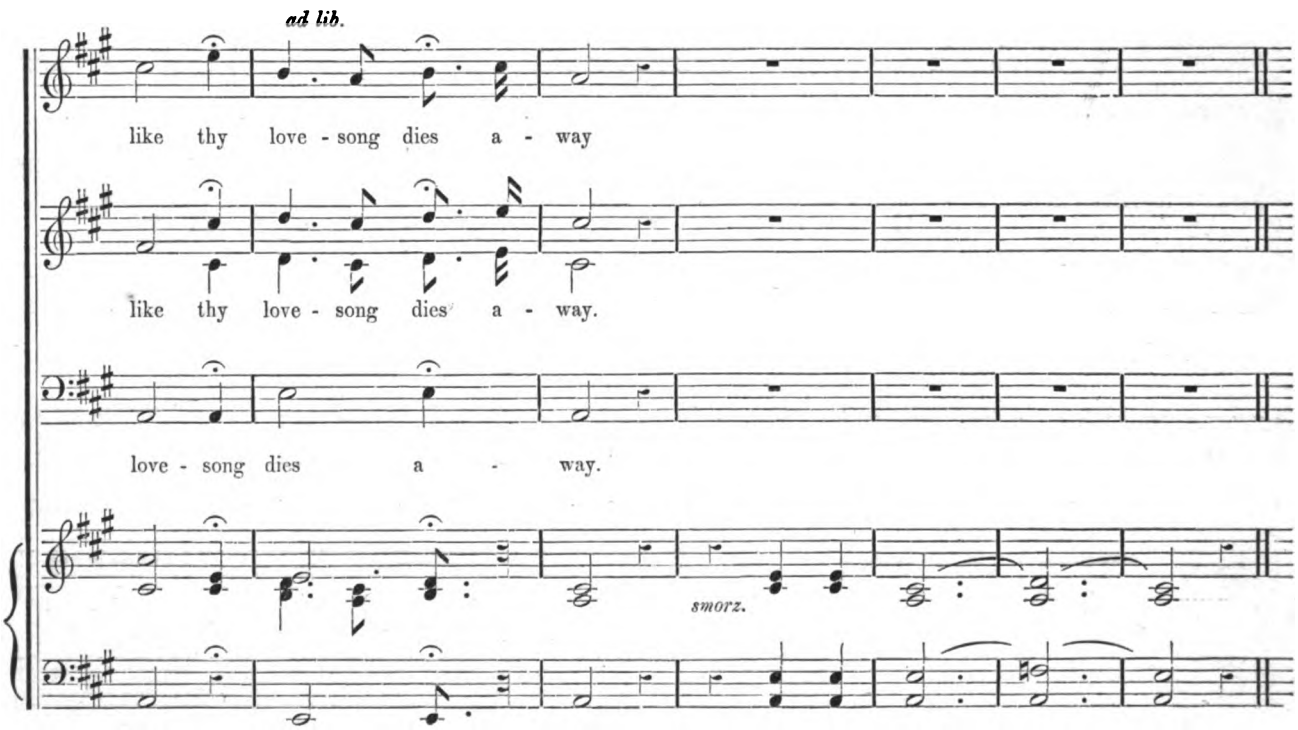

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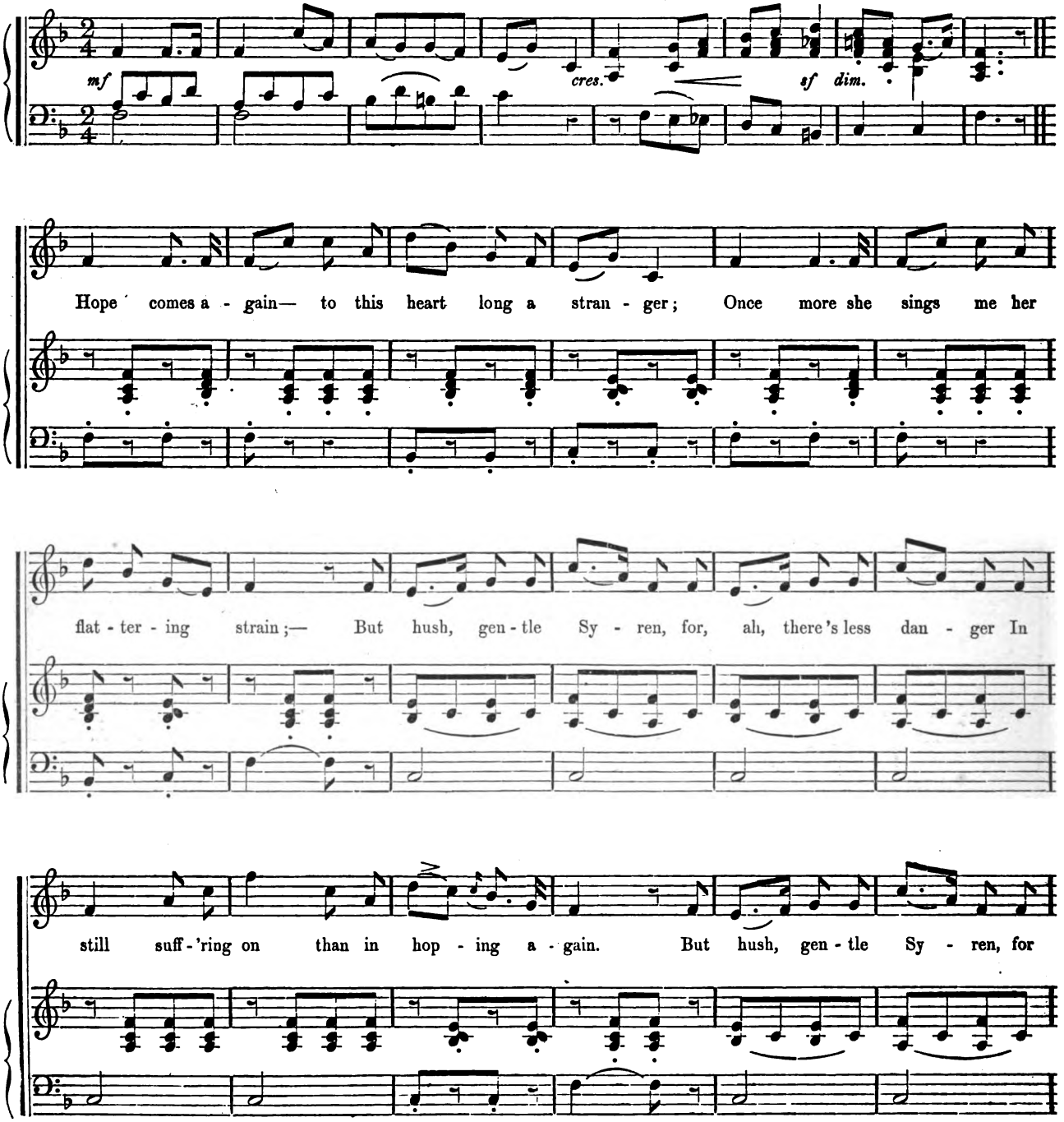
HOPE COMES AGAIN.

With much feeling. OLD ENGLISH AIR.



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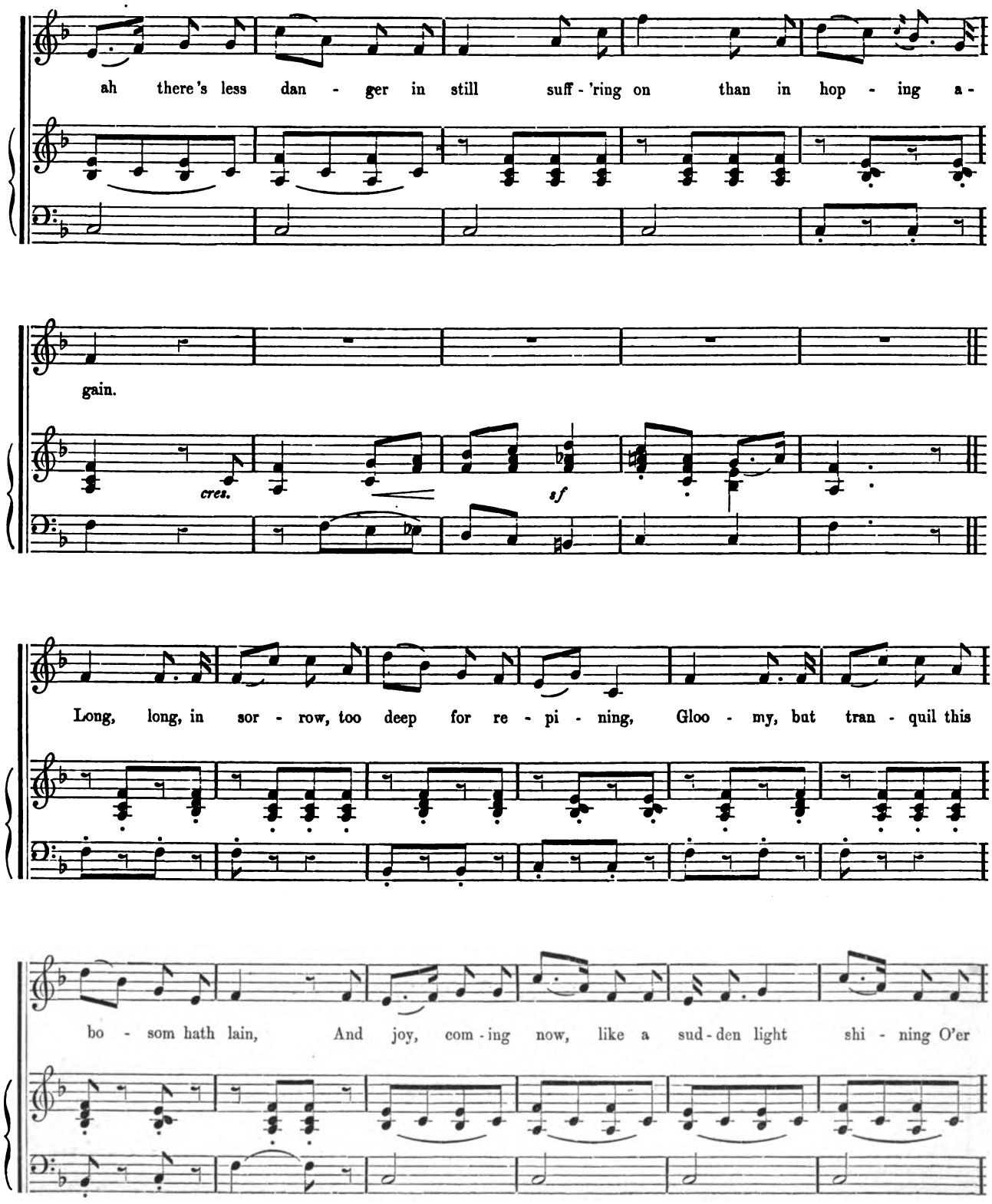

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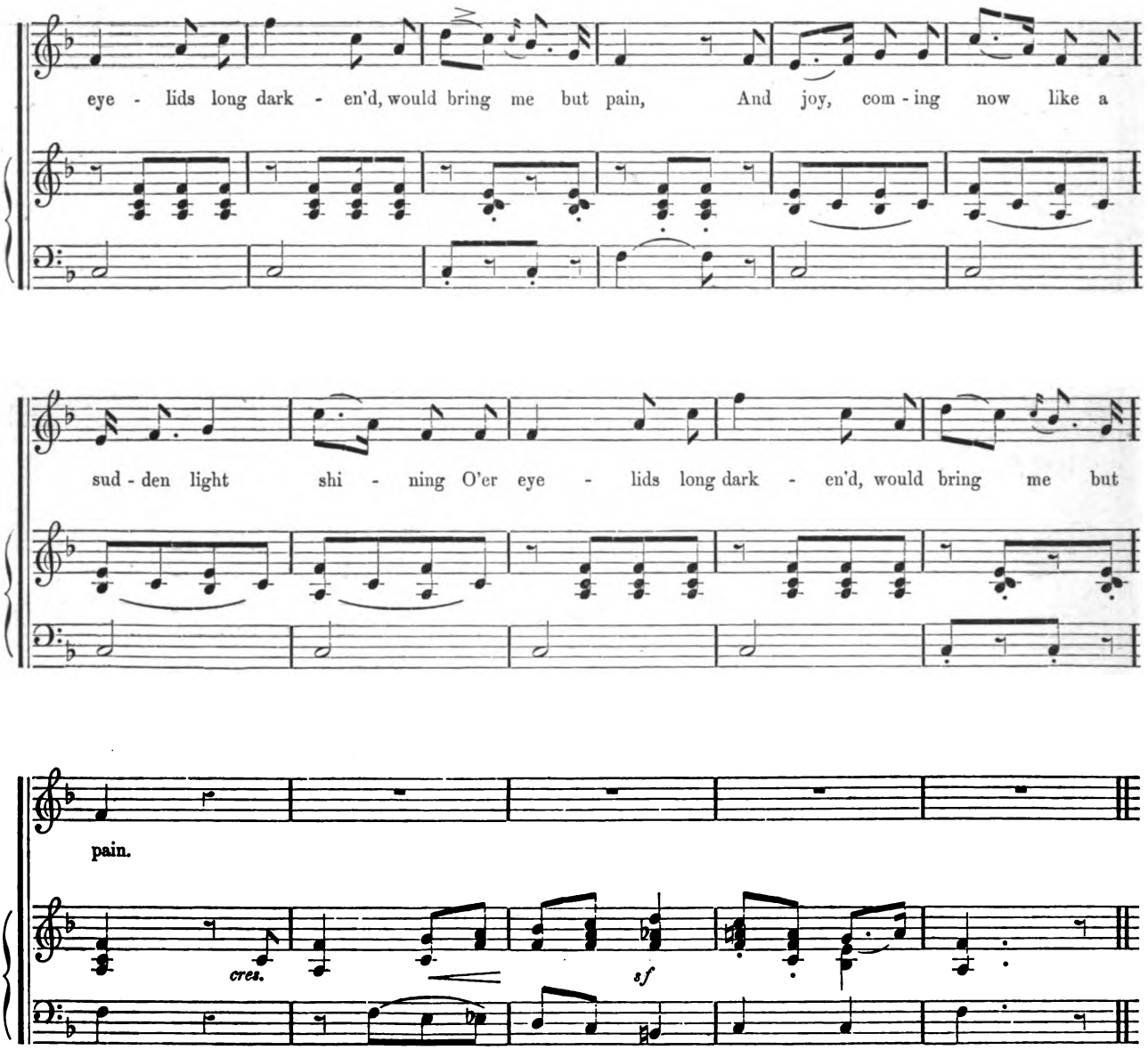

Fly then, ye visions, that hope would shed o'er me,—
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But, ah, in forgetting how once I was blest!

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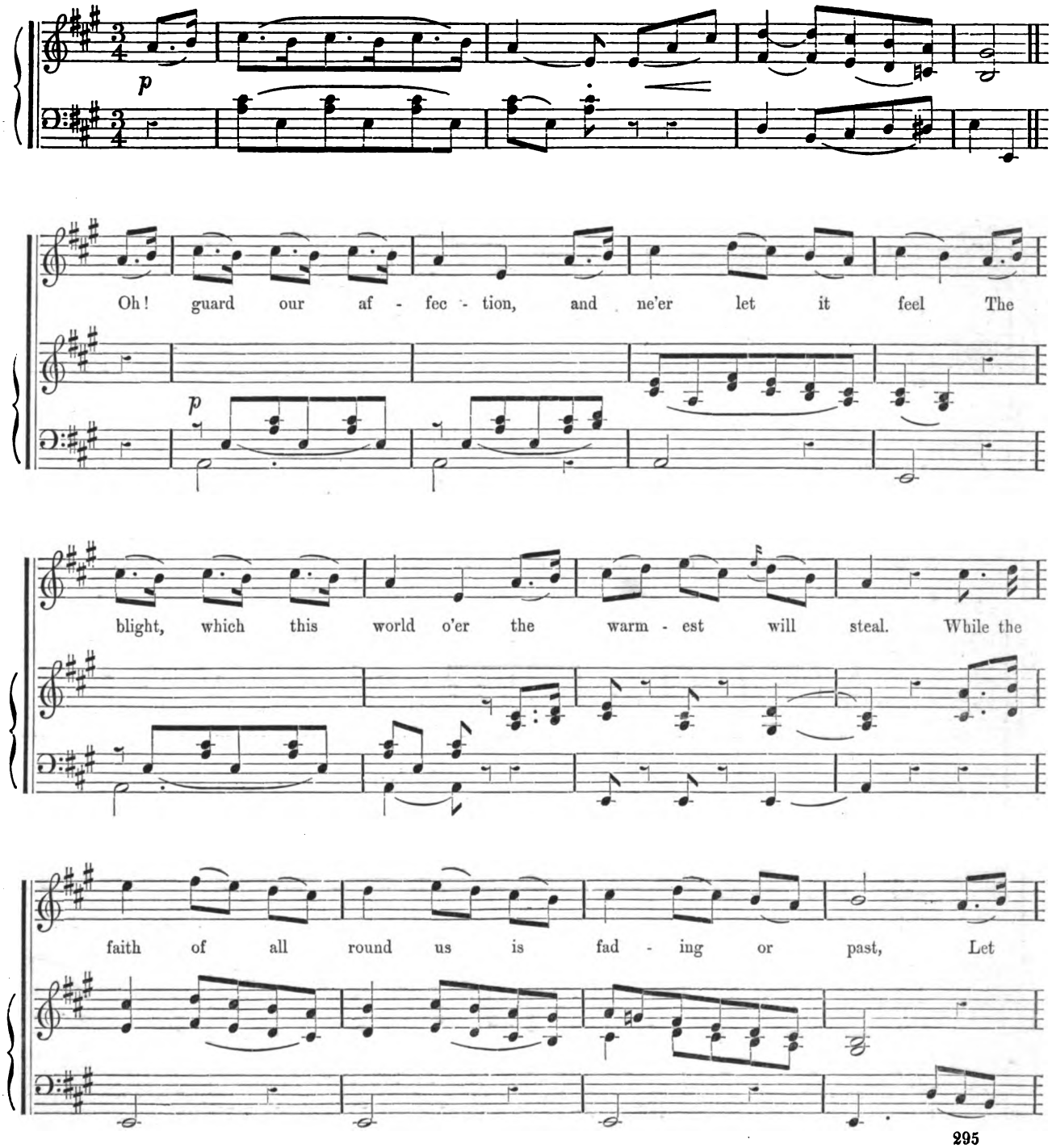
OH! GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

In moderate time and feeling. SCOTCH AIR.



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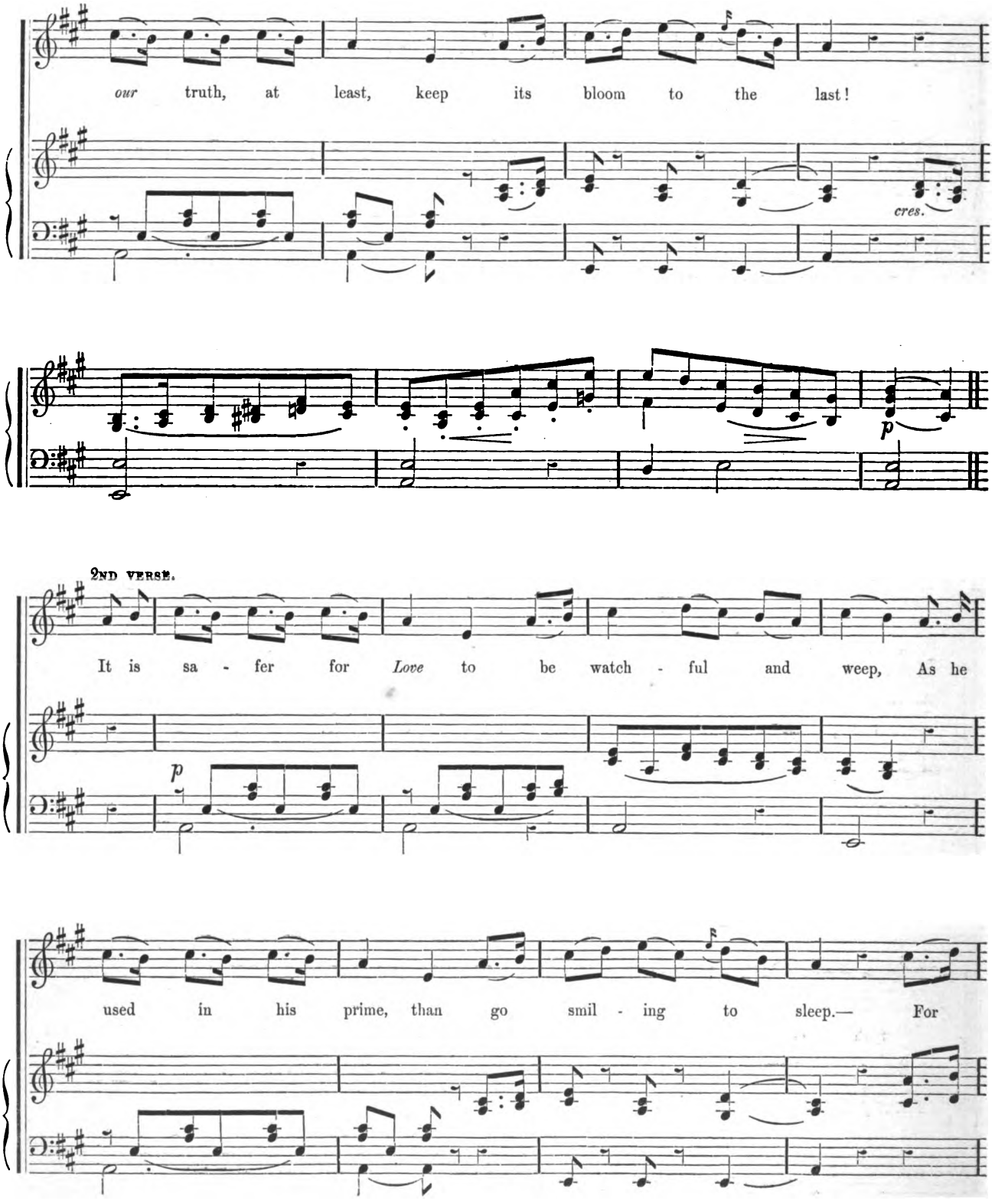

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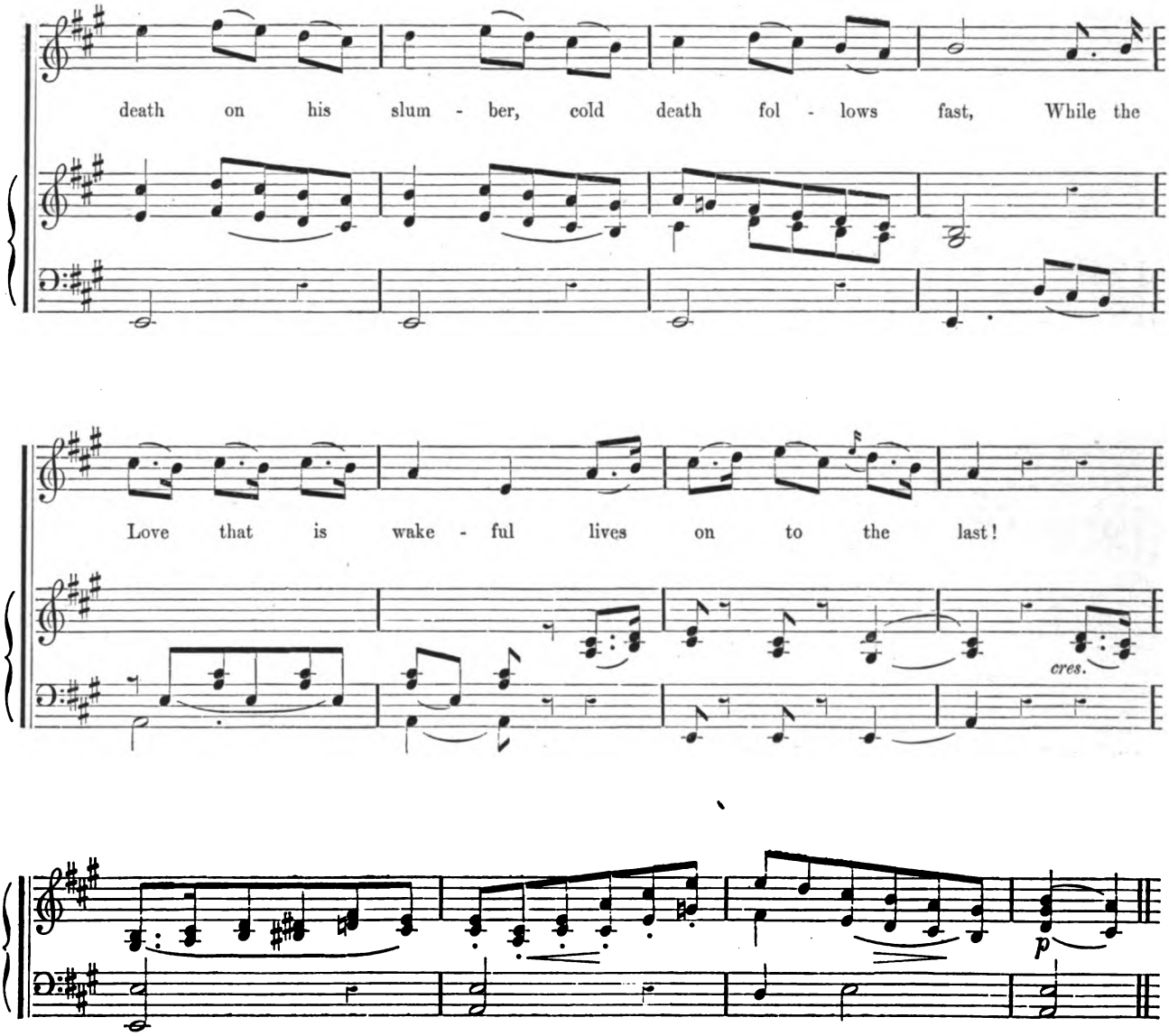

And though, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
A shade, somewhat darker, o'er life they may spread;
Yet transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.

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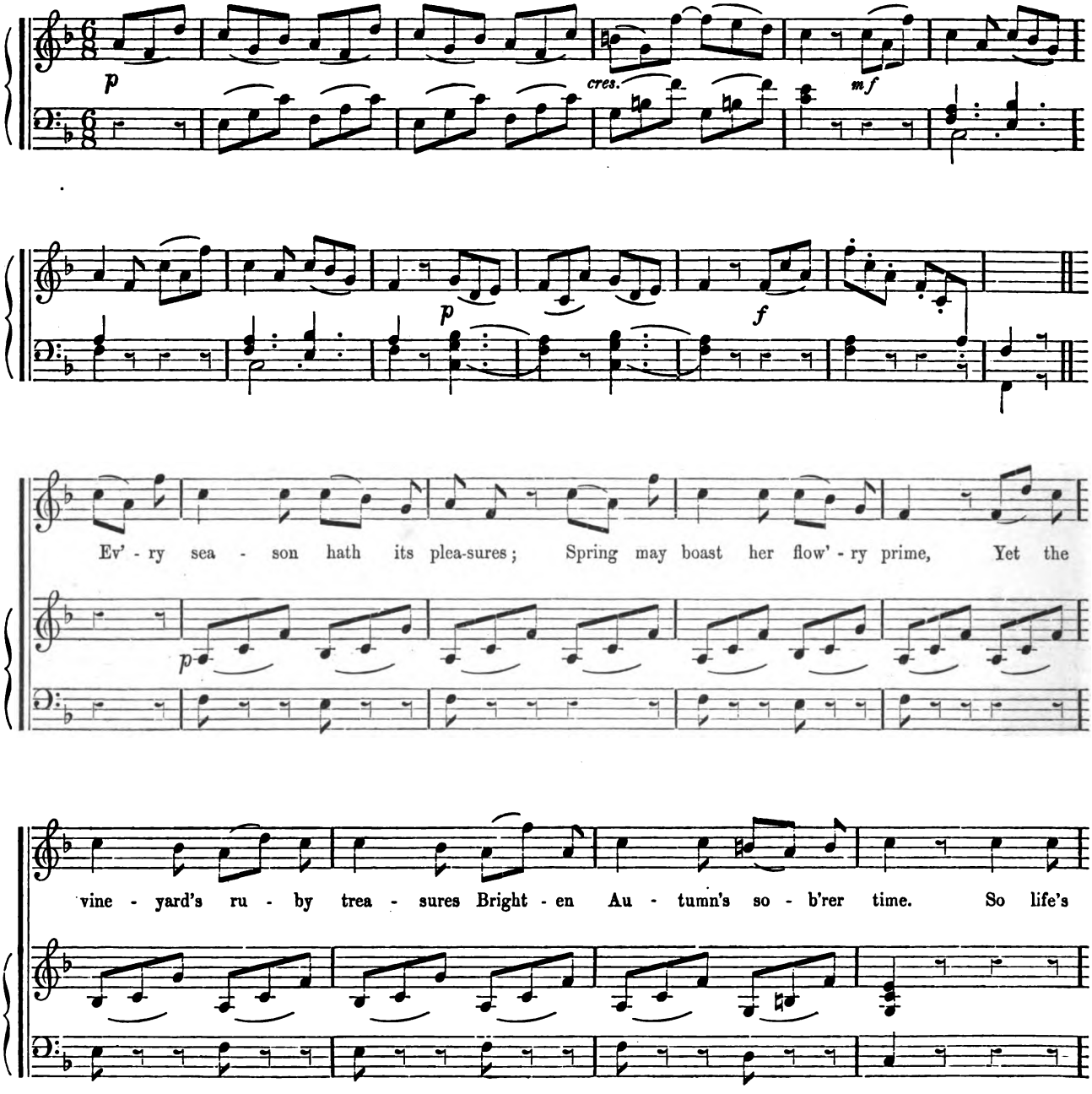
SPRING AND AUTUMN.

With cheerful feeling. FRENCH AIR.



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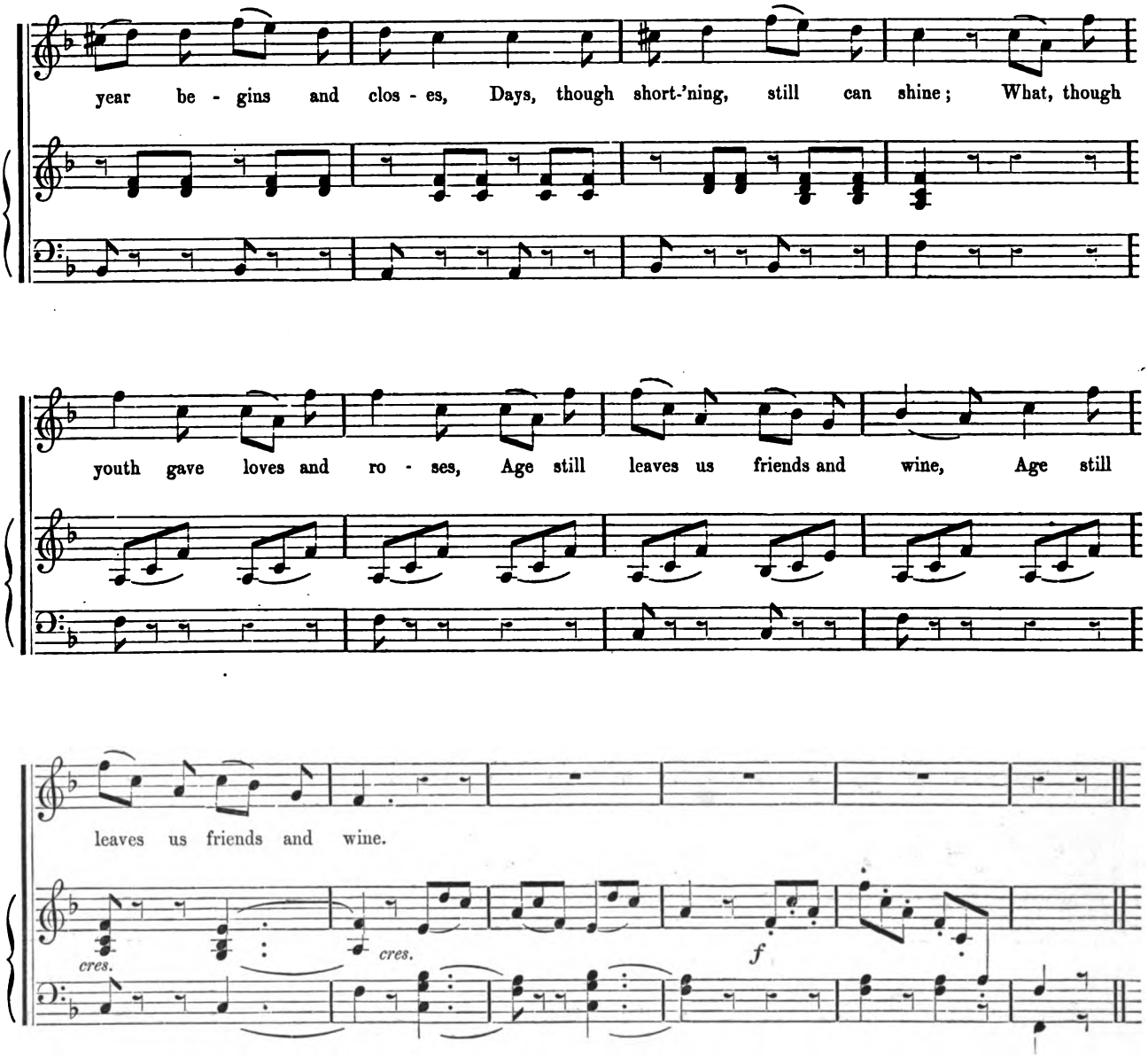

II.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
All the Spring look'd coy and shy,
Yet, herself, in Autumn sought me,
When the flow'rs were all gone by.
Ah! too late—she found her lover
Calm and free, beneath his vine,
Drinking to the spring-time over,
In his best autumnal wine.

III.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossom's dying,
While we still can taste the fruit.
Oh! while days like this are ours,
Where's the lip that dares repine?
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

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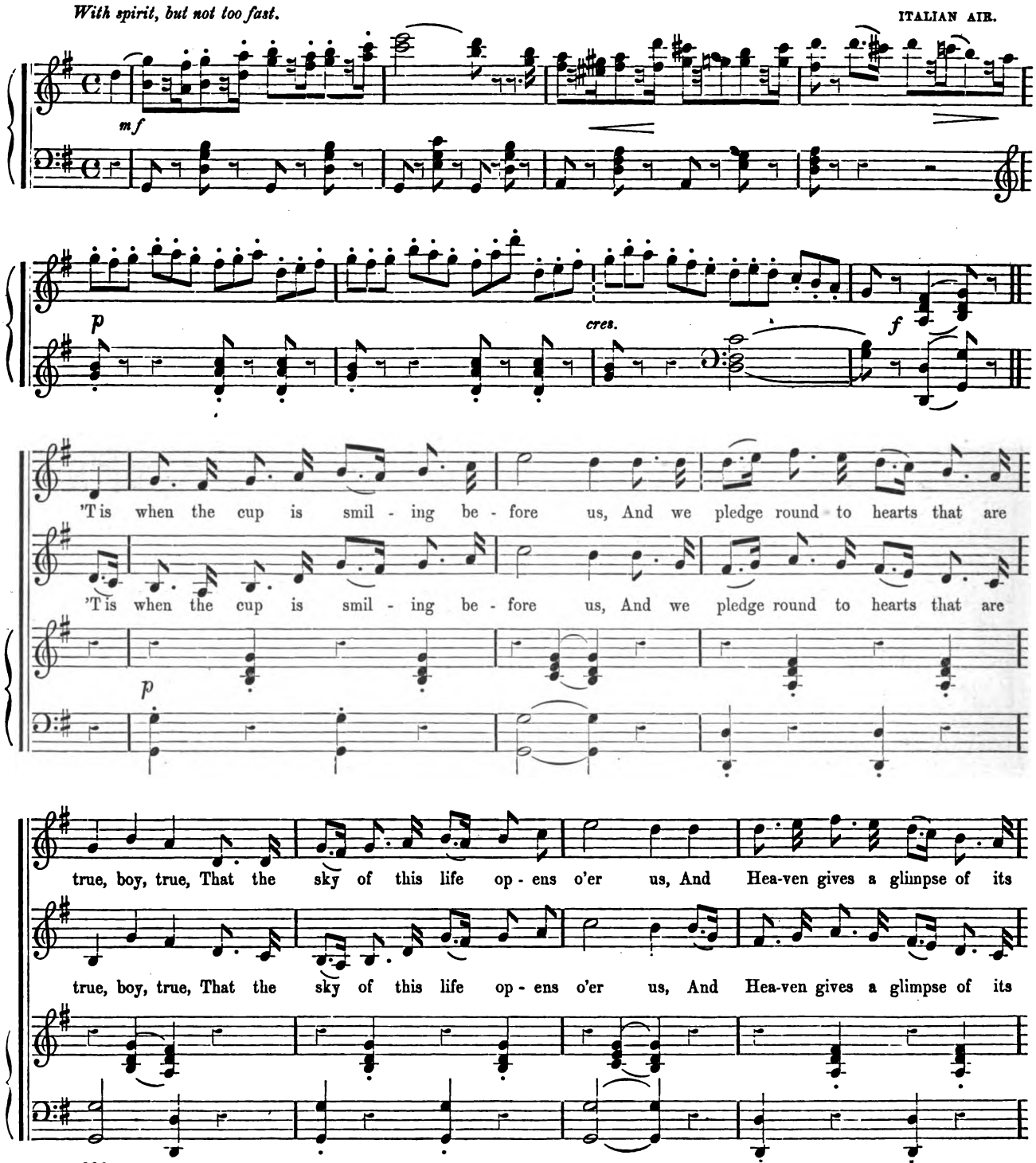
'T IS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

FOR TWO VOICES.

With spirit, but not too fast.

ITALIAN AIR.



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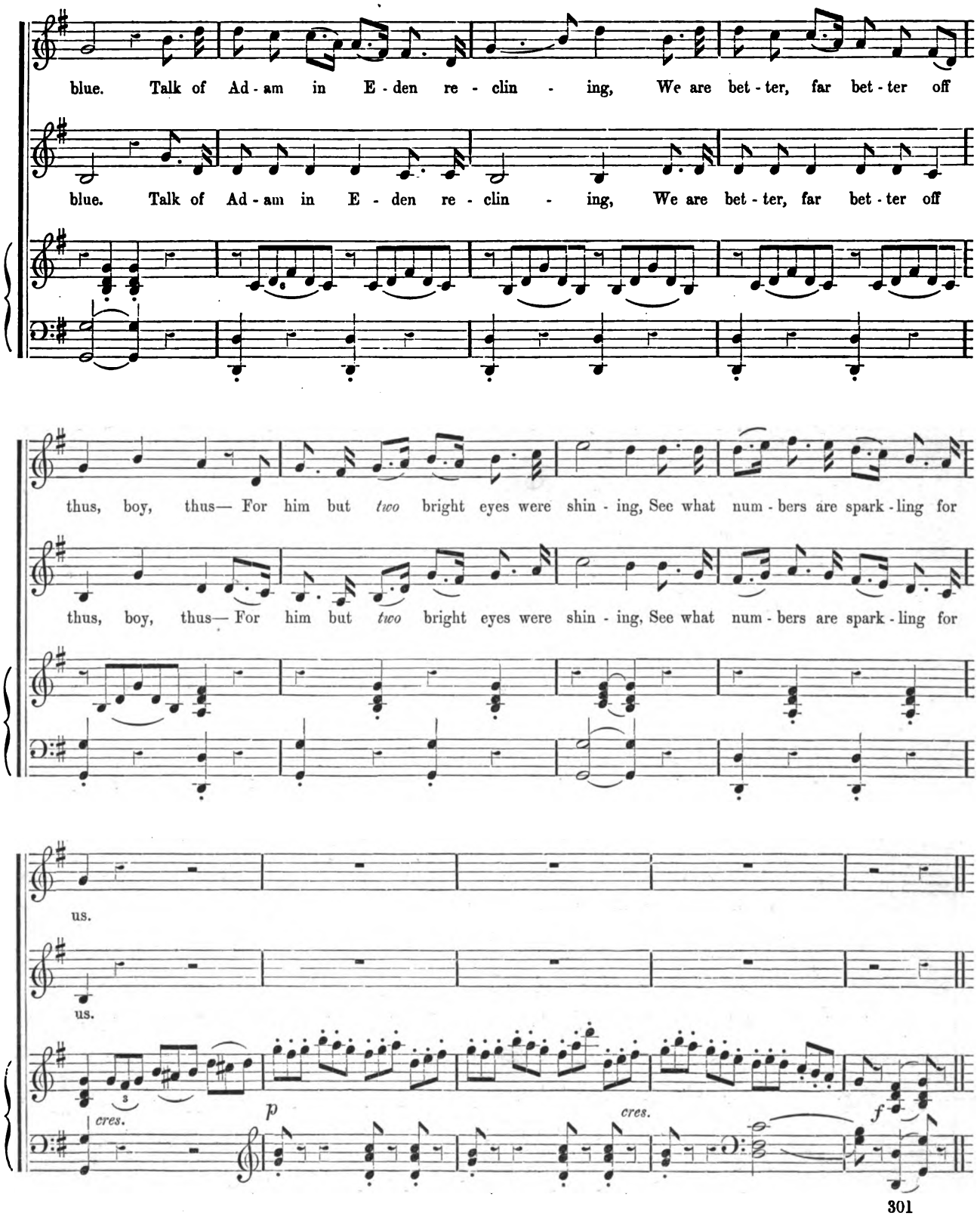

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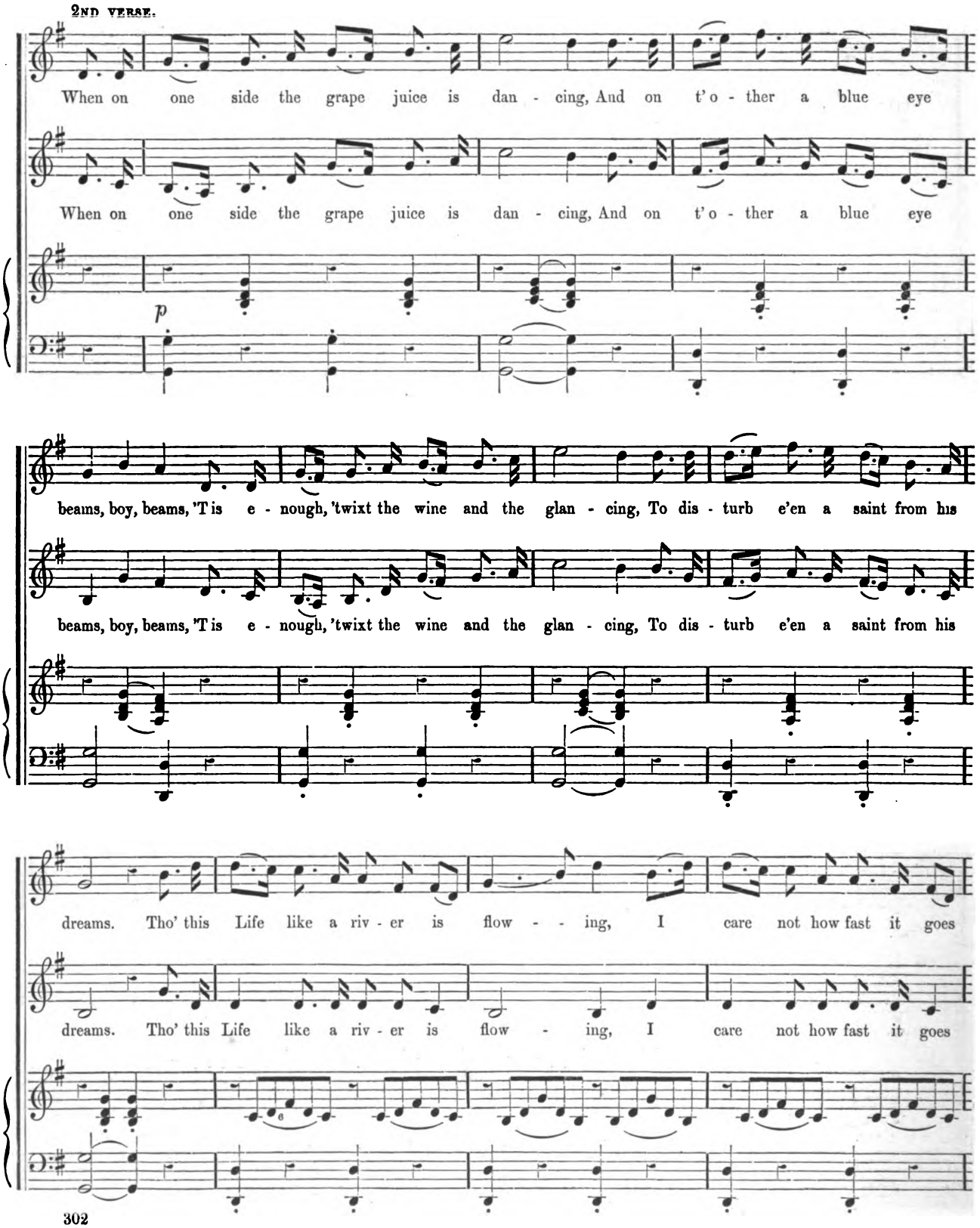
'T IS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

2ND VERSE.



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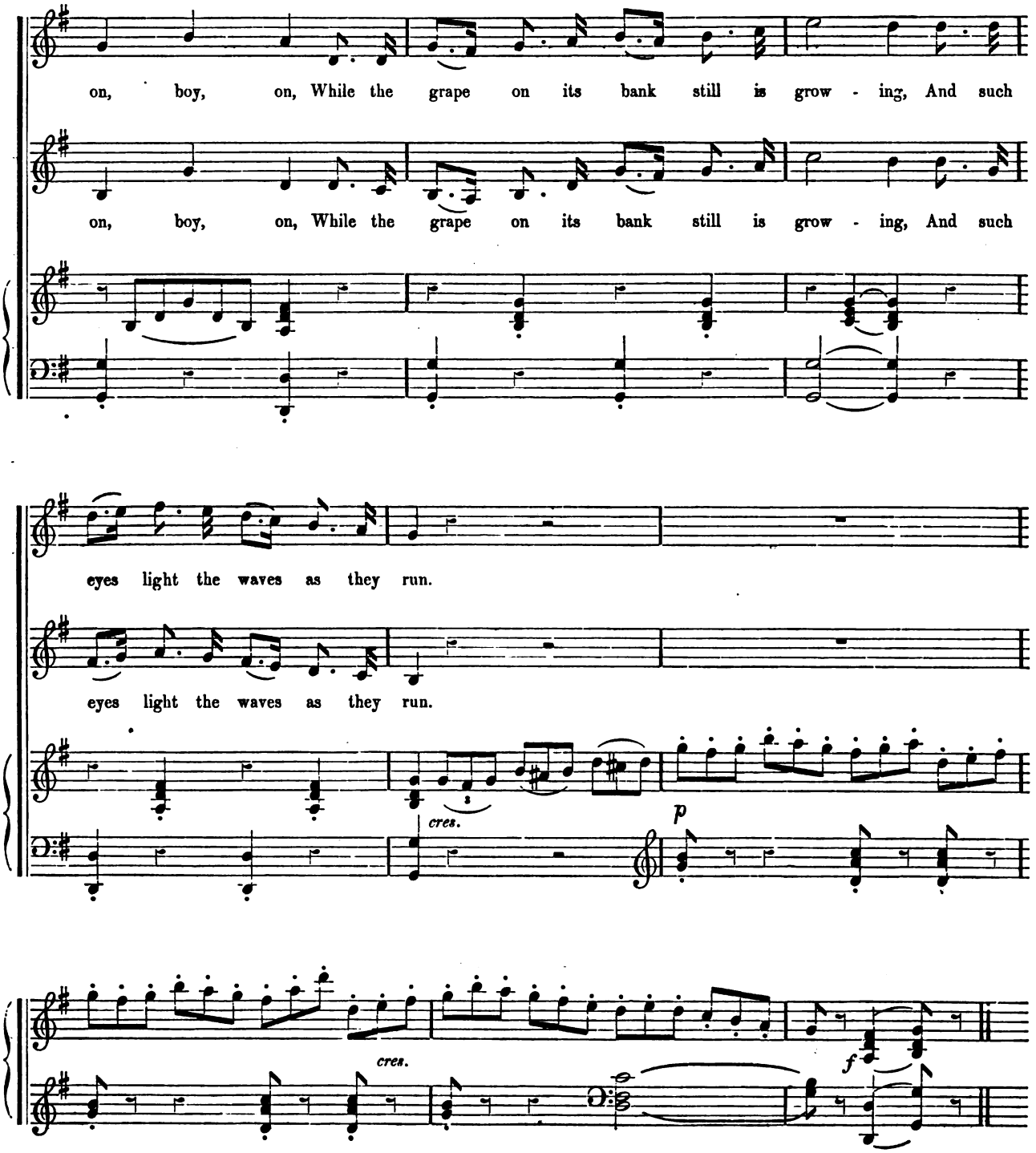

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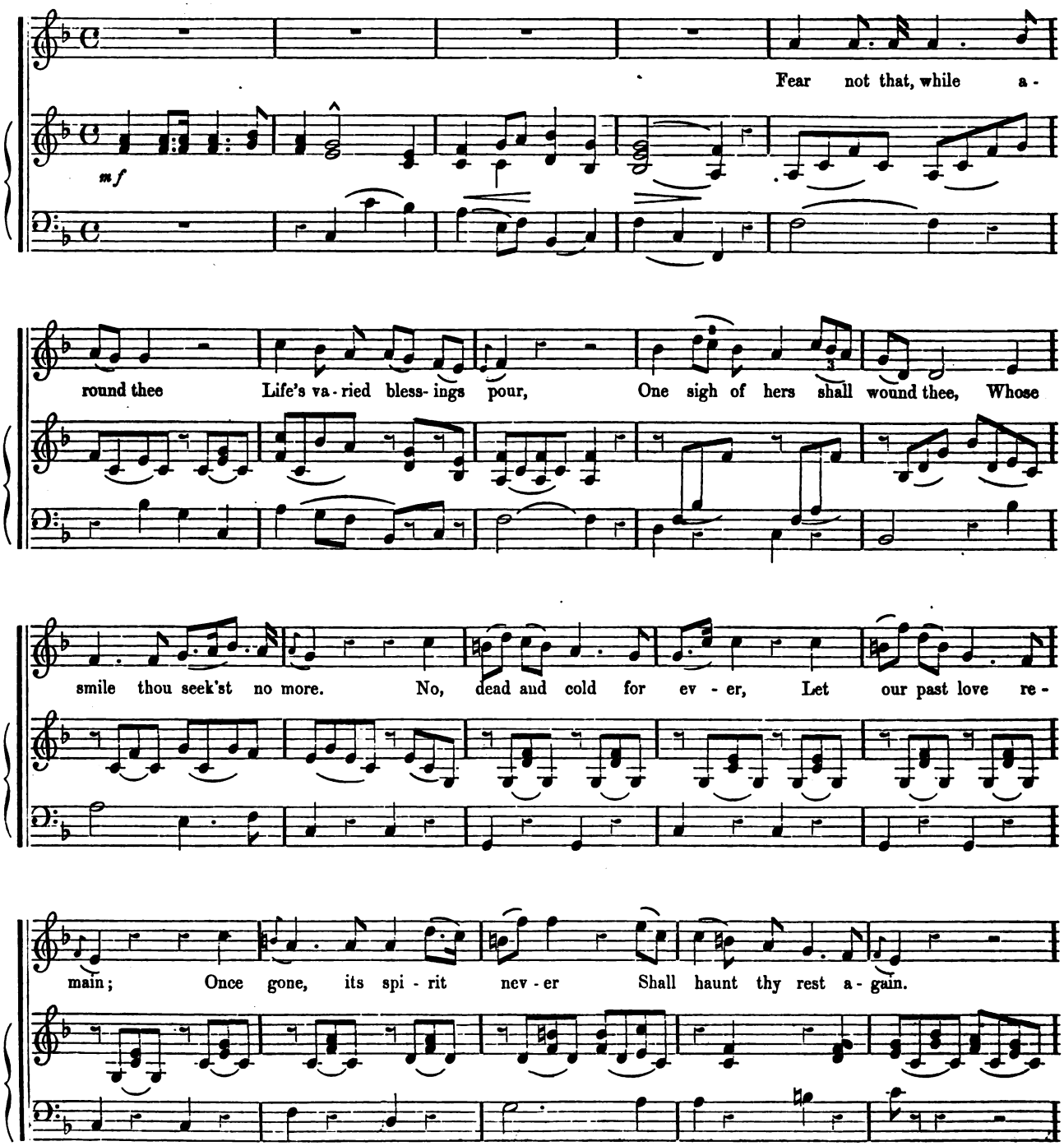
FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.

With mournful expression. FRENCH AIR.



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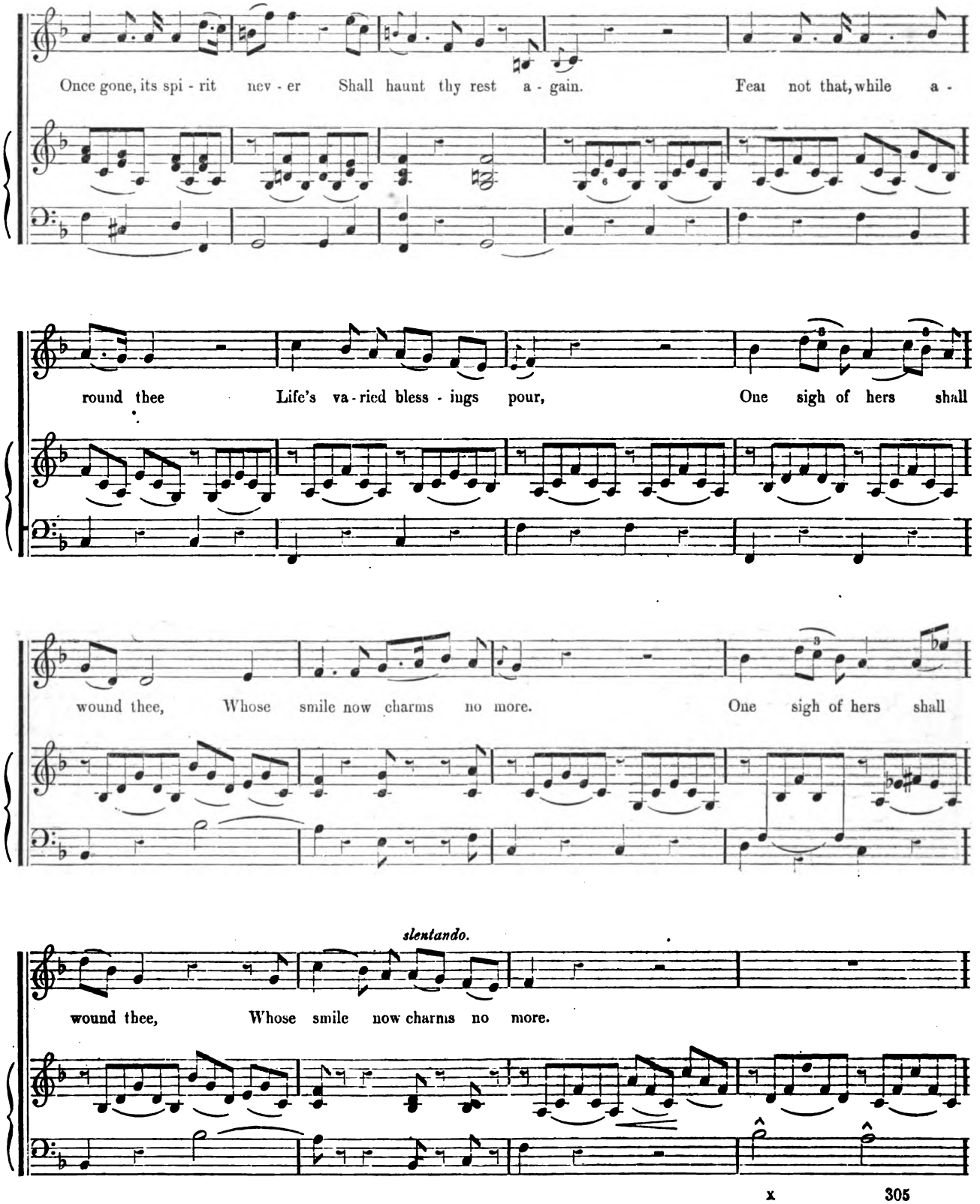
FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.



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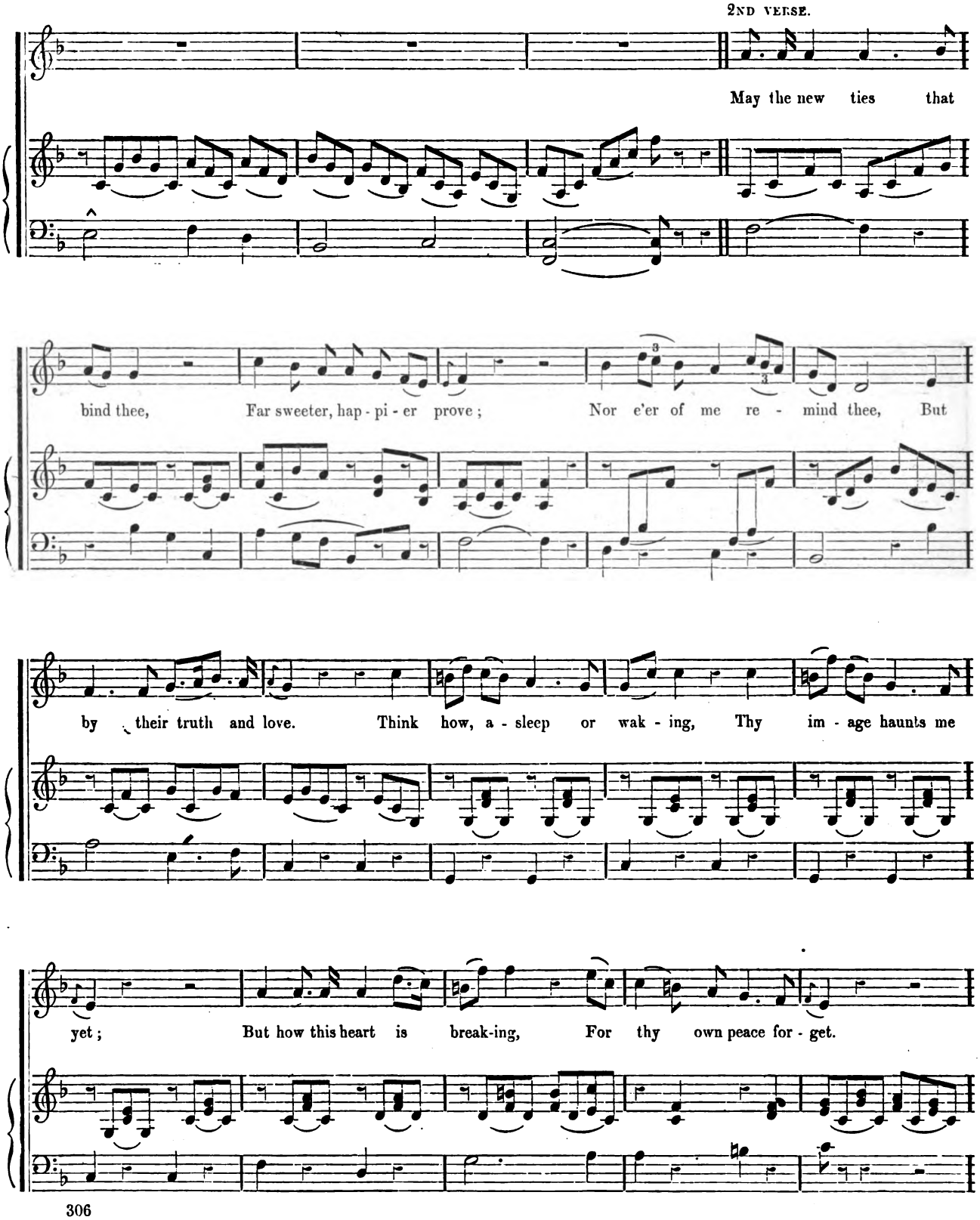
FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.

2ND VERSE.



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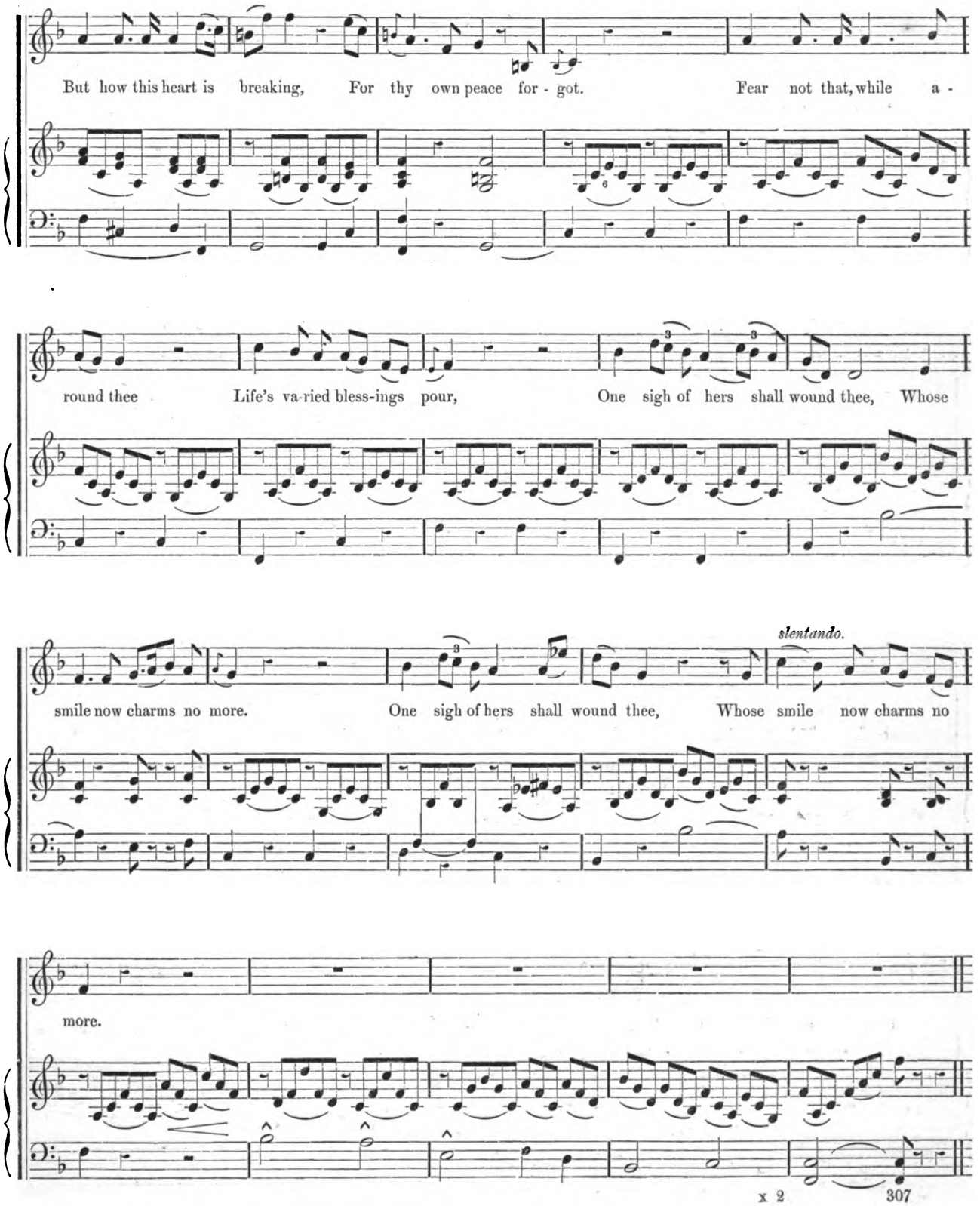
FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.



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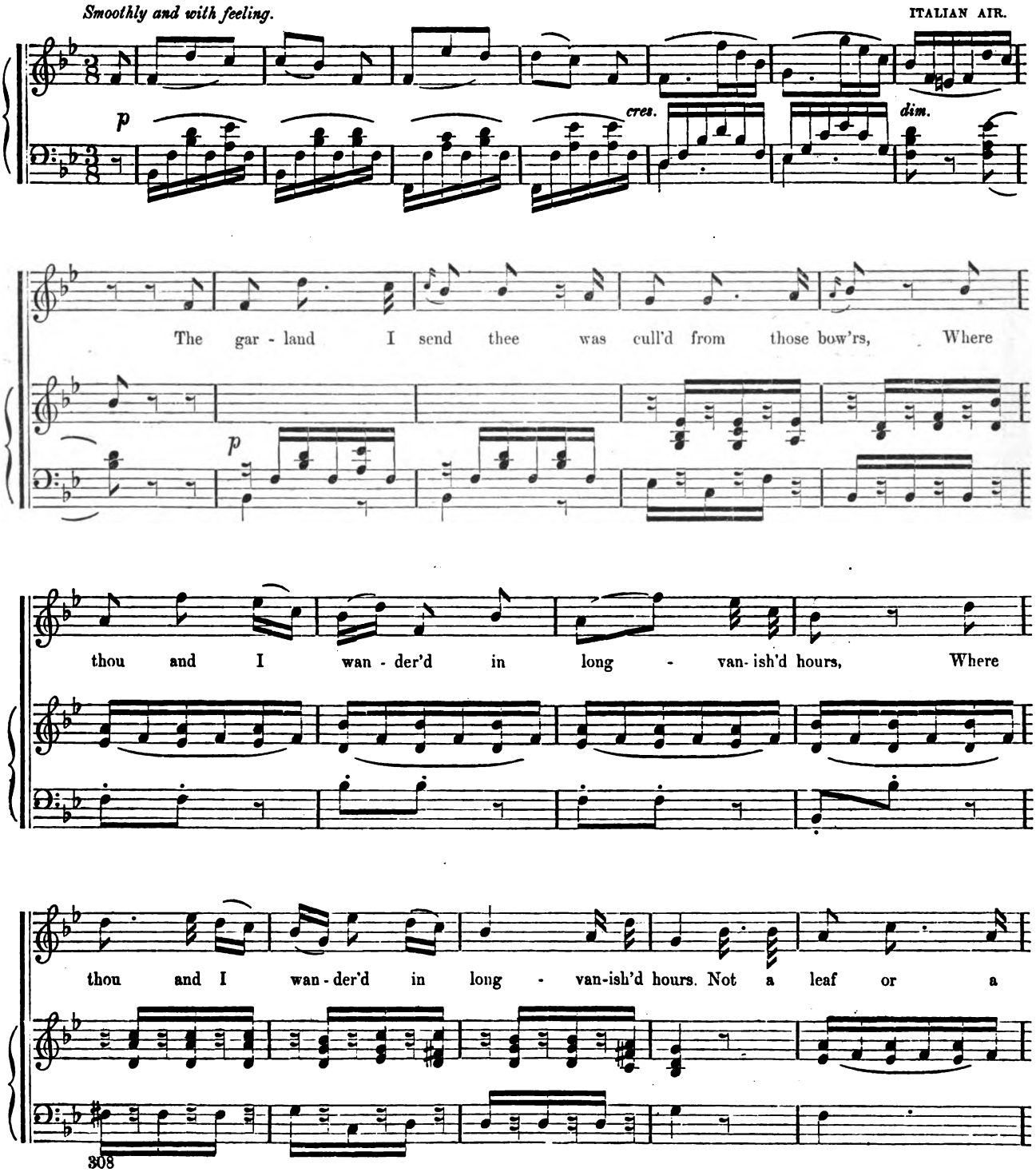
THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

Smoothly and with feeling. ITALIAN AIR.



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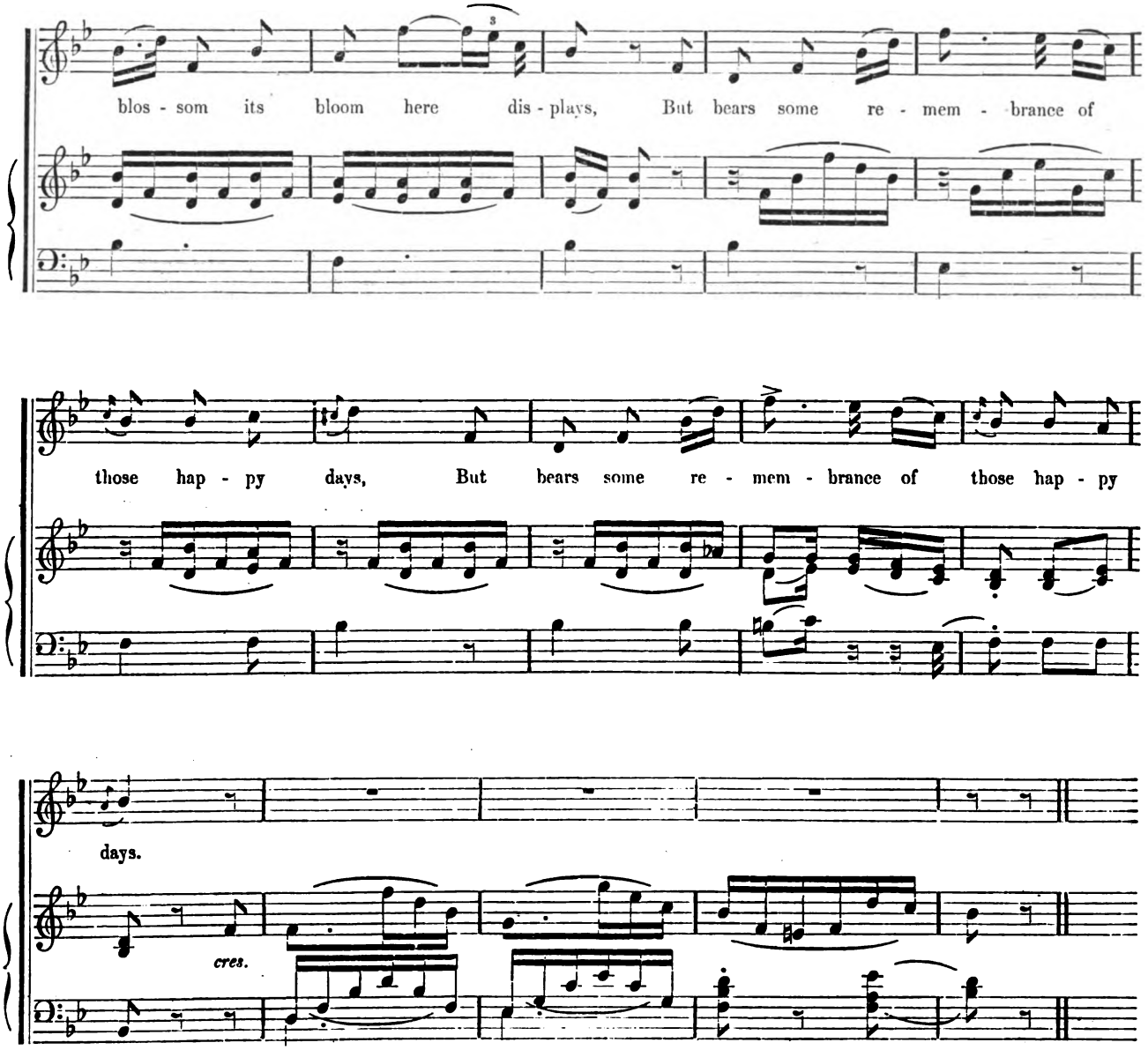

II.

The roses were gather'd by that garden-gate,
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always too late;
Where, ling'ring full oft, through a summer night's moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

III

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade;
Where watching the sunset so often we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time flew, that Love had no pow'r
To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

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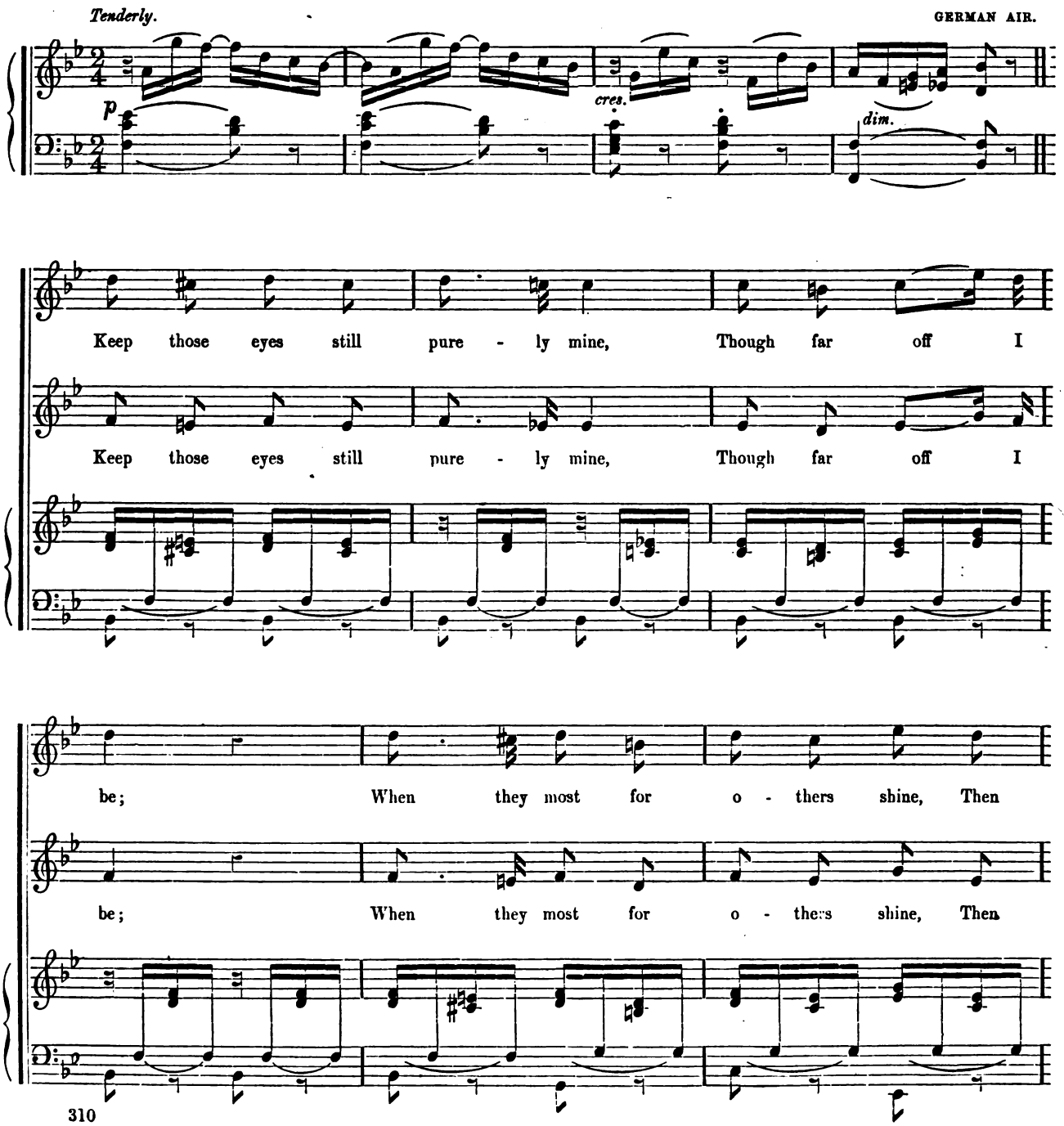
KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.



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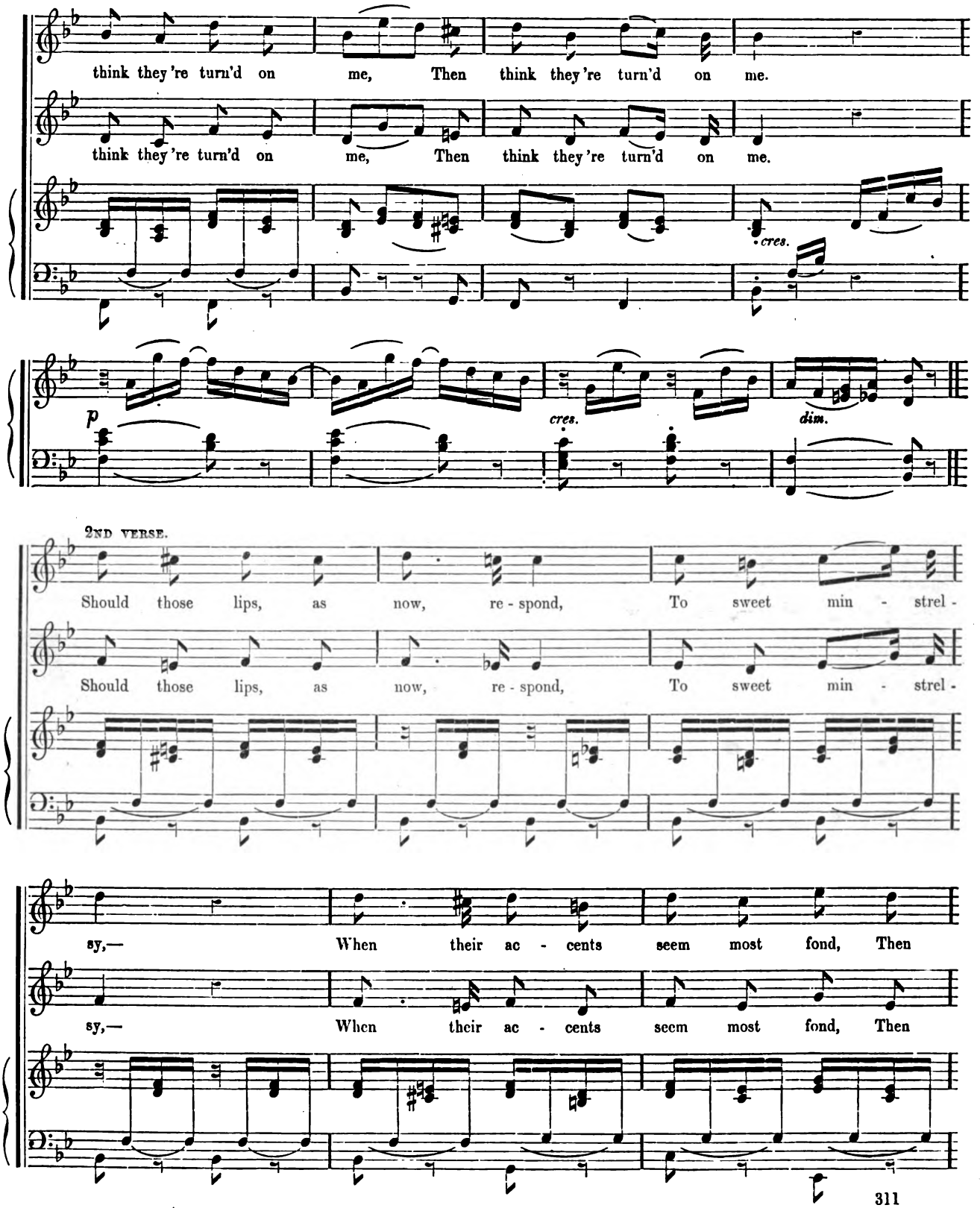

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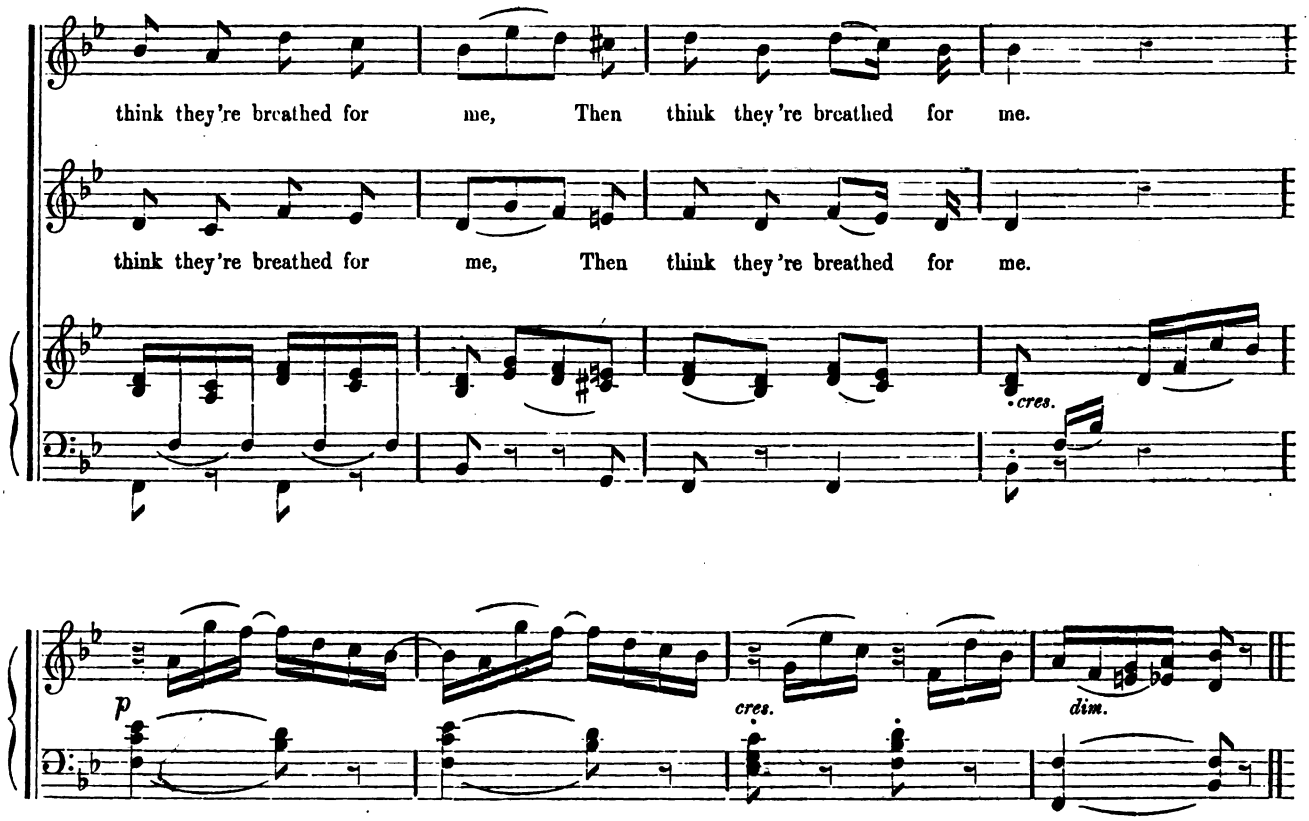
KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.



Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

THE END.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

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